



1876.

New Series.

Vol. XXIV.—No. 2.

THE
ECLECTIC
MAGAZINE

OF
FOREIGN LITERATURE

AUGUST.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap.
Shelf

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

W. H. BIDWELL
EDITOR

NEW YORK:

E. R. PELTON, PUBLISHER, 25 BOND STREET.

AMERICAN NEWS CO., AND NEW YORK NEWS CO., General Agents.

Terms: Single Numbers, 45 Cents. Yearly Subscription, \$5.

HANOVER FIRE INSURANCE CO.,

120 BROADWAY, N. Y., CASH ASSETS, JAN. 1, 1876, \$1,592,775.09.

CONTENTS OF THE AUGUST NUMBER.

EMBELLISHMENT—A. R. SPOFFORD, Librarian of Congress.

I. THE COURSES OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT. By the Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE.....	<i>Contemporary Review</i>	129
II. WALTHER VON DER VOGELWEIDE.....	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i>	145
III. EARLY AUTUMN ON THE LOWER YANG-TZE.....	<i>Fortnightly Review</i>	157
IV. LEIGH HUNT AND LORD BROUGHAM.....	<i>Temple Bar</i>	164
V. REMARKS ON MODERN WARFARE.....	<i>Fraser's Magazine</i>	172
VI. SPRING SONGS.....	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i>	176
VII. WALKING TOURS.....	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i>	177
VIII. HER DEAREST FOE. By Mrs. ALEXANDER, author of "The Wooing O't," etc. Chaps. XXXVI. to XXXVIII.....		181
IX. RUSSIAN VILLAGE COMMUNITIES.....	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i>	196
X. TALMA.....	<i>Temple Bar</i>	205
XI. THE KAFIR AT HOME. By LADY BARKER.....	<i>Evening Hours</i>	214
XII. THE BURDEN OF THE WIND.....	<i>Temple Bar</i>	223
XIII. SKETCH OF A JOURNEY ACROSS AFRICA. By Lieut. CAMEBON. Part I.....	<i>Good Words</i>	223
XIV. JAMES NORTHCOTE, R.A.....	<i>Fortnightly Review</i>	234
XV. DOMESTIC SERVICE.....	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i>	244
XVI. TO A YOUNG LADY ON THE APPROACH OF THE SEA—SON. By H. S. EDWARDS.....	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i>	248
XVII. A. R. SPOFFORD, Librarian of Congress. By the EDITOR.....		249
XVIII. LITERARY NOTICES.....		250
Transcendentalism in New England—A Nile Journal—Tarbox's Life of General Putnam—Words: Their Use and Abuse—A Centennial Commissioner in Europe—Centennial Editions of Longfellow, Whittier, and Tennyson—The "Little Classic" Edition of Emerson's Works.		
XIX. FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.....		252
XX. SCIENCE AND ART.....		253
Discovery of Human Bones of the Jurassic Period—A Musical Invention—New Discovery in Agriculture—Return of the "Challenger" Expedition—A Curious Phenomenon—Discoveries at Rome—Alcoholic and Non-Alcoholic Stimulants—Flower Colors—Radiometers—Cinchona Cultivation.		
XXI. VARIETIES.....		255
Blackwood on Macaulay—A Lady on Ladies—Wordsworth and Coleridge: We are Seven.		

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

Green cloth covers for binding two vols. per year, will be furnished at 50 cts. each, or \$1 per year, or sent by mail on receipt of price; and the numbers will be exchanged for bound volumes, in library style, for \$2.50 per year, or in green cloth for \$1.00 per year.

Mr. J. Wallace Ainger, our general Southern Agent for the *ECLIPSE*, will continue his connection with us.



Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series
Vol. XXIV., No. 2.

AUGUST, 1876.

Old Series Com-
plete in 63 vols.

THE COURSES OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.

BY THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

I HAVE been bold in my title; and, in order to convey a distinct idea, have promised what I cannot do more than most imperfectly perform.

My paper is a paper for the day. We live in a time when the interest in religious thought, or in thought concerning religion, is diffused over an area unusually wide, but also when the aspect of such thought is singularly multiform and confused. It defies all attempts at reduction to an unity, and recalls the Ovidian account of chaos:—

"Nulli sua forma manebat,
Obstabatque aliis aliud, quia corpore in uno
Frigida pugnabant calidis, humentia siccis,
Mollia cum duris, sine pondere habentia pondus." *

At every point there start into action multitudes of aimless or erratic forces,

crossing and jostling one another, and refusing not only to be governed, but even to be classified. Any attempt to group them, however slightly and however roughly, if not hopeless, is daring; but, as they act upon us all by attraction and repulsion, we are all concerned in knowing what we can of their nature and direction; and an initial effort, however feeble, may lead the way to more comprehensive and accurate performances.

I shall endeavor, therefore, to indicate in a rude manner what seem to be in our day the principal currents of thought concerning religion; and as, in a matter of this kind, the effect can hardly be well considered without the cause, I also hope in a future paper briefly to touch the question, how and why these currents have been put into their present sharp and unordered motion.

* Ov. Metam. i. 17.

The channels in which they mainly run, according to my view, are five. But this Punjab differs from the Punjab known to geography, in that its rivers do not converge, although for certain purposes and between certain points they, or some of them, may run parallel. Neither do they, like Po and his tributaries, sweep from the hill into the plain to find their rest;* but, for the time at least, the farther they run, they seem to brawl the more.

My rude map will not reach beyond the borders of Christendom. There are those who seem to think that, as of old, wise men will come to us from the East, and give us instruction upon thoughts and things. It will be time enough to examine into these speculations, as to any practical value they may possess, when we shall have been favored with a far clearer view, than we now possess, of the true moral and spiritual interior of the vast regions of the rising sun. We may thus, and then, form some idea of the relations both between their theoretical and their actual religion, and between their beliefs and their personal and social practice; and we may be able in some degree to estimate their capacity for bearing the searching strain of a transition from a stagnant to a vivid and active condition of secular life. At present we seem to be, for the most part, in the dark on these capital questions, and where, as in the case of Islam, we have a few rays of light, the prospect of any help to be drawn from such a quarter is far from encouraging.

Provisionally, then, I set out with the assumption that in handling this question for Christendom, we are touching it at its very heart. The Christian thought, the Christian tradition, the Christian society, are the great, the imperial thought, tradition, and society of this earth. It is from Christendom outwards that power and influence radiate, not towards it and into it that they flow. There seems to be one point at least on the surface of the earth—namely, among the negro races of West Africa—where Mahometanism gains ground upon Christianity; but that assuredly is not the seat of government from whence will issue the

fiats of the future, to direct the destinies of mankind.

Yet other remarks I must prefix. One is apologetic, another admonitory. First, I admit that many writers, many minds and characters, such for example as Mr. J. S. Mill, and such as the school of Paulus, and such as many of those now called Broad-Churchmen, will not fall *clean* into any one of the five divisions, but will lie between two, or will range over, and partake the notes of, several. This must happen in all classifications of thought, more or less; and here probably more rather than less, for the distinctions are complex, and the operation difficult. Secondly, my aim is to exhibit principles, as contradistinguished from opinions. Let it not be supposed that these always go together, any more than sons are always like their parents. Principles are, indeed, the fathers of opinions; and they will ultimately be able to assert the parentage by determining the lineaments of the descendants. Men, individually and in series, commonly know their own opinions, but are often ignorant of their own principles. Yet in the long run it is the principles that govern; and the opinions must go to the wall. But this is a work of time; in many cases a work of much time. With some men, nothing less than life suffices for it, and with some life itself is not sufficient. A notable historic instance of the distinction is to be found in those English Puritans of the seventeenth century, who rejected in block the authority of creeds, tests and formularies. Their opinions were either Calvinistic, or at the least Evangelical. After three or four generations it was found that, retaining the title of Presbyterians, the congregations had as a rule become Unitarian; and yet that they remained in possession of buildings, and other endowments, given by Trinitarian believers. Upon a case of this character arose the well-known suit of Lady Hewley's charity. Sir Lancelot Shadwell, who decided it, knew well that every hair of Lady Hewley's head would have stood on end, had she known what manner of gospel her funds were to be used to support; and he decided that they could only be employed in general conformity with her opinions. Satisfied with a first view of the case, the public applauded the judgment; and it has not

* Dante Div. Comm. v. 98.

been reversed. But the parties in possession of the endowments were not to be dislodged by the artillery of such pleas. They appealed to Parliament. They showed that their Puritan forefathers had instructed them to discard all intermediate authorities; and to interpret Scripture for themselves, to the best of their ability. It would indeed have been intolerable if those, who taught the rejection of such authority when it was ancient and widely spread, should, in their own persons, have reconstituted it, all recent and raw, as a bond upon conscience. The Unitarians contended that they had obeyed the lesson they were taught, and that it was not their fault if the result of their fidelity was that they differed from their teachers. Parliament dived into the question, which the Bench had only skimmed, and confirmed the title of the parties in possession.

And again. As men may hold different opinions under the shelter of the same principle, so they may have the same opinions while they are governed by principles distinct or opposite. No man was in principle more opposed to the Church of Rome than the late Mr. Henry Drummond. But he expressed in the House of Commons a conception of the Eucharistic sacrifice so lofty, as must have satisfied a divine of the Latin Church. Again, the doctrine of Transubstantiation was received in the thirteenth century on the authority of a Papal Council; but it is probable that many of the "Oid Catholics," who have renounced the dominion, may still agree in the tenet.

I think it will be found that these remarks will explain the cases already indicated of persons who do not fall into any of the five classes. They are I think, chiefly, either the indolent, who take up at a venture with narrow and fragmentary glimpses of the domain of religious thought, or the lovers of the picturesque, who are governed by exterior color and other superficial signs; or they are writers in a state of transition, who have received the shock which has driven them from their original base, but have not yet found a region suited to restore to them their equilibrium, a fluid of the same specific gravity with themselves.

I take no notice of the system termed Erastian. It can hardly, as far as I see, be

called a system of or concerning religious thought at all. Its centre of gravity is not within the religious precinct. The most violent Ultramontane, the most determined Agnostic, may alike make excellent Erastians, according to the varieties of time and circumstance. If we follow the Erastian idea, it does not matter what God we worship, or how we worship Him, provided we derive both belief and worship from the civil ruler, or hold them subject to his orders. Many most respectable persons have been, or have thought themselves to be, Erastians; but the system, in the developments of which it is capable, is among the most debased ever known to man.

"Non ragioniam di lui; ma guarda, e passa."

Lastly, it is plain that a Chart of Religion, such as I am endeavoring to present in outline, has reference to the *Ecclesia docens*, rather than to the *Ecclesia discens*; to the scientific or speculative basis of the respective systems, and the few who deal with it, not to their development in general life and practice, a subject far too difficult and invidious for me to consider.

I may now set out the five main schools or systems, which are constituted as follows. We have:—

- I. Those who accept the Papal monarchy: or the Ultramontane school.
- II. Those who, rejecting the Papal monarchy, believe in the visibility of the Church: or the Historical school.
- III. Those who, rejecting the Papal monarchy and the visibility of the Church, believe in the great central dogmas of the Christian system, the Trinity and the Incarnation. These will be here termed the Protestant Evangelical school.
- IV. Those who, professedly rejecting all known expressions of dogma, are nevertheless believers in a moral Governor of the Universe, and in a state of probation for mankind, whether annexing or not annexing to this belief any of the particulars of the Christian system, either doctrinal or moral. These I denominate the Theistic school.
- V. The negative school. Negative, that is to say, as to thought which can be called religious in the most usual sense. Under this head I am obliged to place a number of schemes, of which the ad-

herents may resent the collocation. They are so placed on the ground that they agree in denying categorically, or else in declining to recognize or affirm, the reign of a moral Governor or Providence, and the existence of a state of discipline or probation. To this aggregate seem to belong—

- | | |
|-----------------|------------------------|
| 1. Scepticism. | 5. (Revived) Paganism. |
| 2. Atheism. | 6. Materialism. |
| 3. Agnosticism. | 7. Pantheism. |
| 4. Secularism. | 8. Positivism. |

1.

Of these five main divisions, the first is much before any one of the others in material extension. Its ostensible numbers may nearly equal those of the second and the third taken together. The fourth and the fifth are made up of votaries who are scattered and isolated; or whose creed is unavowed; or who, if they exist in communities at all, exist only in such minute communities as to be but specks in the general prospect.

The Ultramontane system has also the great advantage for working purposes of by far the most elastic, the most closely knit, and the most highly centralized organization.

Again, it derives its origin by an unbroken succession from Christ and his apostles. No more imposing title can well be conceived; yet it naturally has no conclusive weight with such as remember or believe that a theistic system, given by the Almighty to our first progenitors, passed, in the classic times, and in like manner, through far more fundamental transformations. It was by a series of insensible deviations, and without the shock of any one revolutionary change, that in a long course of ages, after a pure beginning, there were built up many forms of religion, which, at the period of the Advent, had come to be in the main both foul and false. The allegation may possibly be made that the traditions, as well as the personal succession, of the Latin Church are unbroken. But this will of course be denied by those who regard the Council of 1870 as having imported at a stroke a fundamental change into the articles of the Christian faith. To the vast numerical majority, however, the Roman authorities seem to have succeeded in recommend-

ing the proposition, and the claim passes popularly current.

This singular system, receiving the Sacred Scriptures, and nominally attaching a high authority to the witness of tradition, holds both in subjection to such construction as may be placed upon them from time to time, either by an assemblage of Bishops, together with certain other high functionaries, which derives its authority from the Pope, or by the Pope himself, when he thinks fit to take upon himself the office. It is true that he is said to take advice; but he is the sole judge what advice he shall ask, and whether he shall follow it. It is true that whatever he promulgates as an article of faith he declares to have been contained in the original revelation; but by his vision alone can the question be determined whether it is there or not. To the common eye it seems as if many articles of Christian belief had at the first been written in invisible ink, and as if the Pope alone assumed the office of putting the paper to the fire, and exhibiting these novel antiquities to the gaze of an admiring world. With regard however, to matters of discipline and government, he is not restrained even by the profession of following antiquity. The Christian community under him is organized like an army, of which each order is in strict subjection to every order that is above it. A thousand bishops are its generals; some two hundred thousand clergy are its subordinate officers; the laity are its proletarians. The auxiliary forces of this great military establishment are the monastic orders. And they differ from the auxiliaries of other armies in that they have a yet stricter discipline, and a more complete dependence on the head, than the ordinary soldiery. Of these four ranks in the hierarchy, two things may be asserted unconditionally: that no rights belong to the laity, and that all right resides in the Pope. All other rights but his are provisional only, and are called rights only by way of accommodation, for they are withdrawable at will. The rights of laymen as against priests, of priests as against bishops, of bishops as against the Pope, depend entirely upon his judgment or his pleasure, whichever he may think fit to call it. To all commands issued by and from him, under this sys-

tem, with a demand for absolute obedience, an absolute obedience is due.

To the charm of an unbroken continuity, to the majesty of an immense mass, to the energy of a closely serried organization, the system now justly called Papalism or Vaticanism adds another and a more legitimate source of strength. It undeniably contains within itself a large portion of the individual religious life of Christendom. The faith, the hope, the charity, which it was the office of the Gospel to engender, flourish within this precinct in the hearts of millions upon millions, who feel little, and know less, of its extreme claims, and of their constantly progressive development. Many beautiful and many noble characters grow up within it. Moreover, the babes and sucklings of the Gospel, the poor, the weak, the uninstructed, the simple souls who in tranquil spheres give the heart and will to God, and whose shaded path is not scorched by the burning questions of human thought and life, these persons are probably in the Roman Church by no means worse than they would be under other Christian systems. They swell the mass of the main body; obey the word of command when it reaches them; and they help to supply the resources by which a vast machinery is kept in motion.

Yet once more. The Papal host has reason to congratulate itself on the compliments it receives from its extremest opponents, when they are contrasted with the scorn which those opponents feel for all that lies between. Thus E. von Hartmann, the chief living oracle of German Pantheism, says it is with an honorable spirit of consistency (*Consequens*) that "Catholicism" has, after a long slumber, declared war to the knife against modern culture and the highest acquisitions of the recent mental development;* and he observes that, while he utterly denounces the mummy-like effeteness and religious incapacity of Ultramontanism, still "it ought to feel flattered by my recognizing in it the legitimate champion of historical Christianity, and denoting its measures against modern culture as the last effort of that system at self-preservation."† Accord-

ingly his most severe denunciations are reserved for "Liberal Protestantism," his next neighbor, even as the loudest thunders of the Vatican are issued to proclaim the iniquities of "Liberal Catholics."*

I shall recite more briefly the besetting causes of weakness in the Ultramontane system. These I take to be principally: (1) its hostility to mental freedom at large; (2) its incompatibility with the thought and movement of modern civilization; (3) its pretensions against the State; (4) its pretensions against parental and conjugal rights; (5) its jealousy, abated in some quarters, of the free circulation and use of the Holy Scripture; (6) the *de facto* alienation of the educated mind of the countries in which it prevails; (7) its detrimental effects on the comparative strength and morality of the States in which it has sway; (8) its tendency to sap veracity in the individual mind. If this charge were thought harsh, I could refer for a much stronger statement to the works of the late Mr. Simpson, himself a convert to the Roman system from the English Church.

II.

Next in order to the Ultramontane school comes a school which may perhaps best be designated as Historical; because, without holding that all which has been has been right, it regards the general consent of Christendom, honestly examined and sufficiently ascertained, as a leading auxiliary to the individual reason in the search for religious truth. To this belong those "Liberal Catholics" who have just been mentioned, and who, unlike the "Old Catholics," remain externally in the Latin communion, bravely and generously hoping against hope, under conditions which must ensure to them a highly uncomfortable existence. Their position appears to be substantially identical with that of a portion of the Protestants of the sixteenth century, who in perfectly good faith believed that they were maintaining the true system of Christianity as attested by Scripture and

* *Der Selbstversetzung des Christenthums*, p. 15 (Berlin, 1874).

† *Ibid.* Vorwort, p. x.

* The latest specimen may be seen in a Pastoral of Bishop Bourget, of Montreal, the hero of the remarkable and rather famous Guibord case. Published in the *Montreal Weekly Witness* of Feb. 10, 1876.

sacred history, but who had to uphold this as their own conviction in the teeth of the constituted tribunals of the Latin Church. The appeal now made, indeed, is from the Council of the Vatican to a Council lawfully conducted; but the right of appeal is denied by the living authority, and appears therefore, now that that authority has given a final utterance on the dogma of Infallibility, to rest on the ultimate groundwork of private judgment. The question here, however, is not so much their ecclesiastical position, as their form of religious thought, and their proper place in the general scheme or chart. Few they may be, and isolated they certainly are. But they are essentially in sympathy with many who do not wear the same badge with themselves, in short with all who, rejecting the Papal monarchy, adhere to the ancient dogma formulated in the Creeds, and who believe that our Lord and his Apostles acting under his authority, founded a society with a promise of visible perpetuity, and with a commission to preach the Gospel and administer the sacraments. That Gospel is the faith once delivered to the saints; and, while some of these believers would admit that the Church may err, they would all agree in holding that she cannot err fatally or finally, and that the pledge of her vitality, if not of her health, is unconditional; unconditional, however, not to any or to every part, but to the whole, as a whole. They would agree that she is divinely kept in the possession of all essential truth. They would agree in accepting those declarations of it, which proceeded, now between twelve and fifteen centuries ago, from her as one united body, acting in lawful councils, which received their final seal from the general acceptance of the faithful. They would recognize no final authority subordinate to that of the united Church; and would plead for a reasonable and free acceptance of that authority on the part of the individual Christian. Or, if these propositions lead us too far into detail, they believe in an historical Church, constitutional rather than despotic, with its faith long ago immutably, and to all appearance adequately, defined; and they are not to be induced by the pretext of development to allow palpable innovations to take their place

beside the truths acknowledged through fifty generations.

If to those, who are thus minded, I give the title of historical, it is because they seem to conform to the essential type of Christianity as it was exhibited under the Apostolical, the Episcopal, and the Patriarchal system; and because they do not tamper in practice with that traditional testimony, of which in theory they admit the real validity and weight, and the great utility in conjunction with the appeal of the Church to Holy Scripture.

This, in its essential outlines, is the system which constitutes the scientific basis of the Eastern or Orthodox Churches. I do not speak of the defects, faults, and abuses, which doubtless abound in them, as in one shape or another they do in every religious body; but of the ultimate grounds, which, when put on their defence, they would assume as the warrant of what is essential to their system.

Great, without doubt, is in every case the interval between the written theory and the practice of ecclesiastical bodies. The difference is scarcely less between their authorized doctrine, in the proper sense, which they hold as of obligation, and the developments which that doctrine receives through the unchecked or little checked predominance of the prevailing bias in the works of individual writers, and in the popular tradition. It is with the former only that I have here to do. Inasmuch, however, as few or none of them are judged among us (in my opinion) so superficially and harshly as the Churches of the East, I would observe, on their behalf, that they know nothing of four great conflicts, which more than ever distract the Latin Church as a whole: conflict between the Church and the State; conflict between the Church and the Scripture; conflict between the Church and the family; conflict between the Church and modern culture, science and civilization.

While the largest numerical following of this scheme of belief is to be found in the Eastern Churches, a recurrence to the outline, by which I have described it, will show that it includes, together with the so-called Liberal Catholics whom the Papal Court regards as the parasitic vermin of its Church, and the Old Catholics whom it has

succeeded in visibly expelling, the classical theology of the English Church. This may be said to form one of its wings. The standard books and the recognized writers, that express the theological mind of Anglicanism, proceed throughout on the assertion or the assumption, that the Church is a visible society or congregation; and her leaders and episcopal rulers preserved with an unfailing strictness the succession of Bishops, at a time, and under circumstances, when the policy of the hour would have recommended their treating it as a matter of indifference. This proposition is by no means weakened by the fact that in most or many cases they made large allowance for the position of the Protestants of the Continent. Their position was then, to a great extent, undefined and provisional, and was capable of being regarded as, to a great extent, representing, with respect to government and order, a case of necessity. The changes made in England during the sixteenth century as to tenets and usages, they treat as having been within the competence of the local Church which accepted them,—used as never having been condemned by a legitimate authority; and they fear lest the general rejection of tradition should really mean contempt of history. These principles are treated by many who view them from an exterior standing point, for example by Lord Macaulay, as “the crotchets of the High Church party.” But it is an established fact of history that “The High Church party” is but another name, rough perhaps, but true, for the influence which has moulded the theology of the English Church, or rather of the Anglican Churches, from the reign of Queen Elizabeth down to the present hour.

Among non-episcopal Protestants, a small portion of the German divines are, perhaps, alone in sympathy with the system here described. As a recent, yet not too recent, specimen of this class, I would mention Rothe.* But in other times the description would have included many of the weightiest names of Protestantism, such as Casaubon and Grotius, and, towering even over these, the great Leibnitz.

* *Anfänge der Christlichen Kirche*. Wittenberg, 1837.

The strength of this system lies generally, first in its hold upon antiquity, and in the authority and consent of the earlier Christian writers, known as fathers, every one of whom holds the visibility and teaching office of the Church, while it is only the wrenching of a word here and there from a very few of their works into forced prominence and isolation, that can bring any one of them so much as upon speaking terms with the Papal monarchy. At this point a distinction must be taken between East and West. Oppression and poverty have thrown the Churches of the East into a defensive attitude, and have of necessity limited the range of learning, and condemned them specially to the evils of stagnation. But their doctrinal continuity is not liable to the challenge which impeaches that of the Roman Church. In old times they appear as Protestant, in the most legitimate and historic sense of the word, against the innovations of the Papal supremacy, and of interpolation in the Creed of Nice and Constantinople. At the present day they are the most determined and the most dreaded of the antagonists to the Vatican Council. In the West, this scheme of religion has rested on learning and weight rather than on numbers and organization. But its respect for history and mental freedom, and the general moderation of its views of ecclesiastical power, had, at any rate, down to our own day, sensibly mitigated the violent asperities of the Roman system: and, under an Anglican form, have in some way enabled it to maintain, and in recent times even to strengthen, its hold upon a large portion of the most active and the most self-asserting among all the nations of the Old World. Lastly, the scheme has the advantage that it is not the mere profession of a school and a system on paper or in the brain, but is firmly, though variously, incorporated in the authentic documents, and historical traditions, of large ecclesiastical bodies, great limbs of Christendom.

If such be the strength of the second among my five schemes when impartially viewed, it has likewise marks of weakness properly its own. Its adherents, while they teach that Christians ought to be united in the visible organization of the Church, are *de facto* severed one from another, as well as (most of them) from the largest

portion of the Christian world. What is still worse, in a merely popular sense—and it is only in the popular sense that I now presume to speak of strength or weakness—is, that it lies essentially in a mean: that it accepts the basis of religious belief in much the same fashion as we have all to accept those of Providential guidance and moral duty in practical life. It acknowledges the authority of the Church, but cannot, so to speak, lay its finger on any means whereby that authority can at any given moment be fully and finally exercised. It allows Holy Scripture to be supreme in matters of faith, but it interposes more or less of an interpretative sense, in controverted subjects, between the Divine Word and the individual mind. What men like most in religion is simplicity and directness. But this method does not speak with the directness or simplicity of either of its neighbor systems: whereof one directs inquiries straight to the priest, the bishop, and the Pope; and the other promises a private and personal infallibility which is to follow the pious exercise of the mind upon the Divine Word. The same thing happens to them in a great religious crisis, as to the moderate shades of opinion in times of revolutionary excitement. They are apt to disappear like the Presbyterians before Cromwell, or like Lafayette before the Gironde, which was, in its turn, to give place to the Terror. The most sharply defined propositions are those, which most relieve the understanding by satisfying the emotional part of our nature. Both on this side and on that the stammering lips are silenced; and adherents are individually liable, as experience has shown, to be hustled into the opposite camps, where such propositions are the watchwords of the rival hosts.

III.

The third to be noticed of the great powers* on the map of religious thought

* A remarkable effort has been made to incorporate the idea which I have described as the basis of this Third Division, in what was known as the Surrey Chapel. It was originally founded for the Rev. Rowland Hill, and now, under the ministry of the Rev. Newman Hall, the congregation is about to migrate to a larger and more stately building. The scheme rests upon a "Schedule of Doctrines," which excludes the visible Church as an his-

and feeling is that which I have made bold to term the Protestant Evangelical. For the pure and simple name Protestant is now largely and loosely used; sometimes even by men who, themselves believing nothing, nevertheless want countenance for their ends from among those who believe something, and who trust for this to the charm that still invests the early stages of its career, and associates it with a battle manfully fought for freedom against oppression and abuse. To fasten down its sense, the affix "Evangelical" may suffice. The phrase, thus enlarged, comprehends all who, rejecting the Papal monarchy, either reject, or at least do not accept, the doctrine of a Catholic Church, visible and historical; and who, without always proceeding to an abstract repudiation of all aid from authority or tradition, are on behalf of human freedom extremely jealous of such aid, and disposed rather to rely on the simple contact of the individual mind with the Divine Word. Such is their negative side. But they adhere to nearly all the great affirmations of the Creeds. They believe strongly, if not scientifically, in revelation, inspiration, prophecy; in the dispensation of God manifest in the flesh; in an atoning Sacrifice for the sin of the world; in a converting and sanctifying Spirit; in short, they accept with fulness, in parts perhaps with crude exaggerations, what are termed the doctrines of grace. It is evident that we have here the very heart of the great Christian tradition, even if that heart be not encased in the well-knit skeleton of a dogmatic and ecclesiastical system, such as is maintained in principle by the ancient Churches. It is also surely evident to the unprejudiced mind that we have here a true incorporation of Christian belief to some extent in institutions, and to a yet larger extent in life and character. And this scheme may claim without doubt, not less truly than those which have gone before, to be a tree bearing fruit. It has framed large communities. It has formed Christian nations; or at least, has not un-formed them. It has sustained

torical institution or polity, but requires dogmatic belief of the character stated in the text; and it does not require, or include, connection with any particular persuasion of professing Christians.

an experience of ten generations of men. It may be that it does not generate largely the most refined forms of religion, or much of the very highest spirituality; but he would be a bold man who should attempt to fasten on it any clearly marked and palpable inferiority of moral results as compared with those of other Christian schemes. I do not enter on the disputable question of the claim it would probably advance to a marked superiority. My object is to establish on its behalf that it has to a great extent made good its ground in the world of Christian fact: that it cannot be put out of the way by any expedient or figure of controversy, such as that it is a branch torn from the stem, with a life only derivative and provisional. Open to criticism it is, as may easily be shown; but it is one great factor of the Christian system as it now exists in the world. It is eminently outspoken, and tells of its own weaknesses as freely as of its victories or merits: it rallies millions and scores of millions to its standard: and while it entirely harmonizes with the movement of modern civilization, it exhibits its seal in the work of all works, namely, in uniting the human soul to Christ.

The phrase I have employed would at the period of the Reformation have correctly described, with insignificant exceptions, the Reformed communities of the Continent. Now, in the nineteenth century, I apprehend it can only be considered to represent a party, larger or smaller, in each of those communities: a party, of which the numerical strength is hard to estimate even by conjecture. In the United Kingdom, however, it may claim nearly the entire body of Presbyterians and Nonconformists under their various denominations. Moreover, that section of the Church of England which is termed the Evangelical or Low Church, not now very large, but still active and zealous, seems in great measure to belong to it. Of the English-speaking population in the New World, that is to say, in the United States and the British Colonies, which may be roughly taken at fifty millions, it may claim perhaps as many as thirty for its own; nor does any portion of the entire group seem to be endowed with greater vigor than this, which has grown up in new soil and far

from the possibly chilling shadow of National Establishments of religion.

On its popular and working side, in its pastoral and missionary energy, in the almost unrestrained freedom of its movements, the group is strong. Nor need it suffer greatly from the reproach of severances in outward communion, when it is considered that the particular forms of religious organization are, in its view, matters of comparative indifference, and that the intermixture of ministerial offices, so incongruous and unseemly where enjoined principles draw the line of demarcation, is for its respective sections nothing else than a fostering and cheering sign of brotherly good-will. Its weakness is on the side of thought. This is the form of the Christian idea, which, and which alone, accepts the responsibility of upholding the main part of the dogmatic system of the first ages, but renounces, for fear of ulterior consequences, the immense assistance which its argument on the text and *corpus* of the sacred books derives from the living development, through so many ages, of the Christian system, and the continuous assent of the Church to one and the same faith. It is burdened with the necessities of an exclusive scheme; for it not only denounces as desertion from the faith the abandonment of the doctrine of the Divinity of Christ, but likewise, in some of its sections, it interpolates new essentials of its own, such as personal assurance, particular election, final perseverance, and peculiar conceptions respecting the atonement of Christ and the doctrine of justification. In respect of this last, it has often ascribed to faith the character and efficacy of a work, seemingly not even aware that it was thereby cutting from beneath its feet the famous *articulus stantis aut cadentis ecclesie*. It has a logical difficulty in ridding itself of such excrescences; seeing that the excrescence and that to which it clings grow out of one and the same soil, as they are received upon one and the same warrant, whether it be that of a favorite religious teacher, or of a personal illumination. Most of all, it has very severely suffered from the recent assaults on the *corpus* of Scripture, which it had received simply as a self-attested volume; and on its verbal inspiration, a question which has never offered so serious a

dilemma to those who are content to take their stand on the ancient constitution of the Church, and to allow its witnessing and teaching office. Grounding itself with rather rigid exclusiveness upon the canon of the Bible, it is obliged to protest against the government and many of the doctrines of the Church at the very epoch when that canon was made up. Its repudiations are so considerable, and so far-reaching, that there remains hardly any adequate standing ground for the defence of that which it is not less decidedly set upon retaining. It is therefore, as might be expected, a school poor as yet in the literature of Church history, of dogmatic theology, and of philosophic thought. Its own annals, from the sixteenth century downwards, supply abundant proof of its lying open at many points to the largest disintegration. This disintegration is not, as in the last case, personal and atomic. It is not the mere occasional departure of individual deserters: it is the decrepitude and decadence of organic laws. Even now amidst its many excellences there are signs that danger is at hand. Indeed, were it not for the ground of hope, ever furnished by true piety and zeal, it seems hard to assign any limit to the future range of the destructive principle. Even the evanescence of Calvinistic crudities, once required as the very quintessence of the Gospel, may excite misgiving in the minds of friendly though extraneous observers, when they reflect that no higher or other authority, than that which these crudities have enjoyed, is allowed to the highest and most central verities of the ancient creeds.

IV.

We now pass away by a great stride into the region of Theism. We have quitted the zone, in which all alike adore the name and person of the Messiah; in which Scripture is supreme; in which is recognized a supernatural, as well as a providential order; in which religion is authoritative and obligatory, and based on an objective standard. We have entered a zone in which the subjective instinct, the need or appetite of man for religion, is regarded as its title, and as its measure: in which, as far as religion is concerned (not, I presume, in other matters), truth is mainly that which a man

troweth: and in which the individual, growing towards maturity, instead of accepting and using the tradition of his fathers until his adult faculties see ground to question it, is rather warned against such acceptance, as enhancing the difficulties of impartial choice. We are here commonly introduced, at least in theory, to a new mode of training. In things touching his bodily and his intelligent life, the youth is indeed allowed to profit by the vast capital, which has been accumulated by the labor and experience of his race. But, in respect to the world unseen, and to its Author, he must not be imbued with prejudice; there is no such thing as established or presumptive truth of which he can avail himself; he is doomed, or counselled, to begin anew. What he attains, as it began with his infancy, so it will die with his death. He inherited from no one, and no one will inherit from him.

In making this transition, I confess to feeling a great change of climate. It is not simply that certain tenets have been dropped. The mental attitude, the method of knowledge, have been changed. Under the three former systems, that method was traditional and continuous: it is here independent, and simply renewable upon a lease to each man for his life.

Such a sketch is, I think, conformable to the theory of modern Theism, and such is its goal or final standing point in practice. But this is not the whole picture. It is time to show its positive side. It recognizes one Almighty Governor of the world; and, if it has scruples about calling Him a Person, yet conscious of Him as one who will deal with us, and with whom we have to deal, as persons deal with one another, this Almighty Being has placed us under discipline in the world: and will in some real and effective manner bring it about that the good shall be happy, and that those who do evil shall surely suffer for it. These are truths of the utmost value in themselves. Nay, who shall say that, were the great disease of the moral world less virulent than it is, they would not, of themselves, supply it with a sufficient medicine? But further, most of the Theists have come to be such, not by a rejection of Christianity, but by a declension from it:

and in quitting their ancient home, they have carried away with them a portion, sometimes a large portion, of the furniture: a deep personal reverence for the person of the Saviour, and a warm adhesion to the greater part at least of His moral teaching: nay, even, as for example in the writings of Mr. Martineau, a devout recognition of its higher spiritual aims.

There may be observed, however, on the part of this school of teachers, not exclusively but specially, a disposition to recommend their system by associating it with what is called universalism, or the doctrine that all human, or more properly all created being, however averse and remote it may now be from God, shall at some future time be brought into conformity and consequent felicity. There can be no doubt of the predisposition of very many to fall in with a notion of this kind. It gives the sort of pleasure which we may conceive to attend the removal of a strongly-constructed bit from the mouth of a restive horse. But it propounds a belief; and an affirmative proposition must have for its foundation something more solid than a mere sense of relief. In order that a scheme of this kind may attain to weight and authority, as distinguished from mere popularity, it seems requisite that some effort should be made, I will not say to support it from Scripture or tradition, but to establish for it a place among the recognized principles of natural religion; to sustain it by analogies and presumptions from human experience, and from the observation of life, character, and the scheme of things under which we live. When, by a solid use of the methods of Butler, it shall have been shown that a scheme of this kind takes hold of and fits into the moral government of the world, and the natural working of the human conscience, then indeed some progress will have been made towards obtaining a hearing for its claim to be accounted an article of religion. But till that time comes, it will not perhaps be a source to its advocates of great intellectual or moral strength.

Now, we have no right whatever to impute bad faith to the profession of the Unitarians and others, that they cannot and will not part with the name of Christians; that they are the true profes-

sors of a reformed Christianity; and that they have effected with thoroughness and consistency that reduction of it to the form of its original promulgation by its illustrious Teacher, which, in the sixteenth century, others were either too timid, or not enough enlightened, to effect.

Since the time of Belsham, considerable changes seem to have taken place in the scheme of Unitarianism. At the present day it probably includes much variety of religious thought. But I am not aware that it has abandoned the claim to be the best representative of the primitive Gospel as it was delivered by Christ Himself.

The Jews, who, taken together, are a rather large community, have hitherto believed themselves the stewards of an unfulfilled Redemption. But it seems that a portion at least of them are now disposed to resolve their expected Messiah into a typical personage, prefiguring the blessings of civilization. It may be doubted whether such a modification as is thus indicated would greatly add to the moral force of Judaism, or make its alliance more valuable to the scheme which I am endeavoring to sketch.

Now, since it was the doctrine of the Incarnation which gave to Love, as a practical power, its place in religion, so we might suppose that, upon the denial of that doctrine, that seraph would unfold its wings and quit the shrine it had so long warmed and blessed. But it is not so. Whatever be the cause, devotion and fervor still reside, possibly it should be said still linger, within this precinct of somewhat chill abstractions. There are within it many men not only irreproachable in life, but excellent; and many who have written both in this country and on the Continent with no less power than earnestness, in defence of the foundations of the belief which they retain. Such are, for example, Professor Frohschammer in Germany and M. Laveleye in Belgium; while in this country, without pretending to exhaust the list, I would pay a debt of honor and respect to Mr. Martineau, Mr. Greg, Dr. Carpenter, and Mr. Jevons. See, for example, Mr. Greg's last edition of the "Creed of Christendom;" Dr. Carpenter's address to the British Association at Bristol; the remarkable chapter with which Mr. Jevons has closed his

work on Scientific Method; and, most recent of all, the powerful productions contributed to this REVIEW, in which Mr. Martineau has exhibited the "theologic conception" of the great Causal Will, as the "inmost nucleus of dynamic thought."

The truth is, that the school consists not of a nation or tribe, with its promiscuous and often coarse materials, but of select individuals, scattered here and there, and connected by little more than coincident opinion. They are generally men exempt from such temptations as distress entails, and fortified with such restraints as culture can supply. It is not extravagantly charitable to suppose that a portion of them at least may be such as, from a happy moral, as well as mental constitution, have never felt in themselves the need of the severer and more efficacious control supplied by the doctrines of the Christian Church. In this sense, under the conditions of our human state, goodness itself may be a snare. In any attempt, however, to estimate the system as a system, it must be recollected that the moral standard of individuals is fixed not alone, and sometimes not principally, by their personal convictions, but by the principles, the traditions, and the habits of the society in which they live, and below which it is a point of honor, as well as of duty, not to sink. A religious system is only then truly tested, when it is set to reform and to train, on a territory of its own, great masses of mankind.

Still we should not hastily be led by antagonism of opinion to estimate lightly the influence which a school, limited like this in numbers, may exercise on the future. For, if they are not rulers, they rule those who are. They belong to the class of thinkers and teachers; and it is from within this circle, always, and even in the largest organizations, a narrow one, that go forth the influences which one by one form the minds of men, and in their aggregate determine the course of affairs, the fate of institutions, and the happiness of the human race. What for one I fear is that, contrary to their own intentions, while the aggregate result of the destructive part of their operations may be large, in their positive and constructive teaching, tried on a large scale, they will greatly fail.

It is not their numerical weakness alone which impresses me with the fear that, if once belief were reduced to the dimensions allowed by this class of teachers, its attenuated residue would fall an easy prey to the destroyer. It is partly because the scheme has never been able to endure the test of practice in great communities. The only large monotheism known to historic times is that of Mahomet; and, without wishing to judge that system harshly, I presume that none regard it as competent to fill the vacuum which would be left by the crumbling away of historical Christianity. The general monotheism, which many inquirers, and most Christians, trace in the most primitive times, did not live long enough to stamp even so much as a clear footprint on the ground of history. The monotheism of the Hebrews lived, upon a narrow and secluded area, a fluctuating chequered life, and apparently owed that life to aids altogether exceptional. The monotheism of the philosophic schools was little more than a declamation and a dream. Let us listen for a moment to Macaulay on the old philosophers:—

"God the uncreated, the incomprehensible, the invisible, attracted few worshippers. A philosopher might admire so noble a conception; but the crowd turned away in disgust from words which presented no image to their minds. It was before Deity embodied in a human form, walking among men, partaking of their infirmities, leaning on their bosoms, weeping over their graves, slumbering in the manger, bleeding on the cross, that the prejudices of the Synagogue, and the doubts of the Academy, and the pride of the Portico, and the fasces of the Lictor, and the swords of thirty legions, were humbled in the dust." *

This system then is dry, abstract, unattractive, without a way to the general heart. And surely there are yet graver and more conclusive reasons why it should, in its sickly revival, add another failure to those which have hitherto marked, and indeed formed, its annals. It is intellectually charged with burdens which it cannot bear. We live, as men, in a labyrinth of problems, and of moral problems, from which there is no escape permitted us. The prevalence of pain and sin, the limitations of free will, approximating sometimes to its virtual extinction, the mysterious laws of interdependence,

* Essay on Milton. Essays, i. 22.

the indeterminateness for most men of the discipline of life, the cross purposes that seem at so many points to traverse the dispensations of an Almighty benevolence, can only be encountered by a large, an almost immeasurable, suspense of judgment. Solution for them we have none. But a scheme came eighteen hundred years ago into the world, which is an earnest and harbinger of solution: which has banished from the earth, or frightened into the darkness, many of the foulest monsters that laid waste humanity; which has restored woman to her place in the natural order; which has set up the law of right against the rule of force; which has proclaimed, and in many great particulars enforced, the canon of mutual love; which has opened from within sources of strength for poverty and weakness, and put a bit in the mouth and a bridle on the neck of pride. In a word, this scheme, by mitigating the present pressure of one and all of these tremendous problems, has entitled itself to be heard when it assures us that a day will come, in which we shall know as we are known, and when their pressure shall no longer baffle the strong intellects and characters among us, nor drive the weaker even to despair. Meantime no man, save by his own wilful fault, is the worse for the Advent of Christ, while at least many are the better. Then, in shedding upon us the substance of so many gifts, and the earnest of so many more, it has done nothing to aggravate such burdens of the soul as it did not remove. For adventitious, forced, and artificial theories of particular men, times and places, it cannot be held responsible. Judged by its own authentic and universal documents, it is a remedial, an alleviating scheme. It is a singular puzzle of psychology to comprehend how men can reject its aids, bounteous even if limited, and thus doom themselves to face with crippled resources the whole host of the enemy. For, as Theists, they have, to make all the admissions, to do battle with all the objections which appear to lie against the established provision for the government of the world; but they deprive themselves of the invaluable title to appeal either to the benevolent doctrines of historical Christianity, or to the noble, if only partial, results that it has wrought.

But it is now time to set out upon the last stage of our journey.

V.

I need not repeat the catalogue of schemes which appear to fall under my fifth and last head, and which have been given on a former page.

It is a social truism that to tell A he is like B in most cases offends him; and to tell B he is like A commonly has the same effect. I fear the classifications thus far attempted may have a similar consequence, and with more reason; for we are bound to think well of our beliefs, but not of our countenances. Still less acceptable may possibly be the bracketing, in which no less than eight systems will now be presented to view. Let me as far as may be anticipate and forego displeasure by stating anew that the principle of classification is negative; and that the common tie of the systems now to be named together is that they do not acknowledge, or leave space for, a personal government and personal Governor of the world, in the sense in which these phrases have recently been defined. Religion, in its popular and usual sense, they seem by a necessity of their systems to renounce; but to say that they all renounce it in its sense of a binding tie to something which is external to themselves, is beyond my proposition, and beyond my intention. Hartmann, in the work I have already referred to, gives us what he thinks a religion, to replace departing Christianity, under the name of Pantheism: Strauss offers us the worship of the *Universum* in his *Alte und Neue Glaube*: Comte claims to produce a more perfect apparatus in the Religion of Humanity. This profession is one which I may be unable to distinguish from an hallucination, but I am far from presuming to pronounce or believe it an imposture. But more than this: in the individual case, it may not be an hallucination at all. To many an ancient Stoic the image of virtue, to many a Peripatetic the constitution and law of his own nature as it had been analysed and described by Aristotle, may have constituted in a greater or less degree an object of true reverence and worship, a restraint upon tendencies to evil, an encouragement to endeavors after good, nay, even a consolation in adversity and suffering, and

a resource on the approach of death. In many a modern speculator images like these, nay, and systems far less rational than these, may at this moment live and open, or at the worst live without closing, the same fountains of good influence. But, as in wines, it is one question what mode of composition will produce a commodity drinkable in the country of origin, and what further provision may be requisite in order that the product may bear a sea voyage without turning into vinegar, so, in the matter of belief, select individuals may subsist on a poor, thin, sodden, and attenuated diet, which would simply starve the multitude. Schemes, then, may suffice for the moral wants of a few intellectual and cultivated men, which cannot be propagated, and cannot be transmitted; which cannot bear the wear and tear of constant re-delivery; which cannot meet the countless and ever-shifting exigencies of our nature taken at large; which cannot do the rough work of the world. The colors, that will endure through the term of a butterfly's existence, would not avail to carry the works of Titian down from generation to generation and century to century. Think of twelve agnostics, or twelve pantheists, or twelve materialists, setting out from some modern Jerusalem to do the work of the twelve Apostles!

But, whatever the systems in question may seem to me to threaten in their eventual results, I desire to avoid even the appearance of charging the professors of them, as such, with mental or moral lawlessness. I am not unmindful of the saying of an eminent Presbyterian, Dr. Norman Macleod, that many an opponent of dogma is nearer to God than many an orthodox believer, or of the words of Laertes on the dead Ophelia and the priest:—

"A ministering angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling."*

I shall not attempt to include in this paper, which has already perhaps exceeded its legitimate boundaries, any incisive sketch of these several systems, or to pass, indeed, greatly beyond the province of a dictionary.

By the Sceptic, I understand one who, under the pressure either of intellectual

or of moral difficulties, presented to him in the scheme of Revelation and Providence, makes that suspense of judgment, in regard to the unseen, universal, which the believer in Christ, or in some form of religion, may admit as partially warrantable; and who consequently, by conviction in part, and in part by habit, allows the influence of the unseen upon his mind to sink to zero. This outline would leave a broad distinction between the sceptic proper, and the questioner who is in good faith and with a practical aim searching for an answer to his questions; though the two may be agreed at the moment in their stopping short of all affirmative conclusions.

By the Atheist I understand the man who not only holds off, like the sceptic, from the affirmative, but who drives himself, or is driven, to the negative assertion in regard either to the whole Unseen, or to the existence of God.

By the Agnostic, again, is signified one who formulates into a proposition the universal doubt of the sceptic; agreeing with him, in that he declines to predicate the non-existence of the objects of religion, but agreeing with the atheist in so far as that he removes them, by a dogma, from the sphere open and possible to human knowledge, either absolute or practical.

Then comes the Secularist. Him I understand to stop short of the three former schools, in that he does not of necessity assert anything but the positive and exclusive claims of the purposes, the enjoyments, and the needs, presented to us in the world of sight and experience. He does not require in principle even the universal suspense of scepticism; but, putting the two worlds into two scales of value, he finds that the one weighs much, the other either nothing, or nothing that can be appreciated. At the utmost he is like a chemist who, in a testing analysis, after putting into percentages all that he can measure, if he finds something behind so minute as to refuse any quantitative estimate, calls it by the name of "trace."*

* The following paragraph is from the prospectus of a weekly periodical:—"The *Secularist* is an exponent of that philosophy of life termed Secularism, which deprecates the old policy of sacrificing the certain welfare of humanity on earth to the merely possible and

* Hamlet, v. 1.

Next of kin to the secularist would be the professor of what I have described as a revived Paganism. I would rather have termed it Hellenism, were it not that there lies and breathes in the world of fact another Hellenism, with a superior title to the name. This scheme evokes from the distant past what at any rate once was an historical reality, and held through ages the place, and presented to the eye the shell, of a religion, for communities of men who have profoundly marked the records of our race. It may perhaps be called secularism glorified. It asserted, or assumed, not only the exclusive claims of this life, but the all-sufficiency of the life on behalf of which these claims were made. It was plainly a religion for Dives and not for Lazarus; a religion, of which it was a first necessity that the mass of the community should be slaves to do the hard rough work of life, and should be excluded from its scope; and of which it was an undoubted result to make the nominally free woman, as a rule, the virtual slave of the free man. But its great distinction was that it was a reality, and not a simple speculation. It trained men boldly, and completely, in all the organs of the flesh and of the mind, and taught them to live as statesmen, soldiers, citizens, scholars, philosophers, epicures, and sensualists. It had, too, its schisms and its heresies; an Aristophanes with a scheme more masculine, an Alcibiades, with one more effeminate. It had likewise a copious phantasmagoria of deities; a hierarchy above, represented in the every-day world by a priesthood without force either social or moral, yet supplying a portion of the grandeur required by the splendid and elaborate art-life of the people, and perhaps still partially serving the purpose of the legislator, by imposing the restraint of terror upon the lower passions of the vulgar. To the masses of men, this system did not absolutely prohibit

religion; a religion idolatrous in form, but not on that account wholly without value. To the educated life of the free citizen, the prohibition was as complete as it could be made; and the spectacle of that life in the classical age of Greece can hardly be satisfactory to those, who teach that we have, in the inborn craving of the human heart for religion as a part of its necessary sustenance, a guarantee for the conservation of all that is essential to it as a power, and as an instrument of our discipline. This, then, I dismiss as the religion of "the sufficiency of life;" with a debased worship appended to it for the ignorant, but with no religating, no binding power, between the educated man on the one side, and anything beyond the framework of the visible world on the other. Such a scheme as this could not but end in utter selfishness and degeneracy; still we must not forget, how long it takes our wayward and incontinent race to work out the last results of its principles; and, so long as men were only on the way to moral ruin, there was space and scope for much patriotism, much honor, and even much love.

Materialism finds in matter the base and source of all that is. Perhaps this is properly and strictly a doctrine of philosophy rather than one touching religion. I am too slightly possessed of the real laws and limits of the conception to speak with confidence: but I do not at present see the answer to the following proposition. In our actual world we have presented to us objects and powers simply material; and we have also presented to us objects and powers *including* what is wholly different in fashion and operation from matter. If, then, upon a materialistic basis we can have "Hamlet," and "Macbeth," the works of Aristotle, the *Divina Commedia*, the Imitation of Christ, the Gospels and Epistles, there may in the unseen world possibly be reared, on this same basis, all that theology has taught us. And thus materialism would join hands with orthodoxy. Such may be the scheme from one point of view. In common use, and in what is perhaps the most consistent use, I am afraid the phrase is appropriated by those who desire to express, in a form the most crude and crass, the exclusion of Deity from the world and the

altogether unknown requirements of a life beyond the grave; which concentrates human attention on the life which now is, instead of upon a dubious life to come; which declares Science to be the only available Providence of man; which repudiates groundless faith and accepts the sole guide of reason; and makes conduciveness to human welfare the criterion of right and wrong."

mind of man, and from the government of his life; and the eventual descent into matter of all that now idly seems to our eyes to be above it. Such a materialism is the special danger of comfortable and money-making times. The multiplication of the appliances of material and worldly life, and the increased command of them through the ever-mounting aggregate of wealth in the favored sections of society, silently but steadily tend to enfeeble in our minds the sense of dependence, and to efface the kindred sense of sin. On the other hand they are as steadily increasing the avenues of desire, and enhancing the absorbing effect of enjoyment. With this comes the deadening of the higher conception of existence, and the disposition to accept the lower and the lowest one.

A candidate in greater favor for the place which it is supposed Christianity and Theism are about to vacate is Pantheism. Meeting it often in its negative and polemical aspects I am not so well aware from what source to draw an authentic statement of its positive character. It sins perhaps in ambiguity of definition, more than any of the other symbols adopted to designate a scheme of religion. It may be understood to conceive of God as the centre of the system, by will and might, penetrating and pervading all Being to its outermost circumference, and immanent in each thing and each organism, in proportion to its constitution, capacity, and end. Or, this moral centre of all life and power may be resolved into the negative centre of the circle in mathematics, the point which hath position but not parts, and whose imagined gravitating power is but a name for the sum of forces not its own, which happen to find at that point their maximum, and which give it accordingly a conventional entity to denote in concentration what exists only in diffusion. In the former of these two senses I am by no means sure that Dante is not a Pantheist. For he thus speaks of the Divine will: and by the mouth, too, of a spirit in bliss:—

"In la sua volontade è nostra pace:
Ella è quel mare, al qual tutto si muove,
O ch' Ella cria, o che Natura face." *

* Div. Comm., Parad. c. III.

In this sense Pantheism is, or may be, the highest Christianity. But in the other sense of the phrase, the conception of God is diluted, not enlarged; the visible creation, which is called His robe, is a robe laid upon a lay figure; all by which He indicates a will, all by which He governs, all by which He inspires the awe, reverence, and love that cluster round a person; all that places us in personal relation to Him, and makes personal dealings with Him possible, is disintegrated and held in solution, and can no more fulfil its proper function than the copper which is dissolved in acid can before precipitation serve the purpose of a die.*

There now remains of this formidable octave only the subject of Comtism or Positivism, or, as it might be called, Humanism. In a general view, it seems to improve upon Pantheism by bringing into the account certain assets, which Pantheism does not stoop to notice, namely, the vast roll of the life and experience of the great human past, summed into an unit. In human characters, aggregate or select, it sees, or thinks it sees, a noble picture; in human achievement, a large accumulation of moral and social, as well as material capital: in the one a fit and capable object to move the veneration, and thus mould the moral being of the race; in the other, the means and appliances needful for continued progress in the future career. When this system is viewed from the standing ground of belief, nothing can redeem it from the charge of that great initial act of destruction, in which it partakes with the seven competitors: yet there is, one would think, much of faith and of chivalry in this constructive effort; and some sympathy will be felt for a gallant endeavor to build up a working substitute for the old belief, and to efface the Ichabod written on the tablets of a deserted shrine.

Several of the schemes, which I have presume to arrange in this fifth division, are, in the mouths of their more selfish and vulgar professors, mere names to

* The various possible senses of Pantheism are set out with clearness at the opening of Mr. Hunt's First Chapter in his Essay on the subject (Longmans, 1866). Of Mr. Hunt's proposition that personality involves limitation (p. 341) I have never yet seen a proof.

cover the abandonment of all religion; sometimes, perhaps, even of much moral obligation. With regard to the rest, I think it important to dwell upon the observation that they are, from one cause or another, exceptional and not ordinary men—men so conditioned that the relation between belief and life in their case affords no indication whatever of the consequences with which a like state as to belief, becoming widely prevalent, and in a measure permanent, would be followed among the mass of men. They are, for example, *rari nantes*; for though their aggregate number, in the circle of men devoted to intellectual pursuits, may be at this moment large, the number of those whose witness agrees together, who are (so to speak) in any positive sense of the same communion, is small; and small sects of opinion, not emboldened by wide and general countenance, do not rapidly develop, even in their own consciousness, the extreme consequences that their schemes would produce in practice. From many motives, good as well as inferior, they are content to breathe the moral atmosphere of the community around them, are governed by its traditions and its fashions, and wear its habiliments, which they oftentimes mistake for the work of their own hands. Again, they are men whose life is absorbed in intellectual pursuits, and who are saved by the high interest of their profession or their function from the mischiefs left to idle hands and idle minds, cursed as these so often are with unbounded means and opportunities of indulgence. Once more: I lately ventured, in this REVIEW, to propound an opinion comforting to some, and not offensive, I hope, to any, that in some cases the disposition to undervalue, or retrench, or even abandon the old Christian belief, may be due to a composition

happier than the average in the amount or energy of its tendencies to evil, and a consequent insensibility to the real need both of restraining and of renovating powers for the true work of life. While conscious, however, of no disposition to restrict admissions of this kind, but rather willing to enlarge them, I earnestly protest against the inference, in whatever shape, that no other fruits than such as are known to be reaped from the isolated and depressed existence of these schemes would follow upon their general adoption. Let me repeat it: I should as readily admit it to be possible that the life and health of an entire community could be sustained upon a dietary framed on the scale that has sufficed in those very singular cases, occasionally to be met with, of persons who are able to live, and in a manner thrive, on an incredibly small amount of aliment, and who seem already to have passed into an existence half-ethereal.

When dealing with the four first departments of this rude chart of religious thought, I have in each case attempted to indicate some of the special sources of their weakness and of their strength respectively. In regard to the fifth, I postpone any such attempt, as it would lead me into a general consideration of the causes which have recently brought about, and which are still stimulating, a great movement of disintegration in the religious domain. The patience of the reader has been too severely taxed already to allow of my entering on a new field of discussion. I therefore leave for the present as it stands this multitudinous array of dislocated, and to a great extent conflicting, force; sensible that it may wear in some eyes the appearance of an attempt to describe the field, and the eve, of the Battle of Armageddon.
—*Contemporary Review*.

WALTHER VON DER VOGELWEIDE.

WHEN the history of mediæval poetry comes to be written we shall understand, perhaps, what must remain very dark till then, how it was that during the marvellous twelfth century, amid all the chaos of the shattering and building of empires, such sudden simultaneous

chords of melody were shot crosswise through the length and breadth of Europe, interpenetrating Iceland and Provence, Aquitaine and Austria, Normandy and Italy, with an irresistible desire for poetic production. In that mysterious atmosphere, in an air so burdened with

electric force, the ordinary rules of germination and growth were set aside; out of barbarous races, and wielding the uncouthest of tongues, poets sprang full-armed, so many Athenes born suddenly adult from the forehead of the new Gothic civilization. That was an age of rapid movement and brilliant development, an age thirsting for discovery and invention, ready with one hand to fill the West with the new-found marvel of the pointed arch, with the other to push with sword and cross far into the fabulous East. It was at such a time, under such violent auspices, that poetry was born, full-grown, in Germany; the rude bud of folk-song blossoming in one single generation into the most elaborate art, only to wither again, as is the wont of such sudden blooms, in as short a time as it had taken to expand. No more such brilliant verse was written in German, until the time of Goethe, as was produced between the years 1150 and 1220, by a group of poets residing mainly at the courts of Austria and Thuringia. It would be out of place here to give any sketch, however slight, of the influences brought to bear upon them from without. We must hurry over the various cardinal points which demand mention before we can intelligibly introduce the subject of this memoir. It was about the year 1140 that an Austrian knight, whose name has not been preserved, gathered into epical shape the scattered ballads which form what we know as the *Nibelungenlied*. Somewhat later, another Austrian, of equally obscure personality, collected the priceless epos of *Kudrun*. The minnesong, the lyric of love, was at the same epoch invented or imported by the first great German lyricist, Heinrich von Veldeke, and his example was shortly followed by the simultaneous outburst of the four great poetic voices of mediæval Germany—the nightingales as they called themselves—Gottfried von Strassburg, Hermann von Ouwe, Wolfram von Eschenbach, and Walther von der Vogelweide. The genius of the first three of these was essentially epical. In the *Tristan* of Gottfried, in the *Iwein* of Hermann, in the *Parzival* and the *Titurel* of Wolfram, we have the four great epics of romance literature, the four poetic pillars on which the whole structure of High-German language and literature

rests. In these unique works, steeped in the purest colors of knight-errantry and chivalry, and written in verse-forms of astonishingly delicate art, we have in its original and undiluted form that spirit of romance that has so often since fascinated and bewitched the youth of Europe into more or less fatuous imitation. But this epical literature was not the sole product of the age; a lyrical growth accompanied it, represented by myriads of minor singers and one man that by common consent ranks as high as the three great epicists. This first of mediæval German song-writers was Walther von der Vogelweide.

Over the earliest years of his life there rests an obscurity which is likely to remain impenetrable. We know neither the year nor the place of his birth, his rank in society, nor the name of his family. In lack of clearer data than his own verses give us, we may roughly put his birth down at about the year 1170, or nearly a century before that of Dante. That he was of gentle, but not noble birth is judged by the title given him by all of his contemporaries of Meister Herr Walther, the "Herr" being the token of the knightly middle class. Over his appellative "von der Vogelweide" a great deal of ingenious speculation has been expended. "Walther of the Bird Meadow" has been fancifully supposed to be a name adopted by himself, either to signify that he was born in some hamlet secluded in the midst of the forest, among the birds, or else merely in token of his own great love for wild places and little birds. But *Fogilweida* is understood to mean *aviarium* in old High German, that is to say, an enclosed space where birds are artificially confined. It would therefore be difficult to believe that the lover of wild things would take this name from choice, and fortunately the difficulty has been cleared up very lately by the discovery in an old manuscript of the 13th century, of the existence of an estate called Vogelweide in the Tyrol, now long since disappeared, and there is little doubt that it was hence our poet came, especially as one of his friends and followers, a sweet minor minne-singer of that time, Leutolt von Seven, was born, we know, in that very valley in Tyrol. This mountain province, even in that early time, had not a little thirst after literary

glory, and several of its poets, contemporary with Walther, have been fortunate enough to have their *Lieder* preserved, now to be piecemeal printed by modern admirers. Walther, however, was not satisfied with a local reputation, and very early in life he seems to have left the paternal home to seek his fortune in Vienna.

There was no more attractive city in Germany to a young man with his life before him than the capital of Austria in 1190. No part of the Empire was so prosperous or so devoted to the graceful arts as the neighborhood of the Viennese court, and, what would have special fascination for Walther, nowhere were the poets so brilliant, so popular, and so famous in their art. Jealous of the undisputed supremacy of Cologne, Vienna was taking advantage of its own security and prosperity to establish its position as the second city, at least, of the Empire, if it could not be the first. It seems that the raw lad from the Tyrol, with nothing to live on but his genius, came and put himself under the tuition of the most famous lyrist of that age, Reinmar the Old, and lost in the blaze of the Court and the noise of rival wits, we hear no more of him for eight years. It must not be imagined that he was idle during that time; it was no light task to learn to be a minne-singer. The poetry of that early age, so far from being the simple, wild-wood fluting that is idly and generally supposed, was a metrical art of the most elaborate kind, and one for the skilful performance of which a long and patient apprenticeship was needed. Out of the 188 poems of Walther's which exist, at least half are written in unique measures and all in forms of his own invention. He soon surpassed all his forerunners, even Reinmar himself, in the intricate mysteries of verse, and it is worthy of no small admiration how supple the stiff old High German becomes in his masterly hands. We shall return to this matter; for the present it may suffice to point out that the blank years 1190-1198 must have been full of laborious exercise, and that all in which he differs from other poets in this, is that he has not seen fit to hand down to us his *juvenilia*. At the same time, there is no reason against supposing that many of his most beautiful love-songs, which

carry no internal or external evidence of date, belong to this early period. However that may be, it is not till 1198 that we catch a distinct view of our poet for the first time.

Indeed there is a theory that almost all the naïve and spontaneous lyrics of Walther's minne-period date from this first Vienna life, and that it was the death of the Emperor Henry VI. that first woke the poet out of his dream of love and pleasure, and that aroused in him that noble spirit of patriotism which has made his name so fragrant ever since. Henry VI. had raised the Empire to a position of secure prosperity and dreaded power which it had never reached before; he was still in the flower of his age, and apparently at the opening of a brilliant career. Suddenly he died at Messina, on Sept. 28, 1197, and the earliest political poem of Walther's that we possess evidently marks the tide of feeling at home when the deplorable news was brought to Germany. With his head resting in the palm of his hand, and one knee over the other, and his elbow resting on the upper knee, the poet sits on a rock overlooking the world, and speculates, not without dismay, how fortune, honor, and God's grace are to be reconciled in this bereaved and helpless state. In the next strophe he sees a great water rushing by, with fish in it, and gazing past it he sees the forest: and these fish, and the birds, beasts, yea! and the very worms in the forest, have their order and their rulers, but Germany has none. In the third part he is gifted with prophetic sight, and sees all things done, and hears all things said, by all the men and women in the world, and behold! they all with one accord lift up their hands to God and cry "Woe! for the Pope is too young! Lord! help thy Christendom." In this first poem of political import we have some of the most characteristic utterances of Walther's muse: desire of order and hatred of anarchy, yearning for the unity of Germany, and deep-rooted suspicion of the Papacy. The mention of the youth of the Pope gives us a hint of the exact date of the poem, since Innocent III. was elected in January, 1198, at the unusually early age of thirty-seven.

The death of the great Emperor was

coëval with the breaking up of Walther's Viennese home. For some reason obscure to us, Austria was no longer favorable to his prospects. Perhaps the fate of Heinrich had less to do with it than the death of his beloved patron, Duke Friedrich, who was lingering in Palestine at the extreme end of the Third Crusade, and who fell, in April, 1198, a few months before his great rival Richard Cœur de Lion defeated the French in the battle of Gisors. It was an epoch of great deeds and names sonorous with romance. While Walther was learning the art of poetry under Reinmar, the terrible Sultan Saladin had died. To return to Vienna: in place of Friedrich, Leopold VII. ascended the Austrian throne, and in him Walther had at first to mourn an irresponsible patron. We possess an artful elegy over Friedrich, in which his successor is warned to imitate the generosity of the duke, but to so little purpose that we find Walther leaving Vienna precipitately, to offer his singing services to Philip, King of Suabia. As Friedrich died in April, and as we find Walther singing at Mayence on occasion of King Philip's coronation in September of the same year, we can hardly allow that he gave Leopold time to do justice to his powers. The poem is very flattering, but from a lyrical point of view particularly flat and inefficient. The excellent and handsome Philip responded, however, to our poet's praise of his magnanimity and his beauty, so far, at least, as to take him with him in 1199 to the Diet of Magdeburg, where Walther gives us a brilliant little picture of the procession of Philip and his Greek queen Irene to church, attended by a gay throng of Thuringian and Saxon nobles. Next year he was back again in Vienna, welcomed this time by Leopold, and rewarded for his songs by largesse from the hands of that young "glorious and liberal" prince. On May 28, 1200, when Leopold took the sword in solemn pomp as Duke of Austria, gifts of "not less than thirty pounds" were made in all directions, and Walther, who had complained in 1198 that the showers of fortune fell on all sides of him but left him dry, was plentifully moistened with golden rain, and had his debts paid. This brings us to the end of his first restless period.

From 1200 until 1210 he seems to have stayed quietly in Austria.

The only important event that occurred during this peaceful decade was the death of his great master in poesy, Reinmar the Old. This occurred in 1207. Reinmar, who originally came from Hagenau—that very Hagenau where, in Walther's early manhood, Richard of England was arraigned before a Diet of the Empire—was *par excellence* the poet of melancholy passion and tender reverie, and very unlike the joyous, manly figure of Walther. There is a tradition that they did not live together on the friendliest terms—a notion that is curiously borne out by the wording of a very musical and thoughtful elegy by the younger on the elder poet, in which he expressly says that it is not Reinmar he mourns, but his art. The death of Reinmar gave occasion to one of the most important contemporary notices of Walther which have come down to us. Gottfried von Strassburg, far away in Alsace, received the news as he was writing the eighth book of his great epic of *Tristan*. He broke off to celebrate and mourn "the nightingale of Hagenau," and to weave into his narrative a critical sketch of all the great poets of his time. Reinmar has fallen with the banner in his grasp, and the minne-singers are left without a leader. Gottfried takes up his prophecy:—

Who now shall lead our congregation?
Whose voice guide this dear singing nation?
I know full well whom ye will find
Bear best that banner to your mind;
That Vogelweide it must be
Whose clear high voice rings merrily
In fields and in the open air!
Who sings of wondrous things and fair,
Whose art is like an organ's tone,
Whose songs are tuned in Citheron
To please our goddess Lady of Love.

This testimony, from such a man, proves how far the young poet's fame had already reached, and how highly he was esteemed.

Except that in this same year, 1207, Walther was so frightened by comets and shooting stars that he was sure the Last Judgment was arriving, nothing seems to have occurred in his history until 1210, when we find him in the service of Duke Berhard of Karinthia, where he was so ill at ease that in 1211 he migrated again; and this time to the

very home of polite letters, Thuringia, where the young landgrave, Hermann, gathered around him all the most advanced spirits of the age. At the Thuringian court on the Wartburg, close by Eisenach, Albrecht von Halberstadt was busy with his German version of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*; Herbert von Fritslar was composing his epic on the tale of Troy; Heinrich von Veldeke, the greatest of Walther's predecessors, had just died, hard by in Naumburg; and, best of all, Walther learnt here to know the rare and exalted genius of Wolfram von Eschenbach, who was writing his deathless *Parzival*, amid the roaring joviality and hospitable freedom of the Wartburg, of which Walther, whom it suited less, gives a striking picture. This seems to have been a time of depression and morbid irritation with our wandering poet. His bitterest epigrams against Pope Innocent III. date from this period, and the merry life at Eisenach seems to have jarred upon his melancholy. He is plaintively humorous against a certain knight Gerhard Etze, who has stolen his horse, and on whom he revenges himself by describing him thus,

He rolls his eyes as monkeys do,
But most he's like the lewd cuckoo,

and other such uncouth pleasantries in the lumbering manner of the middle ages. From Thuringia the dissatisfied man turned to the service of Dietrich Margrave of Meissen, and remained with him till 1213. It is provoking, and a little humiliating, to read the verse-petitions addressed to one monarch after another, praying for protection and shelter, and urging liberality in the style of a charity sermon. Under Dietrich as under Hermann, Walther was a liege servant of the Emperor Otto IV., whose excommunication by the poet's pet aversion, Pope Innocent, provokes him to continual wrath. In all his poems against the Papacy, he writes with a freedom and a force that are truly remarkable, and Luther himself never spoke out more plainly than Walther von der Vogelweide in one little *Spruch* or sonnet, where he urges the division of all temporal and spiritual authority, that being given to God which is God's, and that to the Kaiser which is his. Germany was divided between rival Emperors. Otto IV. was pitted, to the great danger

of the whole Hohenstaufen dynasty, against the legitimate heir to the throne, Friedrich, the young son of Henry VI. The civil war between these princes was carried on for ten years, and by-and-by we find Walther growing impatient with his patron, and urging him, at any cost, to endanger the unity of Germany no longer. Presently he describes with enthusiasm the fine presence and masculine beauty of Otto, but pathetically wishes he were as mild as he is tall. Things rapidly get worse and worse, till at last Walther takes up his parable against Otto as a double-faced monster, and openly comes over to the cause of Friedrich. This was but the instinct of a wise rather than grateful man of the world, for the poem we have mentioned last seems to belong to the year 1215, in which Friedrich II. finally gained the day. A series of moving appeals to the clemency of Friedrich meet us next. If only the great man will smile, the poet's genius, now frozen as in winter, will re-blossom and revive. He says that—

Then will I sing again of little birds,
Of heather, and of flowers, as once I sang:
Of lovely women and their gracious words,
And cheeks where roses red and lilies
sprang.

Vienna seems once more to have become his settled home, and in 1217 we read his farewell to Leopold, who, with the flower of Austrian chivalry, was then starting for Palestine on the fifth Crusade. Their departure leaves the court and city as empty and dull, we are told, as the departure of the knights of the Table Round, when they parted on the quest of the Graal, left Arthur's fabulous city. The public of Walther's day, it must be remembered, were even more familiar than we are with the Arthurian legends. The humorous tone of this song, however, soon fades in genuine apprehension, and we have a poem in which, in a strain of the tenderest and most child-like piety, he begs God to guard him as Gabriel guarded Jesus in the crib at Bethlehem. To this period belongs a curious lyrical tirade against the roughness of the young knights, who have no care for courtesy and the dignity of women. For such licentious and froward mediæval youth, Walther has but one lesson, and he repeats it incessantly—

And wilt thou gild the round of life, of women
speak thou well?

The two years between Leopold's departure and his happy return in 1219 were lightened by brief visits to Styria and Bavaria, but he was back again in Vienna to welcome his prince, and to send a joyous note of congratulation after him when he set out once more, this time to be crowned at Rome in the winter of 1220. It must have been about the same year that he gained the friendship of Englebert, the stirring Prince Archbishop of Cologne, under whose special protection he flourished until 1225, when that gifted prelate was murdered by his own nephew. As time goes by, as the poet grows older, and as one friend and patron is taken from him after the other, he loses gradually the elasticity of intellect that had so long sustained him, and there comes to be something almost querulous in his tone. In cadences that become monotonous, he mourns the disappearance of honor, art, piety and virtue from the land, and it is not always that the sadness is tempered with so much sweetness as in the following poem, which we translate as literally as possible, with the poet's own rhymes and measure. He has been ill all through the winter, and only revives when spring is in the land once more:—

The hoar-frost thrilled the little birds with
pain,
And so they ceased their singing;
But now the year grows beautiful again,
Anew the heath is springing.
I saw the flowers and grasses strive amain
Which should the taller be—
I told my lady this sweet history.

O how I suffered through the wintry hours
And grievous frosty weather!
I thought I nevermore should see red flowers
Among the dark green heather;
Yet, had I died, 'twere grief to friends of ours,
Good folk who when I sang
So gladly danced about for joy and sprang.

Had I been dumb on this delightful day,
For me it were great sorrow;
And Joy, so smitten, would have fled away,
And for no happier morrow
Would Joy have said farewell, O well-a-day!
May God preserve you all,
So that ye pray that health may me befall.

The poet need not much longer detain us from the poems. After the murder of Englebert the religious tendency of Walther's character seems to have deepened

into pietism. It is, therefore, fitting that we meet with him next at the court of Hermann's successor, Ludwig, Landgrave of Thuringia, who, as husband of Saint Elizabeth and patron of the ecclesiastical party, was as fanatic as his predecessor had been dilettante. But Hermann's ring of poets was by this time broken up; one by one they disappear, as is the wont of mediæval poets, fading from our sight with no record of their death. Ludwig was a child of the new age, the characteristic man of the fanatic epoch just commencing. With the year 1226 a sudden accession of pietism was felt throughout Europe; the life-long devotion of St. Francis of Assisi was crowned by his mystical death, and France was at once consolidated and fully reconciled to the Papacy by the accession of a still sweeter because more human saint, St. Louis. The power of the Empire, on the other hand, was visibly shaken. In vain Friedrich, "the world's wonder," had trusted to the power of his individual tact and genius to frustrate the petulant intrigues of Pope after Pope. He was the most brilliant of the Hohenstaufen emperors, but under him the power of the dynasty faded into air. His independence of religious opinion was not shared by the tributary Princes of the Empire, and among the malcontents none was more ardent than this young Landgrave of Thuringia. At the court of Eisenach, in 1226, Walther must have often seen the slight pale figure of the austere girl who ruled the ruler of the Thuringians. Mystical, hysterical, a dreamer of dreams, the wife of the Landgrave Ludwig was among the most singular of the characters of that dramatic age. We know her best as Saint Elizabeth of Hungary, that very saint round whom some of the most charming myths of the middle ages cluster. Not, we may be sure, without strenuous help from her did Walther von der Vogelweide, in 1227, address a burning word of lyrical exhortation to Ludwig to start on a new Crusade, to win back Palestine once more. In all Walther's latest poems we may fairly trace the inspiring influence of personal intercourse with Saint Elizabeth, and the verses which breathe the fullest perfume of her pure devotion are among the deepest and most exalted that he has left. Always a child of his age and a representative man, we

see him in the early troubadour times throwing all his force into the courtly cultus of the Lady of Love, in the internecine struggles of the candidates for empire, preaching with a louder, clearer voice than any other the gospel of unity and independence; now in his old age rousing to the new religious fervor, and contributing to its psalmody the crown of spiritual songs. Ludwig obeyed the summons, and started under the banner of the Emperor Friedrich in the autumn of 1227. Two beautiful *Kreuzlieder* of Walther's—crusade-songs that manifestly belong to this pilgrimage—still exist, and from their wording it has been considered that one was composed after the melancholy delay at Otranto, where Ludwig and many others died of the plague, the other in Palestine itself. The present writer, however, holds with that most careful critic, the late Franz Pfeiffer, that these poems contain nothing that could not as well have been written in Germany as in the Holy Land. One strophe of the first will illustrate the measure and manner of them:—

O God, thy succor send us,
Thy saving right hand lend us,
Till all is done befriend us,
Till all this life is o'er;
In all our onward stations
Defend us from temptations:
We know the hellish nations
Are round us tempting sore;
O lead us with this ditty,
Right on to thy lone city!
Jerusalem, in pity,
We weep for evermore!

With the departure of the Crusade, Walther's last light seems to have gone out. Sad and weary he turned to his old Tyrolese home, and found all there changed and desolate after forty years of absence. It was probably then, and sore at heart to find himself forgotten, that the old world-weary poet composed his last and finest poem. The burden of life was never sung with more passionate sorrow; the very rhythm seems to have a wailing echo in it. We have essayed to render part of this exquisite elegy with as little loss as possible of its naiveté and pathos:—

Woe's me, where are they vanished, my years
of life that flew?
O has my life been but a dream, or has it all
been true?
Was that a lie I cherished, that truth I vaunted
so,

For, lo! it seems I've been asleep, and nothing
now I know.

Now have I wakened; all is dim! I cannot
understand

What, ere I slept, was plain to me as is my
either hand;

This folk and land amidst of which my life
arose so well,

Have grown my foes, and all is strange, and
why I cannot tell.

My life is bowed with burdens, 'tis more than
I can bear;

The world is full of sorrow and weary with
despair;

And when I think of time long past, of
wondrous vanished days,

Grief takes me like a sudden wave that breaks
on ocean-ways.

The very youth that were so gay, how sadly
now they fare,

Their eyes are bowed with wretchedness, their
lips are full of care;

All they can do is mourn and weep; alas!
why do they so?

Where'er I turn in all the world no happy man
I know.

Dance, laughter, singing, all forgot and sadly
put away,

No man throughout all Christendom has joy
in these to-day;

Mark how the women little heed the tiring on
their head!

The proudest knights are fain to lie in boorish
drowsihead.

* * * * *

O would that I might bear a shield and take
a sword in hand,

Would God that I were worthy found to fight
for his dear land!

Then should I, poor albeit I seem, myself a
rich man hold,

Yet not in acres have my wealth, nor master
be of gold.

But I should bear upon my head the bright
eternal crown

That one poor soldier with a spear can conquer
for his own;

O might I that dear voyage make, and wend
across the sea,

For ever would I "glory!" cry, and nevermore
"Woe's me,"

And nevermore "Woe's me!"

Such, or rather far sweeter and more musical than we have art to make it, is Walther's swan-song, and with it he fades out of our sight. The only traditional fact that can help us is, that he retired to an estate near Würzburg, in Franconia, which Friedrich had given him, and that he quietly passed away about 1235, having survived all the rivals and friends of his youth. It is said that he was buried under a linden in a grass-plot surround-

ed by the cloisters of Würzburg Minster, in a sweet poetic sanctity, shielded from the world, yet open to the sky and a leafy haunt of birds. Out of the great love he had for those his winged rivals of the woods, there arose a charming legend, that has done more than anything else to popularise his memory, to the effect that in his last testament he left a special provision that directed that every day the birds should receive food and drink upon his tombstone, so that the branches of the linden that hung over him should never cease to resound with the voices he had so tenderly loved and so exquisitely imitated. Many poets competed to write his praise when he was dead, but none with such a naïve felicity as Hugo von Trimberg in his well-known couplet:—

Hêr Walther von der Vogelweide,
Swêr des vergæz, der tæet mir leide.

"Who thee forgets, does me a wrong!"

It is time now to examine the poems which remain to us of the work of this great man, whose troubled and unhappy life we have traced to its final repose. In the course of the previous narrative we have spoken of the political section of his verses, for it is from these that we have extracted, not without much labor, the greater part of the history of his life. Full of biographical interest as they are, however, they do not form by any means the most attractive or important section of his labor. In treating Walther as a political or as a religious poet, we must not forget that his great claim to remembrance rests, not on the lyrics which he composed in these capacities, but on the matchless *minne-lieder*, love-songs, which were the first-fruits of his youth. In reading these we find ourselves face to face with the earliest blossom of pure chivalry. As might be expected in the lyrical work of a generation that blended the sentiment of *Kudrun* with that of *Parzival*, the Scandinavian toleration of women, born of something like indifference, with the Provençal gallantry, born of poetic passion, the German love-songs of the school that culminated in Walther have a tender elevation, a serene sweetness more courtly than a Northern, less sensuous than the Southern erotic literature.

Friedrich Barbarossa had instituted

several Courts of Love in Germany, in the middle of the twelfth century, but they had not suited the grave temper of the nation; and while in Provence and France they flourished for a couple of centuries, becoming more and more fantastical and licentious, we hear no more of them in Germany after the death of Barbarossa. French influence on German literature was more epical than lyrical, more through such writers as Chrétien de Troyes than through the troubadours; but the laws of love, as settled by such potentates as the Countess of Champagne, and Ermengarde, Lady of Narbonne, were accepted by the whole world of lovers, and are reflected in the simpler poems of the Minne-singers. What strikes us most prominently in the lyrics of Walther, and what gives them that inherent excellence which has kept them fresh after 600 years, is the resolute manner in which, in defiance of the artistic theories of the age, he constantly returns to the study of nature, and the folk-song as an inspired emanation from nature. His verse is full of clear little landscapes, warm with color and sunlight, like those that fill the backgrounds of the earliest German and Flemish painters. The great fault of mediæval poetry being that it is conventional, mannered, and artificial, the student of that poetry best knows how like a fountain in the desert such a clear trill of song as the following ballad of Walther's seems. There is a versified paraphrase of it by Thomas Beddoes, the author of *Death's Jest Book*; but so inaccurate is it, that we prefer to lay before the reader a translation in literal prose, the intricate harmony of the original measure seeming to defy translation:—

Under the linden
On the heath,
There our double bed we made;
There might you find
Fair as well as
Broken flowers and grass.
In front of the forest in a valley
Tandaradei!
Sweetly sang the nightingale.

I wandered
To the field;
Thither was my beloved come.
There was I so taken,—
Blessed Lady!
That I shall evermore be happy.

Did he kiss me? O, a thousand times!
Tandaradei!
See how red my mouth is!

There had he made
So rich
A bed of flowers;
Had any one come by,
Inwardly
He would have laughed,
Since among the roses he might well
Tandaradei!
Have marked where my head had lain.

That he was there by my side
If any one were to know,
(God forbid it!) I might be shamed.
What there befell
No one knows
Except he himself and I
And one little bird,—
Tandaradei!
And she may well be trusted.

The innocent sweetness of these lines reaches at one bound the absolute perfection of such writing. In our own rich poetic literature we have equalled, but none could excel its divine simplicity and purity. In Germany it remains without a rival in its own peculiar class, the finest songs of Friedrich Rückert coming closest, perhaps, to it. The genius of the folk-song was never more exquisitely wedded to the art of accomplished verse. Among characteristics that Walther owes to his reverent study of the *folk-lied*, may be mentioned his manner of contemplating the seasons, and their natural phenomena. Spring is his favorite time, and he is divided between the joyous excitement of seeing the flowers break through the snow, delicate reminiscence, perhaps, of the gentians on his own Tyrolese mountain sides; and the still contentment of May, the month of blossoms, that links spring with summer. He has his flower of flowers; the heather is to him what the daisy was to Chaucer. His songs are full of references to the tender beauty of the rose-red bells that bud and break out of the dark-green sprays. He is never tired of this one flower; when he is ill and like to die in winter, it is the sight of the heather in bloom that brings back to him the desire to live. Some of his images give the heather a sweet significance; in one *minne-lied* he says: "The heather blushes red in spring to see how green the forest is growing, so sorrow is ashamed at sight of joy." But it is not the simple flower

of the wilds that can bewitch him in his excitable moments. Then the forest must receive him in its murmurous depths, to wander there till the poet's mood of restlessness is over. "I love the heather with all its manifold colors, but I love the forest better still, for within it there are many wonderful things. But for the winter he spares his hatred. Few men have said more petulant things about the winter-time than Walther. The first line of the first poem in the collected edition of his works reads: "The winter has done us all manner of harm: heather and forest have both lost their color, but many a voice will soon sound sweetly there again. As soon as I see the maidens playing at ball in the streets, then I know it is time to hear the birds again. Would that I might sleep away all the hours of winter! for watching and waiting, I grow angry that its power should spread so far and wide. God knows it must soon give place to May, and then we shall have flowers again where now we have frost." In another early poem he says: "I am grown as uncouth as Esau, my smooth hair has become all rough (with winter cold). Sweet summer, where art thou? I long to see how the fields lie once more. Rather than go on suffering as I am doing now, I would go and be a monk at Toberlû." Toberlû being, it seems, an excessively bleak and dreary Cistercian monastery in Westphalia. Once only does he speak well of winter. That one good word is to be found in the latest group of his *minne-lieder*, where at last the obdurate lady of his love has rewarded his patient passion with a declaration of her submission. That first winter of bliss cannot be denounced as winters in general are. He blames the days for being so short, but satisfies himself with this true lover's philosophy:—

If the winter days be brief,
Longer last the winter nights;
Loved and lover find relief,
Rest and bliss in love's delights.
What have I said? Woe's me! in silence best
Such rapture were confessed.

There is one exquisite *Tag-lied*, or *aubade* as the French would call it, song of dawn and awakening, in which the Juliet finds a thousand plausible reasons why her Romeo should take no heed of the day-star that shines out of the grey

sky in testimony of the approach of morning. Fresh as dew or a newly opened flower, such poems as these, perfumed with gaiety, chivalry and romance, come down to us with the first principles of love and poesy upon their innocent rhythms. These earliest lisps of the vernacular are naïve with the simplicity not so much of a child as of some adult creature newly gifted with a voice, some Dryad or Oread just cumbered with humanity. Their sweetness is primitive and unaffected, and we listen to them with surprise to find the things they tell us so familiar and yet so freshly put. The Old High German, too, has a dreamy dignity about it that is lacking in the German of to-day; there are none of the harsh labial compounds that grate upon the ear, and mar so much of the melody even of Goethe and Heine; there is none of the garrulous flatness that mars its other child, the otherwise rich and graceful tongue of modern Holland. It is inherently, in all its distinction and its imperfection, the language of romance, as Old French is *par excellence* the language of chivalry.

All this while we have said nothing about the class of his poems for which Walther was most admired by his contemporaries, and in which they took most interest, the *minne-lieder*. Criticism loves above all things to linger around the peculiarities and individualities of a character, and shrinks from the needful task of considering its uniformities. Minne-singing was the fashion of the time, and of Walther himself we learn least from the love-songs. Yet, considered simply as poetry, and as the culmination of an interesting literature, they are worthy of our careful attention. The relative position of a poet and his mistress, of any knight and his liege lady, was but recently defined by the fantastic laws of chivalry. The elaborate system of gallantry that was instituted in the south of France, and out of which there gradually developed a passion for amorous litigation which was never equalled for frivolity before or since, had not penetrated as far as Germany. We meet with none of the nonsense of *tensons* and *arrêts d'amour* east of the Rhine, and there is an agreeable absence of the attacks upon conjugal duty in sentiment if not in fact which were so familiar to the French

courts of love. A simpler, sweeter fashion prevailed among the patrons of the minne-singers, and the new discovery of the lofty worth of woman was pushed to no foolish excess of affectation. It seems to have been customary for every minstrel who felt in himself a calling to sing of love, to choose a mistress to whom to pour out his ardor and his melancholy. Considering the roughness of the times, it is very singular that the ordinary tone of the verses produced should be so reticent, so delicate as it is. These are the words in which Walther first introduces us to the lady of his love:—"When the flowers are springing out of the grass, laughing up at the wanton sun, in a May morning early, and the little birds are singing in the very best way they can, what can be likened to that? It is well nigh heaven itself. Should we say what it likens, I could have said what I have seen much better, and I would say so still, could I only see that glorious sight again. It was where a noble, beautiful, pure woman, well robed and well adorned, went in company with many folk, with lofty bearing and not alone, looking slowly around her from time to time, going as the sun goeth among the stars. Let May bring us all its wonder, what has it so wonderfully sweet as this her lovely body? We let all the flowers stand waiting, and gaze upon this perfect woman."

We are forcibly reminded in this beautiful description of Walther's first sight of his mistress, of the passage in the *Vita Nuova*, where Dante sees Beatrice among the fair Florentine girls, outshining them all. There is a grace in the picture that recalls the slim maidens of some early Tuscan procession, in attendance on a queen who easily surpasses them in dignity and beauty. Presently the first awe of the stricken senses gives way to passion that exalts and excites the imagination, and in the next poem his hands are longing to adorn her. In language at once ardent and reverent, he declares that her simple robes should be set off with chains of jewels, and since he is poor and cannot buy these, he will throw about her garlands of red and white flowers that have sprung in forest depths to the sound of the singing of birds. He flies to the woodlands to get these chaplets for her, and in the leafy solitude he

makes bold to tell us how he declared his love for her to herself. It was underneath a blossoming tree that he told her, and the air so shivered with his passion that the petals were loosed from the boughs and fell in a soft rain at their feet. In his next song he is less rapturous. It is the beauty and goodness of his dear lady that have bewitched him, and her red mouth that laughs so sweetly; and his own diction, as he says so, is so felicitous and bright, that we think of Heine in his few joyous *Lieder*. Presently we learn that some great national disaster has fallen upon Germany; but Walther can hardly refrain from singing, for he is thinking of his mistress. He is like a happy child forced to attend a funeral, who is chided for an involuntary peal of laughter. But a sadder tone comes in, a chord of apprehension jarring on the joyful music. His lady holds aloof, and while permitting him to be her declared servant, will grant him no favor, and pronounce no word of comfort. The rapture gives way to a strain of exquisitely gracious supplication. "If thou art indifferent to me, I know not. I love thee! This one thing is hard to bear. Thou lookest past me and over me. I cannot bear this my burden of love alone. If thou wilt only deign to share it, I can easily bear it." There is something extremely genuine and pathetic in this broken cry of hope deferred, and the simple confession that it is very hard to be unable to fix her look a moment, that she will "look past me and over me." We seem suddenly brought face to face, pulse to pulse, with the living man in such a natural ejaculation of wounded love and vanity as this. In the next poem we learn something of the proud lady's station. "*Hêrzeliêbez Frouwelin*," he says, "heart-beloved maiden, many blame me that I love one so poor as thou art and of so low estate. This I bear as I have borne, as I will ever bear; thou art beautiful, and thou art rich enough for me. I would not give the glass ring round thy finger for a queen's gold." The next song lends itself so lightly to our English, that we cannot refrain from giving one stanza in verse:—

God of her face had great delight:
He spread such precious colors there,
So purely red, so purely white,
Here rosy-flushed, there lily-fair:

O, I would see her gladlier far,—

Dared I to say so without sinning,—

Than heaven or heaven's bright chariot-star:

Poor fool, is this thy praise-beginning?

For if I lift my words so high

The trespass of my mouth may make my heart
to sigh.

Whereupon he melts into a reverie about her lips, so ripely red for kissing, and wonders if he shall ever win them for his own; the whole somewhat unusually amorous strain being accounted for in some measure by the last stanza, in which we learn how he fainted, wounded by her loveliness, as, himself unseen, a wild-wood Actæon, he watched her rising naked from her woodland bath. We also, glancing for a moment, may in fancy see some such substantial figure, flecked with leaf shadows, and unabashed, as was made immortal three hundred years afterwards in Albrecht Dürer's glorious engraving of the Adam and Eve, that beatification of the Teutonic Venus.

At this point we meet with the first of those invectives against "my lady Fortune," *Frou Salde*, which become so common. He begins to feel his lack of wealth and his uncertain position very irksome and painful, and he blames Fortune for his ill-luck with his mistress, who in spite of all is still "not dear, or very dear, but the dearest of all." It furthermore appears that the object of his affections is not known to the world; it was a kind of duty with sensitive lovers to conceal their lady's name, and he complains that people flock round him, and tease him to tell them. But he will give way at last, and let them know. This lady, then, has two names—the one of them is Grace, but the other is Churlishness; and so he leaves them as wise as they were before. There follows then a declaration couched in words of the most modern tone and feeling. He tells us that a man of honor, a knight, a gentleman in fact, should respect all women, but should keep his deepest reverence for the best. Not those, necessarily, which have the most beauty, for beauty is but an adornment of goodness; and then, confessing that his mistress treats him ill, yet he cannot regret being a servant of love, for he says that a man knows no more than a child what life means if he never loved a woman. Next we have a charming pastoral vignette. He is sitting

in the fields and meditating on his love; he determines to try the oracle. So he takes a long stalk of knot-grass, and pulls it asunder, joint by joint as children do, to see if she will love him or love him not. He begs us "do not laugh!" for the answer is favorable, and he is so hopeless that even that affords him some little consolation. Presently we find him, in true Renaissance spirit, kneeling in supplication to *Frouwe Minne*, Venus, our Lady of Love, that she will shoot an arrow into the hard heart of his mistress. It is difficult to imagine how it was possible that these long-winded interchanges of homage and disdain, to prosecute which

Men must have had eternal youth,—
Or nothing else to do,

as Mr. Dobson flippantly but pertinently says, could be pursued without much ennui. The sense of the ridiculous was very slightly developed in the early mediæval times, many proofs of which might be adduced from Walther's poems, and from none more than the next we come to among the *minne-lieder*, which we translate as being at the same time very short and a curiosity in subject and metre:—

Queen Fortune throws her gifts around,
But turns her back on wretched me;
No place for pity hath she found,
And what to do I cannot see;
To me to turn she will not deign,
And if I run around, I find her turned again.
She pleases not to see me ever,
I would her eyes stood in her neck, so must
she see me then for all her wild endeavor.

The abnormal length of the last line is of not unfrequent occurrence in these poems, and points to some peculiarity in the melody to which they were sung, for in all cases the metre was arranged to suit the tune, not the tune composed for the words.

A fresh group of more humoristic *minne-lieder* opens with a whimsical piece of petulance directed against his lady. All her honor comes from having so great a poet to sing her glory, and if she will not favor him he will sing no more, and her fame will be forgotten. Then with a curious impetuous outburst that is half-comic, half-savage, he hopes that if she refuses him, and takes a young man when she is gray, that her lusty husband may revenge her first poet-lover by ill-treating her, and by whipping her

old hide with summer saplings. The next is more fantastic still, full of curses on the winter, queer jokes about the ill-fortune of hearing the ass and the cuckoo on an empty stomach, and ends up by addressing his mistress as Hiltegunde. It has been supposed from this that that was her name; but, on the whole, considering the etiquette of the times, which, as we have seen, forbade a knight to reveal his lady's name, it is more likely that it is a play on his own name in connection with the popular romance of *Walther and Hiltegunde*. A little later we are assured that the Emperor, probably poor young Heinrich VI., presently about to die in Sicily, would gladly turn music-maker for a kiss of her red lips. Passing one or two similarly conventional lyrics, we come to one song of a far fresher kind, one that made Walther famous at once, and which ought to endear his name and memory to every German, the first clear note of high patriotic unity, a hymn in praise of Germany and German beauty. One verse in particular has often been quoted by modern critics as curiously anticipating the famous national song, *Was ist das deutsche Vaterland?* of Ernst Moritz Arndt:—

From Elbe river to the Rhine,
And back again all round to Hungary,
'Tis the best, this land of mine;
The best of all the world, it seems to me.
If I can judge what's fair,
In body or in face,
So help me God, no ladies have such grace
As German women bear.

Whether this declaration of public feeling softened his Hiltegunde's heart or not, at all events we find him soon on terms of familiarity with her, called by her *frunt* and *geselle* (lover and comrade), and calling her in return *fründin* and *frouwe min* (darling and wife). With this song and with that quoted above, in which, for her sake, he forgives the winter, closes the series of *minne-lieder*.

The verses of his later days breathe a spirit of morbid and petulant melancholy that is very sad to meet. He lived long enough to see the decline of art, and to hear the cry that poetry was dead. Walther deplores with much bitterness the loss of courtly popularity. The world whom he has served and still would serve has left him, he tells us, to listen to young fools. The garlands of the world

have missed him, and the blossoms faded; the very roses have fallen apart and left only thorns. Virtue has lost its power, beauty its magic, in these sad days. In short, he mourns, like Asaph of old, that the wicked should flourish as a green bay-tree, while he is poor and an outcast. In one of these later poems, however, we come upon a single example of a brighter mood. It begins with the old depression. He is in utter despair; life is not worth living; all men do evil, and that is the fault of the women. So far all is gloomy, but at the mention of the last word he pauses, and reproves himself for speaking evil of women. He has no right to carp at others because life is dark to him, and the piece ends by his saying, "Then I will live as best I may, and give out my song." But he is soon as miserable as ever. Love likes the stalwart limbs of young Four-and-twenty better than the wise bald head of Three-score. The Lady of Love has gone crazed after young fools, and heeds not him nor his songs. Art is at a low ebb, morality is dead, and at last he says farewell to the world altogether.

There is little pleasure in following him through this period of morbid and atrabilious discontent, a Byronic disease

of the mind far enough removed from that melancholy of Leopardi or Shelley, which is deeply poetic in spite of its weakness. We lose in it all trace of the joyous singer who had been unable, in his youth, to lead off even a piece of juggling nonsense about a crow and an old woman, without a prelude of such bubbling Chaucerian sweetness as this:—

When summer came to pass,
And blossoms through the grass
Were wonderfully springing,
And all the birds were singing,
I came through sun and shadow
Along a mighty meadow,
In midst of which a fountain sprang,
Before a woodland wild, that rang
With songs the nightingale outsang.

We have seen that he awoke from this intellectual paralysis which was creeping over him, under the excitement of the pietistic revival, and wrote some superb fresh sacred lyrics under the personal influence of St. Elizabeth of Hungary. We have seen, too, that the rousing of the embers was but a flash and that the end was near. The life of trouble was to find rest in the cloistered silence of Würzburg. Thus we have traced the man and the poet through his life and his work to the same point of conclusion.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

EARLY AUTUMN ON THE LOWER YANG-TZE.

IN Western lands the most welcome and most joyous of the seasons is the spring. In all ages poets have hymned its arrival or invoked its approach. From sunny Italy to the chill and brumal North, they have sung the grateful change wrought upon the face of nature by the Favonian breeze, and the ethereal mildness of gentle spring. Its smiling sunlight and fertilising showers, its promise of a warmer and more productive time, have excited the imaginations of many more than poets, and have enriched the speech of nations with pleasing metaphors. The foreign sojourner in distant China, with half the globe between him and his Western home, hails with delight the advent of a more sober season. Having passed over vast and stormy seas, he has changed not only climate, but his mind—at least in this. The

stifling heat and heavy rains of July and August have passed away. The fiery fierceness of the summer sun is no longer to be dreaded, nor the sweltering temperature of a cloudy afternoon. Cool mornings and delicious evenings, with noons not too sultry, make up the early autumn day. A delicate azure, broken by the white of fleecy clouds, replaces the brazen ardor of the summer sky, or the heavy fall of cloud and mist of the rainy months. The soft moisture of the oppressive southwest wind is dispelled, and the reviving breezes of the north-east monsoon blow gaily.

In the foreign settlements life enters upon a new phase. It is as though limbs were stretched and exercised after an interval of enforced repose. The Western stranger bethinks him of the sports and pastimes of his

countrymen in their own land. The stable regains its interest; the race committee is elected; the walls of the club-house display notices of the "autumn meeting," and lists of the events of the approaching race-week. On roads, and on open ground near the settlement, Chinese grooms—quaint objects, clad, but for the incongruous exception of the strange head-gear of their nation, in strict equestrian costume—are encountered leading out to exercise the "entries" for these events; diminutive steeds as carefully enveloped in the regulation clothing, as though just arrived from Eltham or the Wolds. But there are no such costly imports into China now. The golden age of foreign commerce, when the trade lay in the hands of a few princely firms, has gone, and with it many extravagances. The senior and junior messes at the *Hongs*, with their bounteous table and ever-flowing wines, have disappeared, and no "cracks" come from Europe to dispute the prizes of the Chinese turf with the native princes.

As autumn comes on, sportsmen look to their guns. The flight of birds moving southward is noted at seaports farther north, and the house-boat—most commodious of river conveyances—is prepared. On all sides there are symptoms of a cooler air. The punkah is unhooked from the ceiling, the punkah-coolie is paid off, and fire-places and stoves are set in order. Even the mosquito-curtain disappears from the bedroom;—this last being perhaps the most welcome of all the signs of autumn. Summer migrants from Shanghai to cooler and more salubrious spots—to the heights and baths of Hakone and the sea-bathing of Chefoo—return home. Passengers begin to arrive from Europe, and homeward-bound steamers carry but few away. Foreign admirals come in in their flag-ships, mustering their squadrons in the Woo-Sung River, and announce their arrival by thundering salutes. The anchorage is filled with steamers and stately clipper ships. The streets of the foreign settlement are crowded with a busy population, foreign and Chinese—officers, merchants, sailors on shore from the ships, braves from the camp outside the south gate of the native city, Chinese coolies and servants jostle each other in a living stream as

wide as that which flows through Cheapside at noon. On the Bund—the wide esplanade that embanks the river—pass and repass, in endless ebb and flow, handsome equipages, in which ride fashionably dressed European ladies—*jin-rik-shas*, or man-power carriages, and the high-wheeled barrows—the hackney-coach of Eastern China. The Bund itself is a scene worth notice: a few years ago it was a foul, unwholesome marsh, scored with the runlets made by the receding tide. Now it rivals the quays of Paris. Well-kept and prettily laid out gardens adorn its widest part. It is edged with bungalows embowered in shrubs and flowers, spacious consular residences, and imposing buildings, the premises of banks and great public companies, thronged with Western clerks and native *shroffs* and *compradores*. The styles of architecture are various—some stately, some fantastic. The prevailing style inclines to the classical, and is, according to the local jest, not Doric, but *Compradoric*. But the whole is not without a certain grandeur and an air of wealth.

Twelve miles lower down the Wongpu—the branch of the Yang-tze which flows past Shang-hai—the stream is crossed by a bar of mud and silt which precludes the approach to the city of heavy vessels. Therefore the huge iron-clads and great frigates of the Western admirals lie moored below it, off the village of Woo-Sung. Their presence imparts liveliness to a usually dreary spot. Abreast of where they lie stand but three houses of European build, of which one is deserted; another is the office of the Great Northern Telegraph Company, the pioneer of telegraph enterprise in China. The banks on either side are low and uniformly flat. The entrance to the river from the wide embouchure of the great Yang-tze recalls the lower Scheldt. Indeed, not in the configuration of the ground alone can a resemblance be traced to the Low Countries of Western Europe. A fleet of high-sterned craft, such as Vandervelde might have painted, is working up the river with a favorable tide. Clumps of green poplars break the sky-line, and diversify the dead level of the scene. Beneath their shade here and there come down to slake their thirst in the river, groups of cattle, recalling the canvas of Cuyp. Berghem or Hobbema

might have painted such landscapes as those on which the eye can rest on either side.

The prospect of a stay of some weeks at Woo-Sung gave promise to the writer of but a dreary time. Cut off by the twelve miles of stream—the regular highway—from the pleasures and conveniences of Shang-hai, Occidentals, doomed to loiter below the bar, might well be forgiven their grumblings at the dulness of the place. The shooting season had not yet begun, or at any rate had hardly begun in these thickly populated plains. That unfailing resource of the sailor on shore—riding on horseback—was denied in this roadless district. A whirling current and muddy fore-shores precluded all hope of that most cheerful of naval recreations—hauling the seine. Kicking a foot-ball about the narrow strip of meadow that intervened between the embankment and the stream, or attempting sphairistiké on a polygonal scrap of rugged lawn, would inevitably grow tiresome when the ball in one case was being perpetually kicked into the river, or in the other being knocked into a fetid drain. Resignation came at length, and was in some sort a solace; and a conscientious attempt was made to take advantage of whatsoever was interesting and novel in the surrounding scene.

To some, at least, the attempt turned out to be by no means unsuccessful. There was an air of strangeness about all that was seen and heard—about place, people, and occupations—which long retained its freshness and the pleasure-giving faculty of a new sensation. There was something almost startling in the obtrusive contact daily, nay hourly, observed between ancient habits and the most recent phases of modern civilisation. A mile farther down the stream, the brilliant flame of a Western lighthouse of the newest pattern gleamed throughout the night. A long line of telegraph posts stood gauntly up from the level fields. An endless succession of steamers—provided with the latest improvements in construction and equipment—passed and repassed, bound up or down the Yang-tze, or to or from the coast-ports north and south of the great river. Whilst within a stone's throw of the water's edge slumbered, as it were, in perfect unconsciousness of all these symptoms of progress,

the China of Confucius. On the water the vivacity of the scene was heightened by depth of contrast. Huge river-steamers, such as ascend the St. Lawrence or crowd the levées at New Orleans, were constantly going to, or returning from, Hankow, six hundred miles above the mouth of the great stream, their decks crowded with natives of the middle kingdom, and their names inscribed in Chinese characters on their paddle-boxes. A whole fleet of trading-vessels of recent European type plied between Shang-hai and the other ports, bearing the dragon flag, which it has become a convention of the sea to recognise as the ensign of China. Trim ships of the Peninsular and Oriental Company and the statelier vessels of the *Messageries Maritimes* threaded their way amidst fleets of junks of a form so ancient as to have been familiar in these waters before the alluvial flats on either hand were laid down. The stillness of the early autumn morning air was perpetually broken by a noisy concert of sailors' voices. The deep song of the Western leadsmen calling the soundings, and the sharp orders of the European pilots, mingled with the chant of the Chinese mariners, hoisting the sails of mat, or celebrating their return from the open sea by the loud crackle of fireworks exploded in sacrifice to the River-god. Smart pilot-schooners, trim and saucy as Solent yachts, skimmed lightly over the smooth surface of the stream. Whilst the lumbering junks of Amoy and Ningpo, with their multiplicity of masts and towering poops, dropped slowly down to run home again before the monsoon, which, with Oriental patience, had been awaited for nigh six months.

Once landed on the river-shore, the stranger left behind him almost all trace of Western intrusion, save indeed when an occasional backward glance revealed above the trees the tall masts of foreign vessels, or a black cloud of coal smoke from the funnel of a steamer. The landscape was as strange and foreign as were the inhabitants and their customs. For many miles to the right and to the left, to the front and on the other side of the river, stretched the wide level of a vast alluvial plain, which in less than a thousand years* has grown up between

* "The custom-house officer was in A.D.

the city of Shanghai and the sea. Roads there were none, but between the fields there were numerous smooth but narrow paths on which pedestrians could walk easily and comfortably in Indian file. The top of the embankment of the river offered a convenient, but rather round-about way to Shang-hai. The path which ran along its summit for some seven or eight English miles met, six miles below the city, the broad and well-kept esplanade, known as *The Point* road, one of several handsome drives, constructed by the municipal council of the foreign settlement. A little farther inland was a broad strip of uncultivated land reserved, and in some shape actually put in order, for what will be the first railway in China. But that this is crossed in several places by broad canals, it would soon become the high-road between Woo-Sung and the city. As it was, our road—the usual one—wound in its greater length between fields and farmhouses, through villages, and past temples in the most perplexing meanderings. Canals and streams had to be crossed on bridges of long slabs of stone, sometimes double, but often only single, and so narrow as to make crossing a somewhat precarious undertaking.

The whole surface of the plain was covered with the autumn cotton-crop still standing. The economic husbandry of China lays hold of every bit of ground, and not a single rood was lying fallow. In the spring this vast extent of cotton-covered ground, now a snowy expanse of fleecy bolls, starred here and there with bright sulphur-yellow blossom, had been one huge field of waving corn. During the rainy months, such is the fertility of the rich alluvial soil, it had produced its third crop—namely, rice. There was an air of quiet, of peace and plenty, pervading the whole district. Its denizens seemed neither to heed nor to require the products of other lands. Villages there were none to be seen. The inhabitants dwelt in single homesteads, or in snug cottages, collected in little groups, like tiny hamlets, of three or four. These pleasantly diversified the

landscape. Clumps of trees, from between which peered out the quaint, curved roof, so marked a feature of the architecture of Eastern China, cut the sky-line, and redeemed the view from the dull monotony of an endless plain. The farms bore the aspect of being owned by the well-to-do. As the narrow pathway passed in front of each prosperous-looking homestead, it widened into a smooth esplanade. On the one hand a broad trench divided the roadway from the fields; on the other ran a neat lattice-fence, deftly woven of split bamboo—often overgrown with a luxuriant creeper which surrounded the little garden and the various farm-buildings. Within this fence stood the stately trees which overshadowed the roofs, and rows of a slim and graceful bamboo growing not in clusters as farther south, but in single stems. The little plot between the house walls and the paling was planted with lettuces and other vegetables. The Chinese husbandman grudges even a corner to garden flowers; but here and there bloomed a few asters or chrysanthemums which would put our Temple-garden shows to shame; and, once in a way, the gorgeous crimson of the gigantic Chinese cockscomb glowed against the dingy background of the farmhouse wall. The first tints of autumn were already deepening on the leaves, and rich yellows, browns, and reds added color to a picture which would otherwise have presented too great a sameness of hue.

The dwellings invariably faced the esplanade, and filled up an interval in the fence which joined them at either end. We will describe one. It was long and low, without an upper story. The principal room was in the centre, and was entered by wide folding doors. Within it the members of the family who were not in the fields could be seen at meals, or at indoor work. Some few, perhaps, were weaving long strips of coarse cotton-cloth on the esplanade in front. At a window was an aged dame whirling a spinning-wheel, or turning the rollers of the simple machine that frees the white tufts of cotton from the seeds. A sharp, twanging sound issued from a chamber at the side. By inquiry we learnt that it was caused by young lads "teazing" the cotton into thin flakes with a quaint implement like a fiddle-bow. The stranger was

1101 ordered to remove to Shang-hai, which then became the seaport, and rapidly increased in importance."—"Shang-hai considered Socially." By H. Lang. 2nd edit., p. 5. Shang-hai, 1875.

received with civility, or rather with that absence of incivility which seems the sum-total of politeness among the Chinese.

A hideous chorus, set up by the yelping curs which infested every homestead in the neighborhood; a sharp reproof from the farmer or his lads, which produced silence or low and scarcely audible growls; a ready response, in pantomime, to a question in the same form as to the way; and then a relapse into silence and busy labor, as though no one of foreign race was within a league—such was the stranger's only greeting.

The children and the younger women retreated within the gates, or back to the farther corners of the room, when the strange face of the "barbarian" was seen approaching. The former had already donned their winter clothing, as early and late the autumn air was fresh and nipping. The blue blouses and leggings, quilted and stuffed with cotton, were piled on one above another, till the little wearers looked like miniature balloons. The gait of the women, with their poor pinched feet, according to the universal custom in these northern provinces, was ungraceful in the extreme, and they toddled about in so uncertain a manner as to excite astonishment at their untiring industry in the fields. Their dress was tasteless in shape and color; and their features lacked even the slight share of good looks possessed by their sisters of the provinces farther south.

There was little to attract the stranger to stay, or to induce him to investigate the style and processes of the native farm. Foul odors assailed his sense of smell as soon as he approached one of these latter. The ditch between the homestead and the fields was but a fetid sewer. Unutterable horrors were collected beneath the windows by the wayside, and the filth of the garments of men, women, and children was such as must be seen to be believed. The comfort and even abundance, of which so many signs were evident, was overlaid by a superlativeness of dirt which the squalor attendant on the most abject poverty can hardly match. The visitor gladly turned away to continue his walk, and to contemplate scenes which could only be enjoyed when looked at from afar.

Some way off from the farm rose a pile of buildings, evidently those of a

temple, as shown by two dark red poles in front. The walls, once vermilion, had faded through age and neglect to a dull orange. The ridge of the curved roof was ornamented with the scaly dragons so common in the ecclesiastical architecture of the country. Seen from a distance, there was a certain picturesqueness in the group. The orange tint harmonized not inaptly with the autumn hues of the surrounding groves. The bright green and yellow enamel of the earthenware monsters on the roof-tree, seen through Charles Lamb's "lucid atmosphere of fine Cathay," brightened a prospect not too wealthy in gay colors. On close inspection the charm of a distant view faded away. The buildings were little better than squalid barns. A wide opening in the front exposed an interior with three altars, and three hideous deities bedizened with a tawdry finery, rendered almost ghastly by filth and dust. A gateway at the side admitted to an ill-paved courtyard. On one side were the dwellings of the priests and keepers of the temple, store-houses, and hay-lofts; on the other an odd museum of spare divinities, clad, as the cold weather had approached, in faded garments of quilted cotton.

Here and there the plain was dotted with mounds of many sizes and varied shapes, the sepulchres of many generations of farmers of these lower Yang-tze shores. Some of these mounds were freshly made, and preserved their strictly conical form and sharp apex. Others were fading into the dead level around them, and were being more and more encroached upon by the ploughs and spades of the practically minded descendants of the departed agriculturists sleeping beneath. These barrows were not the only objects which marked the burial-places of the dead. Occasionally, tombs of brick with black-tiled roofs and white-washed walls—miniature copies of the houses of the living—were met with. In many cases unburied coffins, sometimes perhaps lightly covered with a thin thatch of straw, were lying in the fields waiting till the priests should declare the geomantic conditions suitable for committing their mouldering contents to the ground.

Turning from these, we came upon a very different scene in the drama of life. Harsh but not discordant music was.

heard coming from a little troop conveying a bride to her new home. In front marched two musicians, one with a trumpet, the other with a kind of fife, from which instruments they occasionally drew out the fragments of a tune. The bride was hidden within the recesses of a scarlet-covered chair. The bearers and musicians were decked with unusual finery, in honor of the occasion. Smart official hats with saucer brims and crimson tassels were on their heads, and loose garments of blue silk, covered, but scarcely hid, their own private rags. Behind the chair, on litters and frames of wood, painted a bright vermilion, were borne the bridal presents, and the viands to be consumed at the wedding-feast—sweetmeats, vegetables, and small roasted pigs. A few friends or relatives brought up the rear of the small *cortège* as it wound and was lost to sight among the tombs.

In its many turnings the path again led the visitor to the near neighborhood of the river. More music of the same kind, but somewhat more solemn and sonorous, was audible upon the right. From behind a clump of trees and bamboos, in which a snug homestead lay embowered, emerged a long procession. In front came the musicians, then several men carrying staves, then a gaily dressed object on a triumphal chair, and then a body of men and a very few women; all of whom together—performing moving along the narrow path in single file—made up a goodly show. Upon the triumphal chair was seated, in gorgeous robes of scarlet, with a tinsel crown and jewels, a divinity of wood with a pink complexion, a long black beard, and Aryan features. The chair was borne high on the necks of four stalwart coolies; and by its side, steadying it as it swayed to and fro in its passage along the narrow way, walked with difficulty, owing to the narrowness of the path, a grave citizen of the higher class. Lictors, bearing stout staves, formed a body-guard. All—bearers, lictors, musicians—wore a peculiar head-dress, a kind of tall flower-pot-shaped hat, with a brim not unlike those seen in illustrations of the life of our English puritans.

As the procession passed in front of the homesteads, the inmates came out and exploded whole strings of crackers. In front of many houses small altars were

placed, on which were burning slender scarlet tapers, and little sheaves of incense sticks placed in censers of brass or earthenware. Children were brought out by their mothers, and taught to render obeisance—to *chin-chin*, as the expression in the "Pidgin" dialect is—to the image as it was carried by. The blasts of music grew louder and louder, gongs were sounded, more crackers were exploded, and the procession turned off to wind about amongst the fields. Strange and grotesque as it all was, it still reminded the spectator of the periodical outings of St. Spiridione to bless the vineyards of the olive-groves of Corfu. Its meaning was thus explained in "Pidgin" by a bystander who had a slight knowledge of that wonderful dialect. Thrice a year the divinity is carried forth in solemn procession, that sickness may be warded off from the country.

A collection of *tumuli* lying in one spot, rather closer together than was usual, formed quite a hillock on the unending plain. Thither the procession wended its way, and on the summit of the eminence, in front of a table beneath an awning, the image was deposited. An attendant fired off four barrels of a quaint petard, volleys of crackers were exploded, and a fire was lighted on the ground before the image. A Bonze, with completely shaven head, then advanced, recited a long prayer, and scattered bowlfuls of cooked rice on all sides. Piles of Chinese offertory money, made of gold and silver paper, were offered up and burned in the fire. The Bonze rang a bell and said more prayers; the image was lifted up in its chair, and the procession moved onward on its way.

A small temple stood not far off. In its main hall the divinities were being regaled with a sumptuous banquet. Three long tables covered with viands—sweetmeats, fruits, vegetables, and the inevitable roasted pig—were stretched athwart the pavement of the hall. At the upper end of each were placed three images, both male and female, all bedizened with a tawdry finery of tinsel and inferior silk. Here was a veritable *lectisternium*; on a small provincial scale it is true, but perhaps not an inexact reproduction of the great *Epulum Jovis* held ages ago in the Roman Capitol. Crowds of peasants

were standing outside looking on. In the court in front were piled strange-looking instruments of music—fifes, trumpets of prodigious length, and guitars made of snake-skin.

In these sights there was nothing to recall even the existence of the Western nations, whose great outpost of commerce was so near at Shang-hai, and whose ships were covering the great river close at hand. But as the path along the river-bank was followed, many evidences of Western influence, and a quaint grafting of Western customs upon those of the Middle Kingdom were apparent. Woo-Sung was the scene of a smart action in the first war with a European power in which China was ever engaged, and long lines of parapet, forming a straggling and inefficient defence, pierced with many embrasures, could be traced upon the banks. But behind them a new work was rising, built upon different principles. Huge casemates were being constructed of balks of timber and iron plates from Europe, intended to hold guns as heavy as any that Woolwich can produce.* These works will be truly formidable to any enemy attempting to attack them in front. But the Chinese engineers, in carrying out the plans of foreigners, have had still some loyalty to ancient custom. So the forts were open in the rear, and were so placed that ships can lie behind an angle of the shore out of fire, and destroy the defenders.

Hundreds of men were at work hurrying on the construction. A large force of soldiers was lying in several entrenched camps close to. These men were disciplined and drilled in the English manner, and manœuvred in obedience to words of command given in English. They were armed with rifles, both breech and muzzle-loading, which they often practised with at targets on the shore. But at least one contingent of troops was still armed with spears and battle-axes; and it was a sight almost too suggestive to be comic, to witness a body of these exercising according to ancient fashion, and to an excessive tom-tomming of a native drum, on the same parade-ground with comrades who complied with such

directions as "Attention!" and "Quick march!" Large mud fortifications protected the camps. A common shape was that of a square, bastioned at the corners. The bastions bore some resemblance to those of Vauban, and were large enough to allow of an efficient flank defence; but the engineers had adhered to ancient plans, and had made their bastions mere solid masses of earth, and therefore shams. Imposing-looking *caponnières* and *tenailles* protected the curtains, but they were too slight to stop the passage even of a grape-shot.

Off the village a squadron of men-of-war junks lay at anchor. They were gaily dressed with flags—tricolors, white ensigns with vermilion characters upon them, and crimson streamers marked with legends in black. Higher up among the Western craft were handsome steam gunboats and a frigate, all armed with Krupp and Armstrong guns, with engines and hulls constructed by native artificers at Shang-hai or Foo-chow. The force of contrast could hardly go farther than in that presented by these two squadrons. Both were bravely decked with colors, those of the new type as well as their consort-junks. A new viceroy, who was to fix his seat at Nanking, was expected, and the vessels had mustered to do him honor.

He arrived in due time. In the early morning his vessel approached. The river-banks were alive with troops and spectators. Long lines of crimson banners gleamed through the slight mist just dispersing before the rising sun. The junks saluted with crackers and their guns of ancient form. More regular salutes were fired from the batteries by the troops on shore. The sailors of the frigate ran aloft, and manned the yards in imitation of the ceremonies obtaining in Western navies. There was a pleasant freshness in the gelid autumn air; and the waving banners and gay flags added brightness to an interesting scene. The viceroy was Shen-pao-Shan, a friend to foreigners, of whom it has been said, that he never took a bribe or perpetrated a "squeeze." The significance of such merits will be understood by all who know anything of a country cursed with that vilest of all governments, a literary bureaucracy.

The pure serenity of this day was fol-

* The successful construction of the 81-ton gun was not then known in China.

lowed, as usual, by a brilliantly moon-lit night. Sleep came readily to many to whom the heat of summer nights elsewhere had long denied it, and those who

had visited numerous climes, agreed that few possess greater charms than does early autumn in far Eastern China.—*Fortnightly Review*.

LEIGH HUNT AND LORD BROUGHAM.

WITH ORIGINAL LETTERS

BY S. R. TOWNSHEND MAVER.

If we were asked, without a moment for reflection, to say who among Leigh Hunt's distinguished Liberal contemporaries was least likely to have been his frequent and familiar correspondent, we should answer, Lord Brougham. In the long period of peaceful popularity which closed Leigh Hunt's life the present generation is apt to lose sight of the storm and strife of social and political discussion during which it opened; and in the graceful poet, the subtle critic, the genial fireside companion, to forget the keen-witted controversialist, the dauntless champion of popular rights, the man in whose endurance and self-sacrifice for the public good, Byron recognised "a modern Hampden."

Charles Knight, in his 'Passages of a Working Life,' well describes the contrast between the ideal and the real Brougham, when on his way to their first interview, in the winter of 1826. He says:—

"There was an image in my mind of the Queen's Attorney-General as I had often beheld him in the House of Lords, wielding a power in the proceedings on the Bill of Pains and Penalties which no other man seemed to possess—equivocating witnesses crouching beneath his withering scorn; mighty peers shrinking from his bold sarcasm; the whole assembly visibly agitated at times by the splendor of his eloquence. The Henry Brougham I had gazed upon was, in my mind's eye, a man stern and repellent; not to be approached with any attempt at familiarity; whose opinions must be received with the most respectful deference, whose mental superiority would be somewhat overwhelming. The Henry Brougham into whose chambers in Lincoln's Inn I was ushered on a November night was sitting amidst his briefs, evidently delighted to be interrupted for some thoughts more attractive."

After describing Brougham's hearty reception of his visitors, his frequent jokes, ready sympathy, and grasp, equally instantaneous and exact, of every subject brought before him, Knight adds—

"The image of the great orator of 1820 altogether vanished when I listened to the unpretentious and often playful words of one of the best table-talkers of 1826—vanished, even as the full-bottomed wig of that time seemed to have belonged to some other head than the close-cropped one on which I looked."

If we glance at the public career of Leigh Hunt in his early days, and the private tastes and sympathies of Brougham through the whole of his nobly useful life, we shall see how much the two reformers had in common.

In 1807 Henry Brougham, then thirty years old, after a dawn of brilliant promise, both literary and legal, in Edinburgh, came to London to qualify for the English bar—a step of which he gives a curious and interesting account in a letter to Earl Grey, dated "Middle Temple Hall, May 31, 1808." He says:—

"From accidental circumstances I find myself placed in a situation which enables me to command a considerable degree of success in the profession of the law, and however odious that profession is (as God knows there are few things so hateful) I am quite clear that it would be utter folly in me to neglect so certain a prospect. I have of course been continuing my study of law, and pleading as diligently as possible. . . . But I have resolved, in the meantime, to risk an experiment which I fancy you will think not very prudent, and which I own is not quite safe. By means of a special motion at Lincoln's Inn I may manage to be called to the bar early in July, and then to go the next Northern Circuit,—which I prefer to any other, as being the largest field and in every respect the first thing in that way. I shall do this at the present moment because, from my recent intercourse with Liverpool and Manchester" (in consequence of his spirited pleading, on behalf of certain leading merchants, against the Orders in Council, prohibiting trade with all ports occupied by the French) "the iron in that quarter is hot, and should be struck before it cools. I set out with too slender a provision of law, no doubt, and may very possibly never see a jury until I have to address it, my stock of practice being so slender that I never yet saw a *nisi-prisus* trial. But

the points of law are few on a circuit, and by good fortune none of any difficulty may fall on me, and as there are no great wizards go the Northern Circuit, I may push through the thing with a little presence of mind and quickness. Besides, nothing was ever done without risk, and nothing great without much danger. Therefore I have taken my determination, and shall be ready to set out for York when the circuit commences. In short, being so fairly in for it, I must make the best of an indifferent bargain, and addict myself to whatever will carry me upwards at the bar. There are many openings—no formidable obstacles. And one may hope in time to make the profession a little more like what it used to be of old, when mercenary views were out of the question, and it was certainly the finest of all civil pursuits."

The year in which Brougham was called to the English bar saw *The Examiner* started by Leigh Hunt and his brother John. At the time, W. J. Fox tells us, in his 'Lectures to the Working Classes,' when the new journal became

"the champion of every good object—when it feared not to expose iniquity in high places—when it grappled with every question in an honest and inquiring spirit—at that time people were living under a very different state of things with regard to the public press from what prevails in our own day. Those were really times of peril. The power which Pitt established when he quelled the first great efforts in the cause of reform was yet exercised in its plenary influence and wide extent. The nation was mad with the war spirit."

The letters printed by Thornton Hunt in the two volumes of his father's "Correspondence," are naturally those which enter most fully into personal sympathies, such as that love of classic literature which amounted to a passion in Leigh Hunt, and brought rest and refreshment to Brougham even amidst the "warfare of giants," as Lord Jeffrey called the political strife of their youth. Other letters, covering a wider range of topics, edited by Lord Brougham himself, and reserved for a projected third volume of the "Correspondence," which never appeared, were handed to me in the spring of 1873 by Thornton Hunt with the rest of his father's letters and remains, and from them I make the following selection.

One of the earliest unpublished letters before me—so far as their contents afford a clue to their chronological sequence, for unfortunately Brougham rarely gave a fuller date than "Temple, Monday," or "Brougham, Friday," and

few of the covers have been preserved—treats of a book less widely known than it deserves; the "Collection of Letters" between Charles James Fox and Gilbert Wakefield.

As the "historical memories" of the present generation of politicians embrace a scarcely more remote antiquity than the palmy days of Earl Russell, it may be useful to explain that Gilbert Wakefield was the son of the Rector of St. Nicholas, Nottingham, who, after obtaining high collegiate distinction in classics and theology, left Cambridge for the curacy of Stockport. Soon quitting the Established Church he, after an interval of teaching, devoted himself to literature—writing and publishing with such rapidity that he is said to have "rushed to the printer's with manuscript on which the ink was scarcely dry." His classical and theological works passed unchallenged, but when he dashed, with all the hot impetuosity of his nature, into political pamphleteering, he trod ground unsafe in those days for even the most wary. 'A Reply to the Bishop of Llandaff,' who had written in defence of the war with France, was condemned as a "seditious libel," and its luckless author was imprisoned in Dorchester Gaol for two years, during which time the Liberal party subscribed £5,000 for him. He died three or four months after his release. Such was the erratic but unquestionably conscientious democrat whose correspondence with the great leader of his party forms the subject of the following letter:—

"TEMPLE, Monday Evening.

"My dear Sir,—I have just been devouring, rather than reading, a little volume of letters between Mr. Fox and G. Wakefield. Pray note the delightful spirit which breathes through every page of Fox's writings. Not only his simplicity and frankness and enthusiasm (after a life spent in debate, popular contests, dissipation, gaming, indolence—difficulties of every kind—all the worst enemies of simplicity and truth), but chiefly the instinctive and as it were constitutional love of liberty, and dislike or natural *disgust* at all manner of oppression and injustice.

"The letters about the time of Wakefield's sentence, and pp. 215, and 227–231 are notable. Some peculiarities will strike you—as his love of genuine English. He calls Lorenzo de Medici, *Lawrence*, p. 161.

"G. Wakefield merits no small praise for his fortitude and independent spirit. His feeling so strongly the iniquity of Lord Than-

et's sentence at a moment when he was so immediately occupied with his own is highly praiseworthy; as is the *disinterested* regret at finding that Fox was more fond of poetry and criticism than of a work from which he (Wakefield) expected more good to the cause of liberty. I rejoice every time I see any such fragments of Fox's admirable principles and character held up to the view of the present *de-generation*.

"This is a very hurried scrawl, but I have interrupted my less agreeable labors so much with the book that I am forced to conclude hastily with assuring you that I am,

"Yours faithfully,

"H. BROUGHAM."

A journalist recently said that the tendency of the public mind at the beginning of this century was to confound persons and principles—thus believing that the holder of unorthodox opinions must necessarily be in his own person a breaker of all laws, human and divine; or, conversely, that the enunciator of lofty views and refined sentiments must lead a life of corresponding purity and elevation. Brougham's mind was too judicial to be open to this error, but he draws the line between precept and practice with startling sharpness when he speaks in the same letter of Fox's "admirable principles and character"—by which I suppose we are to understand natural disposition, warped by circumstances and association,—and his "life spent in gaming, dissipation, and indolence."

The well-known trial for libel on the Prince Regent so far eclipses all other crises through which the *Examiner* passed, that they are scarcely to be remembered. It was but the culmination of a series of Government prosecutions, the third of which led to a curious complication.

John Scott, editor of the *London Magazine*—the brilliant essayist and journalist, now, perhaps, chiefly remembered for his tragical death at Chalk Farm, in a duel with Mr. Christie—wrote an article in the *Stamford News*, of which he was then editor, denouncing flogging in the army. This being quoted in the *Examiner*, the Hunts were tried for libel, defended by Henry Brougham and acquitted; but Mr. Drakard, proprietor of the *Stamford News*, who was also defended by Brougham, was convicted a few days after at Lincoln, and sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment. This case is cited by Charles Knight as an instance

of the "glorious uncertainty of the law;" but there was a technical point at issue which seems to have escaped him. The *original publication* of an article which had been the subject of a Government prosecution laid the publishers open on legal grounds to the charge of "malice," in spite of the failure to convict on the first process, for merely quoting it.

The following letter, written in the large, clear flowing hand of Henry Brougham's early manhood, is endorsed (at the request of Thornton Hunt) in the almost unintelligible hieroglyphics of his last years—"This relates to Drakard being brought up for judgment." The complaint against Cobbett shows that then, as now, the great Whig and Tory parties were split into innumerable factions, almost as formidable to each other as to the common foe.

"TEMPLE, May 29, 1811.

"Dear Sir,—I find Cobbett persists in imputing to me the words falsely, and I really believe intentionally, put into my mouth by the *Courier*—that the intention was highly criminal.' It is worth while to contradict this, as I cannot help thinking that it affects both the party and his counsel—you will judge best how this may be done, but if possible something should be sent to Cobbett himself, I think, by Mr. D. in his own name, as he was present. You must remember that so far from admitting a 'highly criminal intention,' I expressly said that all I was bound to admit was some degree of criminality—that the verdict obliged me to admit this—but the whole drift of my remarks went to show that the slightest possible degree of guilt was to be ascribed to the publication and the author. It is quite scandalous that a newspaper, under color of reports of law proceedings, should be allowed to defame persons and to defame them by putting words into their counsel's mouth.

"Believe me, dear Sir,

"Yours, etc.,

"H. BROUGHAM.

"Another instance of the wilful misrepresentation of the *Courier* was the leaving out Mr. Marriott's observation, and then making the Attorney-General in reply say that 'the last remark of the counsel was an answer to all that went before.' The Attorney applied this to what Mr. M. had said, and by leaving out all mention of Mr. M., it is made to apply to what I said—and this is the report which Cobbett chooses as the most accurate!"

The next group of letters possessing any public interest relates to the stormy parliamentary contest in which Brougham opposed Canning at Liverpool in 1812. The earliest reference to his intention to stand is contained in a letter,

the first three paragraphs of which have been already published in the "Correspondence," referred to.

"BROUGHAM, Tuesday.

"My dear Sir,—You'll think me very idle not to have sooner acknowledged your letter, and thanked you both for the introduction and for 'Acme and Septimius' (an old favorite). I am extremely pleased with both, and if you'll send me a little more of the poem, I should like to make a few free remarks. One or two *turns* struck me—but they were mere specks, and, I believe, from Dryden. In the translation I doubt respecting your two diminutives—I rather more than doubt, especially as to 'poor fellow,' which is inconsistent with the infinite refinement of the piece. Could you not contrive some more delicate diminutive? Also, could you not give the *sinister ante*? I think both you and Cowley give it the go-by. Now, I question if it does not convey some such meaning as that a change was effected in the love—at least in the degree of possession. If it mean anything bordering on indelicacy it is indeed better omitted.

"I think highly indeed of the translation. *Acme, love!* is extremely happy—but I could fill a page with instances. Pray try 'Arria and Poetus,' from Martial.

"These things are so much pleasanter than politics that I hate to make the transition. Our wise men certainly had resolved to dissolve—but there seems by my yesterday's letters some *hitch* in it. However, I doubt if it won't speedily take place, and then I shall in all probability be drawn in to stand for Liverpool, though as yet I have carefully avoided committing myself. There is some good to be done, even in the present state of things, by popular elections, and by bringing together large bodies of men to hear peaceably free and sound language. This is all I have to set against the great inconvenience of such elections, and of the kind of seat one has even after succeeding. But I really am much indebted to the Liverpool people for their friendly zeal, and I foresee it will be difficult to be off.

"By the way, I have asked Roscoe (whose taste and skill in translation is exquisite) and Shepherd, a translator of almost equal skill, to give me their remarks on your 'Acme and Septimius,' which you shall have.

"Pray let me have a little more of the poem [the 'Story of Rimini'], which takes my fancy wonderfully. I shall very soon send the extracts from my notes. I hope you got my packet from Lancashire; I wrote it at Allerton, but sent it from Knowsley, being sure a frank of mine ran great risk in the Liverpool post-office.

"Yours ever truly, H. B."

"I conclude your health is restored, but wish you would not risk it by going to hot theatres."

The Roscoe referred to above was the historian of Leo X. and Lorenzo de Medici, whose career is as remarkable as any in the annals of literature. He be-

gan life at twelve years old as assistant in his father's market-garden, and ended it as banker and author, having, *ad interim*, practised as an attorney in the Court of King's Bench and sat for Liverpool.

As "Acme and Septimius" is not included in Leigh Hunt's collected poems, and it may be found interesting to compare the translation with Brougham's critical remarks, I quote it from the *Examiner* of September 13, 1812.

THE ENTIRE AFFECTION.

(Imitated from the *Acme and Septimius* of *Callus*.)

"O Acme, love! Septimius cried,
As on his lap he held his bride,—
O if I love thee not, my wife,
Distractedly, and shall for life
As much as mortal madness can—
May I, a lost and lonely man,
Left in a desert to despair,
Come full upon a lion's glare!

He said: and Love, on tiptoe near him,
Clapp'd his little hands to hear him.

"But Acme, to the lovely youth,
Just dropping back that rosy mouth,
With smoothing kisses thus replies
To his intoxicated eyes—
My Septimy, my life, my love,
My husband—name all names above—
So may our lasting service be
To this one only deity;
As still more sharply than in thine,
He thrills this doting frame of mine.

She said: and Love, on tiptoe near her,
Clapp'd his little hands to hear her.

"Blest with this omen from above,
Their lives are one return of love.
For he, poor fellow, so possessed,
Is richer than with East and West,
And she, in her impassioned boy,
Finds all that she can frame of joy.

Now who has seen in Love's subjection,
Two souls more blest in their connection,
Or who a more entire affection?"

Brougham was defeated at Liverpool. According to the account given in his 'Life and Times' he failed from a cause which operated disastrously at the last general election—the perversity of running two liberal candidates where there was a reasonable probability of carrying only one. Writing to Lord Grey on October 16, 1812, Brougham says—

"The starting two [Liberals] inflamed and combined our adversaries, and made the two parties [Corporation and Tories], with a large secession from the Whigs, unite against us. I had nine nights of the clubs, besides a regular speech each day at the poll. I delivered in that time one hundred and sixty speeches and

odd; and yesterday and to-day, after being beaten, I rallied, and delivered regular speeches to the whole multitude."

Canning is said to have spent £20,000 on this election; Brougham under £8,000, raised by subscriptions among Liberals in many parts of the United Kingdom.

In these days of enlarged constituencies and the ballot it is difficult to understand how the votes polled by the different candidates in 1812 could in any way be regarded as representing the opinions of the two parties in the borough. In 1874 Lord Sandon stood at the head of the poll for Liverpool with over *twenty thousand* votes all given quietly in one day; the defeated candidates polling nearly *sixteen* thousand—in other words, five times as many as the aggregate of votes recorded in 1812.

"BROUGHAM, Tuesday.*

"My dear Sir,—I am just returned to my nest, and may really say, *desiderato acquiescimus lecto*—for such a stormy and restless three weeks I believe no mortal ever before had as I experienced during the Liverpool contest. My repose must be shortened—for I leave this on Saturday for town as term approaches. Thus, after all my labors last winter and summer, I have not had a week's rest.

"We were defeated at Liverpool because we tried too much, and would not compromise so as to return Canning and myself; you will at once see why—and the more I reflect on it I rejoice the more that the unbending course was preferred to that which would have yoked me to a man so adverse in all points of principle.

"The defeat indeed throws me out of Parliament for the present, because Westminster and other *really* popular places are closed, and the borough owners are not very likely to return a reformer, and one who has shown himself an indifferent party man. But I trust I may do as much good to the great cause of liberty by being out of Parliament for a while, as if I continued to share in the wranglings of that place. I hate what is commonly called public meetings; but the enemies or false friends of the cause greatly mistake me if they expect to find me destroyed by exclusion from the House of Commons.

"In the meantime there is an interruption of the plans which I was maturing for next session—the full investigation of the property-tax, especially as affecting farmers, I had announced last session; the subject of tithes, I don't wish to conceal, it was my design to have grappled with, and I had not only gone far in preparing this, but had been enabled by some partial practical experiments made in this neighborhood, to ascertain that my prin-

ciples were sound. These, and the American war, as connected with our manufacturing and trading interests, would have occupied me during the session, and I trust I shall find some men willing to take the charge of them for me while I am out.

"I shall trouble you in a few days with the corrected copy of one of the many speeches delivered by me during the election—because I prize it for the effect it produced, and the untoward circumstances under which I made it,—or rather it burst from me—for it was the dictate of the moment. It consists of an invective on Pitt's *immortality*,* and I desire to be, in every respect, judged of by that speech. It was made to a real popular assembly of four or five thousand people, all in a state of agitation and passion not to be described. Many notes were taken; so that it is nearly correct.

"This election has given new force to my conviction as to reform. Liverpool, unlike Westminster, is really a close borough, of 100,000 people not 3000 have voices, and these are the freemen admitted by birth and servitude. Think of such men as Roscoe having no vote, while every slave captain who served seven years' apprenticeship to that traffic of blood was enabled to vote against the person who made it a felony! If the *inhabitants* had voted, the good cause would have been supported by ninety-nine voices in one hundred. As it was we ran them very near—but the fear of losing their bread made many a poor creature vote against us, with tears and protestations that his heart was with us. Every means of influence was exhausted, and at last *gold* carried the day. But the popular enthusiasm cannot be described, it affects me beyond expression when I reflect on it—and, as a proof of its faithfulness, my last appearance among them and my departure were far more like a triumph than even my public entry, as to crowds—though tears and groans literally choked their huzzas. They only speak against the people who don't know them, or see the worst of them.

"Believe me, yours truly,

"H. BROUGHAM."

Two months after Brougham's Liverpool defeat he was engaged in the memorable trial which was for many years the most prominent association with Leigh Hunt's name, either for sympathy or censure, in the minds of thousands. An attempt is sometimes made to assert that there was no "libel" to prosecute, and that Leigh Hunt was savagely punished for a phrase of playful satire, such as had been repeatedly passed over with a smile in the verses of Tom Moore. A cursory glance at the *Examiner* will dispel that illusion. There, week by week, the character, the conduct, and the

* Post-mark, October 21, 1812.

* "Immortal in the miseries of his devoted country."

companions of the Prince Regent were denounced with a trenchant and fearless scorn, a bitter, pitiless vigor, from which the truth took nothing of the sting. It does not at all affect the question that the cool unbiassed judgment of posterity has endorsed every word of those passionate denunciations; that every subsequent picture of the Court of that day (even when painted by those who composed it) has justified the attacks of the contemporary journalist; that every word of censure was written in no party spirit, but felt to be a direct public duty: the libel was there, and it was impossible the libellers should escape.

It must be remembered, too, that in those times, with the hideous convulsions of the first French Revolution fresh in their memories, thoughtful men might well dread to see the avenging spirit of popular wrath let loose in England; when the elements of reform and revolution were so inextricably mixed that those who dreaded the latter shuddered at the sound of the former, and preferred rather to "bear the ills they had than fly to others that they knew not of."

Leigh Hunt lived to see the reforms for which he strenuously pleaded come tardily but surely, without popular riot or social devastation, through the steady growth of public opinion, as he himself wrote:—

"By means of mild and unforbidden men." And if he suffered for being before his time, that is the common fate of the ardent intolerance of youth—the intolerance of evil, which, impatient at oppression and ignorance, would fain hurry on national crises that can only come safely by coming slowly.

Leigh Hunt at that time incurred an immense amount of unmerited obloquy from a widespread confusion of him with his namesake "Orator" Hunt. No two men could have been more ludicrously dissimilar, and in the *Examiner* of July 19, 1812, Leigh Hunt recorded a lively protest against the identification:—

"We ask any reader of ours," he says, "who is nice in his notions of reputation, how he would feel if, in the midst of his pursuits in London, and at the moment, perhaps, when he is wrapping himself in the security of his good name, he finds himself accused of being in the very act of making a fool of himself at one hundred miles' distance, on a wooden elevation, and in the face of a roaring mob."

Leigh Hunt saw the danger of that confusion of principles as well as persons of which we have already spoken—but he was sanguine that by its very excess it would right itself. The same article concludes with these eloquent words, suggested by an extraordinary tirade of Cobbett's, in which he eulogized Orator Hunt at the expense of Sir Samuel Romilly:—

"What better means could have been taken to draw a happy distinction between coarseness and refinement, between meanness and elevation, between pettiness and enlargement, between emptiness and fullness, between error and rectitude, between ignorance and knowledge, between vice and virtue, between nothing and something, between false Reform and true Reform,—than to drag up a poor turbulent being [Henry Hunt] out of the mud of his politics, and place him by the side of the patriot lawyer? By extravagances like these the pretenders to reform bid fair to expose themselves to everybody; and by so doing they will render it the best service they ever did in their lives, and leave its true advocates a separate and respectable body."

This passage alone—and there are hundreds like it—should have been enough to vindicate Leigh Hunt from the contemporary charges of being a demagogue and a democrat. While holding up to ridicule and reprobation the abuses of the existing court, he painted an ideal monarch who should do justice and love mercy; and not all his early faith in Bonaparte's disinterested patriotism, or admiration for his genius, could blind him to the perils of revolution and the reactionary dangers of despotism. But the populace, when once roused to move at all, will not walk steadily between the lines laid down for it by its wisest and most temperate instructors; and there is infinite mundane as well as spiritual wisdom in the scriptural injunction, to let the wheat and the tares grow together unto the harvest, lest when ye pull up the tares ye pull up the wheat also.

The *Examiner's* attack on the Prince Regent was direct and unsparing, and the truth of a libel has in a legal sense nothing to do with its criminality. The case excited the strongest interest in all ranks. To Earl Grey, Brougham wrote on the 25th November, 1812:—

"Hunt's trial comes on about the middle of the week after next, and they are in some consternation at Carlton House. Two several attempts have been made to buy him off, but

of course in vain; one of them came almost directly from Macmahon soon after the trial put off last July. I feel somewhat anxious about the verdict, but am full of confidence as to the defence and its effects all over the country; *it will be a thousand times more unpleasant than the libel.*"

Brougham's account of his line of defence, the key to which is given in the words we have italicised, is very characteristic, not only of the writer, but of the spirit of the times. The masked battery of contempt for the Rosa-Matilda warblings of the *Morning Post*—apostrophising the Prince Regent as

"Adonis! in thy shape and face
A liberal heart and princely grace
In thee are seen combined—"

from behind which Brougham hurled strong condemnation at the object of those absurd panegyrics, was hailed at the time as a triumph of subtlety and security. But everyone now must agree with Leigh Hunt himself in preferring infinitely the close of the defence, when, throwing aside all irony, Brougham pleaded in a strain of impassioned fervor for freedom of the press—that voice of the people whose outspoken rebuke is the only punishment which can reach a certain class of offences and offenders.

Of course the passage in Lord Ellenborough's charge to which Brougham refers so indignantly in the following extract from a subsequent letter to Lord Grey, is that in which Ellenborough describes "the counsel for the defendants" as "inoculated with all the poison of his clients' publication." Throughout his whole charge the judge begged the question of guilt in a manner which would not be tolerated now.

"As I conclude Hunt's trial interests you I write to say that it came on this morning at nine. A full special jury of twelve was procured with infinite pains, and great bustle and interest excited in town about it. The prosecution was conducted by Garrow (Solicitor-General) and defence by me. Garrow reserved himself in a way quite new and very cowardly, saying ten words and waiting for me, so that all he said was in reply. I fired for two hours very close and hard into the Prince—on all points, public and private—and in such a way that they *could* not find any opening to break in upon, and were therefore prevented from interrupting me. They tried twice early, but Ellenborough, losing temper, fell into a gross error, and was fairly beaten, which gave me the rest of the day pretty easy. In summing up he attacked me with a personal bitterness

wholly unknown in a court, and towards a counsel—who, you know, is presumed to speak his client's sentiments—most gross and unjustifiable. All the profession are with me, and he is either in a scrape or next door to it. . . . After all his fury, the jury, to his infinite astonishment, hesitated, and then *withdrew*. I was obliged to leave the court to attend a consultation elsewhere, so don't know the result, but there is scarcely a chance. I have heard a report of the verdict being soon after given, of guilty; but the retiring is of itself really a victory, in the circumstances."

He adds in a postscript:—

"Accounts just received that in twenty or twenty-five minutes (passed by the Court in great agitation), they found us *guilty*."

The sentence, as most people remember, was a fine of £500 and two years' imprisonment in separate prisons, to each brother.

When we recollect Thackeray's burning denunciation of the vices of George the Fourth, ending with the emphatic question, "Would we bear him now?" and the thunder of applause which invariably answered him, we can but reflect how happily times are changed, both for the throne and the people.

The following letters were written by Brougham to Leigh Hunt during his imprisonment:—

"TEMPLE, Monday.

"(Postmark, May 18, 1813.)

"My dear Sir,—Perceiving in yesterday's *Examiner* that you mention 'indisposition,' I am desirous of knowing whether you have had any relapse since I saw you.

"I have repeatedly been on the verge of seeing you, and always stopped by some unforeseen business coming upon me. But I expect to make good my visit in spite of all interruptions one day this week.

"Believe me, truly yours,

"H. BROUGHAM."

"There is no truth in the account in the newspapers of my being in Parliament, any more than in the other story in the Carlton House journals of my going abroad with Lord and Lady Oxford, whom I think I have seen exactly twice in my life."

This Lord and Lady Oxford were the eccentric couple afterwards so notorious for their Bonapartist intrigues. Raikes tells a characteristic story of them in his 'Journal' (vol. iv. p. 14). When Lord Oxford was in France and his wife in Italy in 1815, their correspondence, regularly opened by the French police, supplied the government with full information of the plots for bringing back the ex-emperor. The illness of a favorite

spaniel had been mentioned in one of the intercepted letters, and so little pretence was made of concealing the system of espionage that a gendarme who stopped Lord Oxford's carriage at the frontier to examine his papers, accosted him with the sarcastic inquiry—"Bon jour, Milord, comment se porte votre petit chien?"

In 1815 Leigh Hunt issued an enlarged edition of 'The Feast of the Poets,' dedicated to Thomas Mitchell, the translator of Aristophanes. It is alluded to by Brougham in the following letter:—

"TEMPLE, Thursday.

"My dear Sir,—I have been in expectation of seeing you daily since my return from Kent, where I went during the holidays. I fear I must delay my visit for a few days longer, but I cannot defer my congratulations on these important events, so useful to the cause of constitutional liberty and improvement. The immediate and great reduction of the power of the crown may fairly be expected to arise from peace, and the lopping off of so much patronage, and the cessation of the alarm (so useful to arbitrary power) in which we have been kept for the last twenty years. What the event in France may be is less plain—but whatever government is there formed must be a peaceful one.

"I copy a passage from a letter just received from my friend Mr. Jeffrey of Edinburgh, in answer to one I wrote respecting your poem. 'I read the "Feast of the Poets" with great delight in America, but never knew the author till I received your letter. I shall be glad to be of use to him when he attempts something more considerable. The present work seems too slight to justify a review.' You will perceive that he had seen only the original publication.

"Yours truly,

"H. BROUGHAM.

"I hope you liked Lord Grey's speech about Poland."

In 1827 the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge" was founded by Brougham, Charles Knight, and others prominent in the cause of education. The following letters relate to a work begun for that society by Leigh Hunt; subsequently issued in supplements to *Leigh Hunt's London Journal* as "The Streets of London;" and finally, much altered and enlarged, appearing as the most popular of all his books—"The Town"—

"APPLEBY, Thursday,
"August 27, 1829.

"My dear Sir,—Your letter which I have just received is very agreeable to me, both because it lets me know that you are well, and because it conveys a wish to co-operate in one of the most important of the Society's works. I write

by this post to Mr. Mill, who is at the head of that department, and I have strongly recommended to him the opening an immediate correspondence with you on both the matters you mention. I know he will be as ready to do this as I am to suggest it. I have sent him an extract of the latter part of your letter. Almost all that the Society publishes passes through my hands in one stage or another—and I use some freedom in cutting out as well as in suggesting alterations and additions (the latter chiefly to inculcate good feeling and unity). This seems to be incumbent upon me—as our names are given—and I am sure you will hold yourself safe in my hands.

"Believe me, truly yours,

"H. BROUGHAM."

"Mr. Mill" was of course the historian of India, John Stuart Mill's father.

"Thursday.

"My dear Sir,—I came out of court when you called for me, after I had answered your question, but you were gone.

"It seems to me that you are upon exactly the right road in what you have written. The great object to be kept in view in what follows is to combine as much as possible *sound instruction* with matter of mere amusement and ordinary interest. There is hardly a part of your design that may not be connected with useful observation of men and things, such as the praise of good men, and men who have rendered service to humanity by their living, or writing, or suffering—the approbation of sound and enlightened policy—the abhorrence of vice, public or private—the commendation of the arts of peace, and magnifying of all that tends to exalt and improve mankind—the contempt of vain and bootless military glory and the detestation of its effects. A great city full of schools, and hospitals, and useful institutions of other kinds, and abounding too in monuments of the triumphs of the worse parts of our nature, furnishes many themes at every step, and the men whose residences you everywhere see afford similar topics.

"Yours truly,

"H. BROUGHAM."

These are the last unpublished letters before me. Their chief interest lies in the glimpses they afford of the thoughts and opinions of Brougham in his youth; and the vivid incidental picture of a state of feeling existing between the Crown and its more enlightened subjects such as, fortunately, in this day we find it difficult to realise.

The mutual regard and respect of the two correspondents was life long, and Leigh Hunt dedicated "Captain Sword and Captain Pen" to his early champion in words to which all readers will readily assent—pausing perhaps on the closing parenthesis:

"Great in office for what he did for the world, greater out of it for calmly awaiting his time to do more; the promoter of education; the expediter of justice; the liberator

from slavery; and (what is the rarest virtue in a statesman) always a denouncer of war."

Temple Bar.

REMARKS ON MODERN WARFARE.

BY A MILITARY OFFICER.

It may not be altogether unprofitable, even in these peaceful times (how long will they last?), to glance for a moment at modern warfare. It is not proposed to approach the subject technically; but simply to compare, from certain points of view, the warfare of the present with that of the past, and possibly to draw one or two conclusions from the comparison. There exists a certain class of theorists who hail every fresh invention for the slaughter of mankind with the remark: 'I am delighted to hear of it; for, the more horrible you make war, the sooner you will put an end to it.'

Without stopping to question the correctness of this theory, let us proceed to enquire whether all the murderous science which has lately been expended on war has in reality succeeded in making it more horrible; and, if so, for whom? For in this question there are two classes to be considered—the soldier, and the civilian whose country becomes the theatre of war.

Let us first consider the case of the soldier. As everyone is aware, the chief feature in the military history of the past twenty years has been the vast improvements effected in firearms. We have passed, by successive stages, from smooth-bore muskets of short range, inaccurate firing, and slow loading to rifles of long range, great accuracy, and rapid firing. In artillery the advance has been proportionate. Everyone knows this, but everyone does not know that—strange though it may seem—the result of these improvements has been precisely the reverse of what was intended and what was anticipated; or, in other words, the proportion of killed and wounded was far greater with the old-fashioned weapons than it is at the present day. In proof of this the following facts, which are taken principally from a table in the history of the campaign in Bohemia in 1866, by Col. Cooke, R.E., may be quoted:

At the battle of Talavera (1809) the loss in killed and wounded was $\frac{1}{4}$ of those engaged. At Austerlitz (1805) it was $\frac{1}{4}$. At Malplaquet (1709), at Prague (1759), and at Jena (1806) it was $\frac{1}{4}$. At Friedland (1807) and at Waterloo (1815) $\frac{1}{4}$. At Marengo (1800) it amounted to $\frac{1}{4}$. At Salamanca (1812) out of 90,000 combatants 30,000 were killed and wounded. At Borodino (1812) out of 250,000, 80,000 fell on the two sides. At Leipsic (1813) the French sustained a loss of $\frac{1}{4}$ of their total effective. At Preussich-Eylau (1807) 55,000 were killed and wounded out of a combined total of 160,000 combatants, giving a loss of more than $\frac{1}{4}$; while at Zorndorf (1758), the most murderous battle which history records in modern times, out of 82,000 Russian and Prussian troops engaged, 32,800 were stretched upon the field at the close of the day.

Let us now come to more recent times. The first great battle in which rifled firearms were used was Solferino (1859), and when the war broke out it was confidently predicted that the effects of the new weapon would be frightful; but the loss actually fell to $\frac{1}{4}$ of those engaged. At Königgrätz, where, in addition to rifled weapons, one side was armed with breechloaders, the actual loss was further diminished to $\frac{1}{4}$. Finally we come to the last war, in which the proportions were, Wörth $\frac{1}{4}$, Gravelotte $\frac{1}{4}$, and Sedan $\frac{1}{4}$. These figures may surprise many who, not unnaturally, imagined that improved weapons entail increased slaughter. It is not intended to imply that battles are not still sanguinary, but it is incontestable that they are much less so than they were.

But it is not merely on the battle-field that the soldier's risk is now diminished, but throughout the whole campaign. Railways afford a more adequate supply of medical and other necessities to the front, and a more rapid transfer of the sick and wounded to their permanent

hospitals. The labors of the Geneva Society have materially conduced to the same end. Buildings and tents covered by the red cross are held to be sacred from fire; rules are laid down for the treatment of prisoners of war; explosive bullets are also forbidden; and to such a length has this spirit of mitigating the horrors of war extended that nothing but the *esprit de corps* of those who wield the lance has saved the 'Queen of Weapons' from disestablishment. So much for the soldier in time of war. It only remains to remark that, if successful, he is rewarded and honored; if defeated, he obtains at least sympathy; and if wounded, a pension.

But how does the case stand for the civilian whose home happens to be situated in the theatre of war? What has been done for him. Absolutely nothing. The enormous area of country occupied by the vast numbers of men and horses which constitute modern armies, and the rapidity of their movements, combine to render their presence in an invaded country more than ever a national calamity; and the position of the unfortunate civilians, as a body, far from improving, becomes worse and worse. The non-combatant must stand by and see his house burnt, or turned into a barrack. His crops are trampled down, his orchards felled, his cattle slaughtered, his horses and wagons impressed, his very food requisitioned, and himself, family, and belongings turned destitute on the world. No surgeon is waiting to tend him if sick, or, as not unfrequently happens, wounded. All the available care, energy, and attention of his Government are concentrated on the army, while he must suffer unnoticed and uncared for. After the storm of war has passed, some inadequate charity, and some tardy compensation from the Government which has been unable to defend him, begins to flow in; but these are as mere raindrops in the vast desert of misery; and, indeed, what money, what gifts, what kindness can compensate him for such misfortunes? And the worst of it is that there is no remedy for him. So long as the possession of the capital or other large town is the great goal of the military race, so long must armies traverse the country to reach it. Thus we see that while every-

thing is done to preserve the life, mitigate the sufferings, and supply the wants of the soldier, no thought is given to the civilian. In war everything must give way to military considerations, and every soldier's life is of definite value.

It has already been shown how the proportion of killed and wounded becomes less as science advances; and, as far as the light of history is shed on war, the diminution has indeed been great. We have seen how the slaughter at Zorn-dorff exceeded that of Sedan; and, according to history, Zorn-dorff was child's play to Cressy, where the French loss is stated to have been, in *killed alone*, 11 princes, 1200 knights, and 30,000 men.* This again is exceeded at Cannæ, where, out of an army of 80,000 Romans, 50,000 were left on the field when the battle was over;† and, to take another instance from the same war, the battle of the Metaurus, where an army hastening to reinforce Hannibal was not merely defeated, but destroyed.

Truly war was butchery in those days! But why, the non-professional reader may ask, are battles less proportionately sanguinary than they were, in spite of modern improvements? Because every improvement made in weapons from the earliest recorded history of war has entailed corresponding alterations in tactics to meet it, and obviate, as far as possible, its effects. Instead of standing in massive columns, or in line with close ranks two and three deep, and reserving their fire until they could 'see the whites of their enemy's eyes,' troops now engage at longer distances, in loose order, and take advantage of whatever cover is to be found.

But it is not merely on the battle-field, as already observed, but throughout the campaign, that the soldier's life is now more jealously guarded. The noble efforts made by charitable societies have been mentioned; but other, and far more powerful agencies are at work to do more than mitigate, to prevent. The great social feature of the present day is 'pace;' everything goes ahead, and armies must conform to this rapid order of things. Accordingly, military operations

* Kausler's *Ancient Battles*. † Ibid.

and results which used to occupy years are now compressed into months; it might almost be said weeks. The war of 1859 was declared by Austria on April 26; the first action, Montebello, was fought on May 19; and the war was finished at Solferino on July 24. In 1866 the Prussians virtually declared war by crossing the Austrian frontier on June 23, and in seven weeks the latter Power was forced to come to terms at the very gates of her capital. Prussia received the French declaration of war on July 19, 1870. On September 2 France's last army in the field was destroyed at Sedan, and the last shots were fired on February 2, 1871. Here, then, we have at once an immense saving of life. The long delays, which meant, for the soldier, exposure to the weather, and to sickness; the defective communications entailing insufficient food; the slowly dragging campaign with all its privations and hardships—all these fertile sources of disease and death have vanished, or are vanishing. It is true that the French soldiers both in and out of Metz suffered terribly from want of proper food and supplies; but it must be remembered that their administration was exceptionally bad, and the very magnitude of their defects will prevent a repetition of them.

Let us, for comparison, take one or two instances from the wars of the first Napoleon. Here is the state of his army during the invasion of Russia in 1812, not after but *before* meeting the enemy otherwise than in small skirmishes:

From the want of magazines and the impossibility of conveying an adequate supply of provisions for so immense a host,* disorders of every kind had accumulated in a frightful manner on the flanks and rear of the army. Neither bread nor spirits could be had; the flesh of overdriven animals and bad water constituted the sole subsistence of the soldiers. . . . and before a great part of the army had even seen the enemy, it had undergone a loss greater than might have been expected from the most bloody campaign. When the stragglers and sick were added to the killed and wounded the total reached 100,000.*

Again: Masséna entered Portugal in October, 1810; spent weeks and weeks in futile examination of the lines of Torres Védras; and recrossed into Spain on April 3, 1811, 'having lost 30,000 men

by want, sickness, and the sword.* As the only action of any importance that occurred during the retreat was that of Barrosa, at which the French loss was under 1000, the reader can estimate for himself what proportion of the total loss was due to 'want and sickness.'

These are but two instances out of many that might be quoted, but enough. Such protracted neglect and suffering would be impossible in these days, for the simple reason—if for no other—that the soldier is now much too expensive an article to be squandered in such a wholesale manner. Much, of course, remains to be done; but the attention which Governments are now compelled to give to the subject, aided by the private efforts which the enthusiasm caused by the outbreak of war never fails to excite, will provide the necessary means and the power of properly applying them. The day seems to be approaching when the soldier of any country having any pretensions to be a military power may take the field, confident that, apart from the strain on his constitution arising from a short but arduous campaign, the only danger he will incur will be from his foeman's weapons. If he will only look back and compare his lot with that of his military ancestors he will think himself fortunate.

When we consider the position of the civilian, who may find his country the theatre of future wars, we wish we could think his prospects equally hopeful.

It would be useless to attempt to give statistics of the losses inflicted on a country which is overrun by an invading army. Suffice it to say that the agricultural losses alone sustained by France in 1870-1 have been estimated at *one hundred and seventy million pounds*. It would be difficult enough to ascertain the loss in worldly goods represented by this vast sum; but who could calculate its equivalent in sorrow, misery, starvation, disease, and death in all its various and most fearful shapes? We cannot help thinking that the sufferings of the civilian in war call more loudly for sympathy than those of the soldier; but, unfortunately, there is none to hear. As long as the civilian is merely an ac-

* Alison's *History of Europe*.

* Alison's *History of Europe*.

cessory in the picture of which the soldier is the foreground, so long must he suffer comparatively unnoticed. A dead soldier is buried, a wounded one removed easily enough, their wants are soon provided for; but a ruined and devastated home cannot be restored, and its scattered inhabitants collected in any appreciable time, perhaps never. Sometimes, too, the unhappy civilian, goaded to madness at the miseries inflicted on him, seizes arms and joins with the fury of despair in the defence of his village or farm-house, as at Bazeilles and Chateaudun, thereby giving to his enemies a fresh handle, which they never fail to use, for increased exactions and further severity. The brevity of modern campaigns, which have so materially benefited the soldier, produce no mitigation for the invaded country, for what is gained in time is lost in the numbers and rapidity of modern armies.

There seems to be absolutely no possibility of modifying the position of the inhabitants of an invaded country. All, then, that can be done is to confine the area of operations as much as possible; and we cannot help thinking that the tendency of modern warfare is in this direction—that nations will in future endeavor to fight their battles and finish their quarrels nearer to their frontiers than was formerly the case.

Time was when a country might be invaded and half of it overrun and occupied while the other half remained almost in ignorance; but we have changed all that. All parts of a civilised country are now so closely connected by commerce, travel, and intercommunication of every sort, intelligence is so rapidly and widely diffused, that when an invasion takes place every one knows, and, what is more, every one feels. It has already been observed how terrible a visitation is the presence of a hostile army. Modern armies are not now small fractions of the population whence they are drawn; they represent, in fact are, whole nations in arms. After the battle of Sedan, notwithstanding the heavy losses she had suffered in the campaign, Germany had 800,000 men on French

soil. A comparison will give some idea of the vastness of this host. On October 16, 1813, there were assembled for the battle of Leipsic the military strength of three empires and three kingdoms, yet the total capitulation of the forces was *less than one half* of the number above mentioned.

The national character of modern warfare being admitted, a result once established will generally be decisive for the war in which it occurs; and should be considered so, for national superiority is of a kind that cannot be gainsaid or set aside. Austria saw this in 1866, and accepted the hard and bitter truth in time to save herself. It would have been well for France had she done the same. The triumph of Germany in 1870 was no mere military triumph, but a national triumph, due to causes in accordance with which nations rise and fall. What France wanted after Sedan was a head clear enough to perceive this, and a hand strong enough to apply the only remedy, peace at any price. The writing was on the wall, traced in characters of blood and fire, but there was no one to read it. The only effect of her protracted resistance was to place her more and more at the mercy of the conqueror, and to prolong almost indefinitely the period that must elapse before she can renew the struggle.

The moral of this is, that nations should keep their armies on the principle of sudden expansion and mobilisation, ready to throw every man, every horse, and every gun on the frontier, for there and there only should the battle be fought. And this is what is actually being done. The next war between two leading powers will probably see even the celerity of 1870 outstripped as regards preparation, and in the interests of the civilian it is to be hoped that the struggle may be fought at or near the frontier. Then, although the condition of those residing on the spot will be no better, the devastation will be confined to a smaller area. More than this it is at present impossible to hope for.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

SPRING SONGS.

I.

A BABY joy is awake in my heart,
 And flutters her wings in song;
 For now the wintry winds depart,
 And summer days are long.

The woods that late were cold and bare,
 With jocund babble ring;
 Slides on still fans adown the air
 A bird too glad to sing.

O buoyant air! O joyous air!
 You thrill the weary throng,
 As rhythmical with music rare,
 And filled with sunlight everywhere,
 You touch our lips with song.

II.

O love, sweet love, must I weep in a lonely room?
 O heart, sweet heart, is there never a throb for me?
 Spring flowers enow in meadow and hedgerow bloom,
 And a slow soft light creeps over the sombre sea:
 It is time for the goddess to wake,—
 Aphrodité! Aphrodité!
 It is time to arise from the foam;
 Awake, awake!
 And go to my darling's home.

O born of the foam, step light on thy rosy feet,
 When night is still and there's never a one to hear;
 Stand where her window glints in the desolate street,
 And whisper low to my love that her lover is near;
 It is time for my darling to wake,—
 Aphrodité! Aphrodité!
 It is time for my darling to love;
 Awake, awake!
 And tell her I die for love.

O love, my love, what will I not dare for thee?
 Shall I dive deep down in the pitiless sea for a gem?
 Shall I bring the tiger's skin for a girl in glee,
 To sweep as she dances on with her garment's hem?
 I am mad for a girl's grey eyes,—
 Aphrodité! Aphrodité!
 It is time to awake from the foam,
 It is time to arise,
 And go to my darling's home.

III.

She is fair and she is young,
 As so many maids have been,
 As so many bards have sung,
 When in spring the world was green:

Ah, how oft have poets sung
That a girl was fair and young!
Shall I then sing?
No, no, no, no, no!
Love's a silly thing,
And comes and goes with Spring.

She is young and she is fair—
Many a maid is fair as she:
A painter paints her yellow hair—
Men have wrought more cunningly
Brighter hair in Venice old,
Hair which drained the sun for gold:
Shall I then try?
No, no, no, no, no!
Love's a summer sigh,
And gone ere swallows fly.

She is fair: I cannot tell
Why I muse on such a thing—
Know no other face so well,
And singing, swear I will not sing:
Why can't I, as others may,
See her pass and feel more gay?
Shall I not sing
Tra, la, ia, la, la?
Love's a silly thing,
And mars the merry spring?

Blackwood's Magazine.

WALKING TOURS.

It must not be imagined that a walking tour, as some would have us fancy, is merely a better or worse way of seeing the country. There are many ways of seeing landscape quite as good; and none more vivid, in spite of canting dilettantes, than from a railway train. But landscape on a walking tour is quite accessory. He who is indeed of the brotherhood does not voyage in quest of the picturesque, but of certain jolly humors—of the hope and spirit with which the march begins at morning, and the peace and spiritual repletion of the evening's rest. He cannot tell whether he puts his knapsack on, or takes it off, with more delight. The excitement of the departure puts him in key for that of the arrival. Whatever he does is not only a reward in itself, but will be further rewarded in the sequel; and so pleasure leads on to pleasure in an endless chain. It is this that so few can understand; they will either be always lounging, or always at five miles

an hour; they do not play off the one against the other, prepare all day for the evening, and all evening for the next day. And, above all, it is here that your over-walker fails of comprehension. His heart rises against those who drink their curacao in liqueur glasses, when he himself can swill it in a brown john. He will not believe that the flavor is more delicate in the smaller dose. He will not believe that to walk this unconscionable distance is merely to stupify and brutalise himself, and come to his inn, at night, with a sort of frost on his five wits, and a starless night of darkness in his spirit. Not for him the mild luminous evening of the temperate walker! He has nothing left of man but a physical need for bedtime and a double nightcap; and even his pipe, if he be a smoker, will be savorless and disenchanted. It is the fate of such an one to take twice as much trouble as is needed to obtain happiness, and miss the happiness in the end; he is the man of the proverb, in

short, who goes farther and fares worse.

Now, to be properly enjoyed, a walking tour should be gone upon alone. If you go in a company, or even in pairs, it is no longer a walking tour in anything but name; it is something else and more in the nature of a picnic. It should be gone upon alone, because freedom is of the essence; because you should be able to stop and go on, and follow this way or that, as the freak takes you; and because you must have your own pace, and neither trot alongside a champion walker, nor mince in time with a girl. And then you must be open to all impressions and let your thoughts take color from what you see. You should be as a pipe for any wind to play upon. "I cannot see the wit," says Hazlitt, "of walking and talking at the same time. When I am in the country I wish to vegetate like the country." Which is the gist of all that can be said upon the matter. There should be no cackle of voices at your elbow, to jar on the meditative silence of the morning. And so long as a man is reasoning he cannot surrender himself to that fine intoxication that comes of much motion in the open air, that begins in a sort of dazzle and sluggishness of the brain, and ends in a peace that passes comprehension.

During the first day or so of any tour there are moments of bitterness, when the traveller feels more than coldly towards his knapsack, when he is half in a mind to throw it bodily over the hedge and, like Christian on a similar occasion, "give three leaps and go on singing." And yet it soon acquires a property of easiness. It becomes magnetic; the spirit of the journey enters into it. And no sooner have you passed the straps over your shoulder than the lees of sleep are cleared from you, you pull yourself together with a shake, and fall at once into your stride. And surely, of all possible moods, this, in which a man takes the road, is the best. Of course, if he *will* keep thinking of his anxieties, if he *will* open the merchant Abudah's chest and walk arm-in-arm with the hag—why, wherever he is, and whether he walk fast or slow, the chances are that he will not be happy. And so much the more shame to himself! There are perhaps thirty men setting forth at that same

hour, and I would lay a large wager there is not another dull face among the thirty. It would be a fine thing to follow, in a coat of darkness, one after another of these wayfarers, some summer morning, for the first few miles upon the road. This one, who walks fast, with a keen look in his eyes, is all concentrated in his own mind; he is up at his loom, weaving and weaving, to set the landscape to words. This one peers about, as he goes, among the grasses; he waits by the canal to watch the dragon-flies; he leans on the gate of the pasture, and cannot look enough upon the complacent kine. And here comes another, talking, laughing, and gesticulating to himself. His face changes from time to time, as indignation flashes from his eyes or anger clouds his forehead. He is composing articles, delivering orations, and conducting the most impassioned interviews, by the way. A little farther on, and it is as like as not he will begin to sing. And well for him, supposing him to be no great master in that art, if he stumble across no stolid peasant at a corner; for, on such an occasion, I scarcely know which is the more troubled, or whether it is worse to suffer the confusion of your troubadour or the unfeigned alarm of your clown. A sedentary population, accustomed, besides, to the strange mechanical bearing of the common tramp, can in no wise explain to itself the gaiety of these passers by. I knew one man who was arrested as a runaway lunatic, because, although a full-grown person with a red beard, he skipped as he went like a child. And you would be astonished if I were to tell you all the grave and learned heads who have confessed to me that, when on walking tours, they sang—and sang very ill—and had a pair of red ears when, as described above, the inauspicious peasant plumped into their arms from round a corner. And here, lest you should think I am exaggerating, is Hazlitt's own confession, from his essay *On Going a Journey*, which is so good that there should be a tax levied on all who have not read it:—

"Give me the clear blue sky over my head," says he, "and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me, and a three hours' march to dinner—and then to thinking! It is hard if I

cannot start some game on these lone heaths. I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy."

Bravo! After that adventure of my friend with the policeman, you would not have cared, would you, to publish that in the first person? But we have no bravery now-a-days, and, even in books, must all pretend to be as dull and foolish as our neighbors. It was not so with Hazlitt. And notice how learned he is (as, indeed, throughout the essay) in the theory of walking tours. He is none of your athletic men in purple stockings, who walk their fifty miles a day: three hours' march is his ideal. And then he must have a winding road, the epicure!

Yet there is one thing I object to in these words of his, one thing in the great master's practice that seems to me not wholly wise. I do not approve of that leaping and running. Both of these hurry the respiration; they both shake up the brain out of its glorious open-air confusion; and they both break the pace. Uneven walking is not so agreeable to the body, and it distracts and irritates the mind. Whereas, when once you have fallen into an equable stride, it requires no conscious thought from you to keep it up, and yet it prevents you from thinking earnestly of anything else. Like knitting, like the work of a copying clerk, it gradually neutralises and sets to sleep the serious activity of the mind. We can think of this or that, lightly and laughingly, as a child thinks, or as we think in a morning doze; we can make puns or puzzle out acrostics, and trifle in a thousand ways with words and rhymes; but when it comes to honest work, when we come to gather ourselves together for an effort, we may sound the trumpet as loud and as long as we please; the great barons of the mind will not rally to the standard, but sit, each one, at home, warming his hands over his own fire and brooding on his own private thought!

In the course of a day's walk, you see, there is much variance in the mood. From the exhilaration of the start, to the happy phlegm of the arrival, the change is certainly great. As the day goes on the traveller moves from the one extreme towards the other. He becomes more and more incorporated with the material landscape, and the open-air drunkenness

grows upon him with great strides, until he posts along the road, and sees everything about him, as in a cheerful dream. The first is certainly brighter, but the second stage is the more peaceful. A man does not make so many articles towards the end, nor does he laugh aloud; but the purely animal pleasures, the sense of physical well-being, the delight of every inhalation, of every time the muscles tighten down the thigh, console him for the absence of the others, and bring him to his destination still content.

Nor must I forget to say a word on bivouacs. You come to a milestone on a hill, or some place where deep ways meet under trees; and off goes the knapsack, and down you sit to smoke a pipe in the shade. You sink into yourself, and the birds come round and look at you; and your smoke dissipates upon the afternoon under the blue dome of heaven; and the sun lies warm upon your feet, and the cool air visits your neck and turns aside your open shirt. If you are not happy, you must have an evil conscience. You may dally as long as you like by the roadside. It is almost as if the millennium were arrived, when we shall throw our clocks and watches over the housetop, and remember times and seasons no more. Not to keep hours for a lifetime is, I was going to say, to live for ever. You have no idea, unless you have tried it, how endlessly long is a summer's day, that you measure out only by hunger, and bring to an end only when you are drowsy. I know a village where there are hardly any clocks, where no one knows more of the days of the week than by a sort of instinct for the Fête on Sundays, and where only one person can tell you the day of the month, and she is generally wrong; and if people were aware how slow Time journeyed in that village, and what armfuls of spare hours he gives, over and above the bargain, to its wise inhabitants, I believe there would be a stampede out of London, Liverpool, Paris, and a variety of large towns, where the clocks lose their heads, and shake the hours out each one faster than the other, as though they were all in a wager. And all these foolish pilgrims would each bring his own misery along with him, in a watch-pocket! It is to be noticed, there were no clocks

and watches in the much-vaunted days before the flood. It follows of course, there were no appointments, and punctuality was not yet thought upon. "Though ye take from a covetous man all his treasure," says Milton, "he has yet one jewel left; ye cannot deprive him of his covetousness." And so I would say of a modern man of business, you may do what you will for him, put him in Eden, give him the elixir of life—he has still a flaw at heart, he still has his business habits. Now, there is no time when business habits are more mitigated than on a walking tour. And so during these halts, as I say, you will feel almost free.

But it is at night, and after dinner, that the best hour comes. There are no such pipes to be smoked as those that follow a good day's march; the flavor of the tobacco is a thing to be remembered, it is so dry and aromatic, so full and so fine. If you wind up the evening with grog, you will own there was never such grog; at every sip a jocund tranquillity spreads about your limbs, and sits easily in your heart. If you read a book—and you will never do so save by fits and starts—you find the language strangely racy and harmonious; words take a new meaning; single sentences possess the ear for half an hour together; and the writer endears himself to you, at every page, by the nicest coincidence of sentiment. It seems as if it were a book you had written yourself in a dream! To all we have read on such occasions we look back with special favor. "It was on the 10th of April, 1798," says Hazlitt, with amorous precision, "that I sat down to a volume of the new *Hdloise*, at the Inn at Llangollen, over a bottle of sherry and a cold chicken." I should wish to quote more, for though we are mighty fine fellows now-a-days, we cannot write like Hazlitt. And, talking of that, a volume of Hazlitt's essays would be a capital pocket-book on such a journey; so would a volume of Heine's songs; and for *Tristram Shandy* I can pledge a fair experience.

If the evening be fine and warm, there is nothing better in life than to lounge before the inn door in the sunset, or lean over the parapet of the bridge, to watch the weeds and the quick fishes. It is then, if ever, that you taste Joviality to the full significance of that audacious

word. Your muscles are so agreeably slack, you feel so clean and so strong and so idle, that whether you move or sit still, whatever you do is done with pride and a kingly sort of pleasure. You fall in talk with anyone, wise or foolish, drunk or sober. And it seems as if a hot walk purged you, more than of anything else, of all narrowness and pride, and left curiosity to play its part freely, as in a child or a man of science. You lay aside all your own hobbies, to watch provincial humors develope themselves before you, now as a laughable farce, and now grave and beautiful like an old tale.

Or perhaps you are left to your own company for the night, and surly weather imprisons you by the fire. You may remember how Burns, numbering past pleasures, dwells upon the hours when he has been "happy thinking." It is a phrase that may well perplex a poor modern, girt about on every side by clocks and chimes, and haunted, even at night, by flaming dial plates. For we are all so busy, and have so many far-off projects to realise, and castles in the fire to turn into solid habitable mansions on a gravel soil, that we can find no time for pleasure trips into the Land of Thought and among the Hills of Vanity. Changed times, indeed, when we must sit all night, beside the fire, with folded hands; and a changed world for most of us, when we find we can pass the hours without discontent, and be happy thinking. We are in such haste to be doing, to be writing, to be gathering gear, to make our voice audible a moment in the derisive silence of eternity, that we forget that one thing, of which these are but the parts—namely, to live. We fall in love, we drink hard, we run to and fro upon the earth like frightened sheep. And now you are to ask yourself if, when all is done, you would not have been better to sit by the fire at home, and be happy thinking. To sit still and contemplate,—to remember the faces of women without desire, to be pleased by the great deeds of men without envy, to be everything and everywhere in sympathy, and yet content to remain where and what you are—is not this to know both wisdom and virtue, and to dwell with happiness? After all, it is not they who carry flags, but they who look upon it from a private

chamber, who have the fun of the procession. And once you are at that, you are in the very humor of all social heresy. It is no time for shuffling, or for big, empty words. If you ask yourself what you mean by fame, riches, or learning, the answer is far to seek; and you go back into that kingdom of light imaginations, which seems so vain in the eyes of Philistines perspiring after wealth, and so momentous to those who are stricken with the disproportions of the world, and, in the face of the gigantic stars, cannot stop to split differences between two degrees of the infinitesimally small, such as a tobacco pipe or the Roman Empire, a million of money or a fiddle-stick's end.

You lean from the window, your last pipe reeking whitely into the darkness, your body full of delicious pains, your mind enthroned in the seventh circle of content; when suddenly the mood changes, the weathercock goes about, and you ask yourself one question more: whether, for the interval, you have been the wisest philosopher or the most egregious of donkeys? Human experience is not yet able to reply; but at least you have had a fine moment, and looked down upon all the kingdoms of the earth. And whether it was wise or foolish, to-morrow's travel will carry you, body and mind, into some different parish of the infinite.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

HER DEAREST FOE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER, AUTHOR OF "THE WOOING O'T," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

KATE was astir early next day, and having settled her landlady's claims, started away to deposit her luggage at the station before calling on Mr. Wall. She also posted a little note for Galbraith—very short, saying good-bye kindly, decidedly. "But where is the use of my decision?" she reflected. "He is so obstinate, that unless he chooses to give me up of his own accord, he will come down to Pierstofte again! I trust I have impressed him with the conviction that it is useless to think of me. I would not for any consideration do him an atom more mischief than I can help." As she thought, how clearly she saw him as he looked across the table at her the evening before, and felt again the thrill his eyes had sent through her, she was quite glad to reach Mr. Wall's office, that she might get rid of the haunting idea of Hugh Galbraith.

Mr. Wall had nothing different to say from the day before. He was much impressed by the bearing of the evidence he had been studying. Still, the want of some connecting link, the doubt as to whom he should first attack, made him hesitate. So the result of Kate's interview with the cautious lawyer was the same as before. Nothing was to be

done till after consultation with Mr. Reed.

"By-the-way, Mrs. Travers," said Mr. Wall, as she was about to take leave of him, "I wish you would let me have your version of the quarrel or disagreement between yourself and Mr. Travers, of which Ford, as well as I remember, made a good deal at the time we were discussing this unfortunate will, and its possible cause."

"Did Ford make a good deal of it?" she replied, looking at him earnestly. "It was a trifle, but an unpleasant one. At the time of my old friend and benefactor Mr. Lee's death, I knew that his grand-daughter, my former playfellow, was left in sore need. I sent her a sum of money, which I could well spare from my ample allowance, but I did not think it necessary to inform my husband. Her letter acknowledging it fell into Mr. Travers's hands, and he was more annoyed than I could have expected. He was ill and querulous. I fear I was not as patient as I ought to have been. He spoke to me as he never spoke before or since—as I would rather not remember. Unfortunately Mr. Ford was waiting in the back drawing-room to see Mr. Travers, while this took place,—not with closed doors, I regret to say: He overheard, and presumed afterwards to

remind me of it. That is the whole story, and pray remember, that for upwards of nine months after that occurrence I was Mr. Travers's constant, trusted companion. Believe me, Ford has his own object for dwelling on such a trifle."

"Then do you imagine Ford had any hand in substituting this present will for the true one?"

"I do."

"Very extraordinary, very! A rather groundless suspicion, it seems to me. Why do you suspect him?"

"Because I think he wished to injure me."

"Injure you! I never saw a man more indignant than he was at the injustice done you!"

"Well, Mr. Wall, you must hear Tom Reed on that subject; you will accept his opinion more readily than mine."

"I think I always respect your opinion. But you have not told me everything about the quarrel? It is so hard sometimes to get hold of real facts."

"Do you imagine I pervert them?" asked Kate, as she held out her hand to say good-bye.

"No, no," returned the lawyer, taking it cordially. He was always won over to her by a personal interview, although in her absence the old indignation and wrath against her, for having fooled his friend and client, would assert itself. "I have your address, but I confess it goes against me to write to you under your false name——"

Home, if one's abiding place deserves that name, is very sweet. Warm and tender was the welcome which awaited Mrs. Temple (the name seemed quite natural to her when she reached Pierstofte). It was closing time when she arrived; and as she had kept up the fiction even to herself, that Mr. Wall might have changed his mind, and asked her to remain in town, she had not written to announce her return.

When, therefore, she opened the parlor door, Fanny gave a small shriek of joy and surprise, darting forward to hug her heartily; then Mills came in, full of motherly thought for her probable needs of food and rest and warmth, as the weather was damp and raw. Kate felt all the power that springs from our so-

cial instincts—the strength and wisdom and self-control, and all goodness to which love and sympathy help us. She felt she could face her destiny, whatever it might be, with double, nay treble courage and constancy here in her fortress of home, and hearts dependent on her, than she could in the solitude of London, where her one companion was becoming too necessary.

"Oh, Kate, dear! How delightful to have you back again! I felt so wretched when there was no letter from you this morning. I fancied all sorts of things except your coming back. I am sure you have been worried to death. I declare you look quite pale and thin."

"I have been worried, Fan."

"Now here is some nice buttered toast; you must be perfectly dying for a cup of tea! When you have taken it, you must begin at the beginning and tell me everything. I never knew anything half so extraordinary and romantic as your meeting Hugh Galbraith. Have you had any news of the purse? No! I am afraid it is gone! And what did Mr. Wall say? I never liked him, he is such a stiff old thing. Oh, by-the-way, I had such a nice long letter from Tom; it came by the midday delivery. He hopes to be in London on Wednesday morning, but he will be so busy that he fears he cannot come down for a week to see me—I mean us. And, do you know, he comes back chief editor."

"I suppose so; and wants to install a commander-in-chief as soon as possible. Eh, Fanny?"

"Oh, he must not be in a hurry," saucily. "And, Kate, do you know, I had a visit from that dreadful man to-day!"

"Is it possible!"

"Yes. I felt frightened to death; but I shan't mind now you are here. I was dusting the shelves about ten o'clock, when I heard the door bell ring violently, as if the door had been pushed open with great force, and when I turned round there was my gentleman, looking a shade more horrible than before!"

"How curious! What did he say?"

"Oh, he asked me how I was, and said I looked as lovely as the flowers in May. Then he laughed so impudently, and said, 'Is the missis at home?' And I said, very dignified, 'Do you mean Mrs. Temple?' 'Exactly, precisely; Mrs.

Temple? he said, in a sort of mocking tone. 'Well, she is away at present.' Then he asked when you would be back, and I said 'I really could not tell.' He seemed very anxious about that, and said at last, 'Do you think she will be back next week?' And I said I thought you would. And then he took off his hat and desired his compliments to Mrs. Temple. I fancied he put a sort of emphasis on your name."

"You think he did, Fan! Depend upon it, then, he knows me. Perhaps he wants me to give him money? I shall not do that. If any difficulty arises about my identity, I shall drop my disguise. Yet I want to win my cause first. I want to share with Hugh Galbraith before he knows he is under any obligation to his landlady."

"Poor Sir Hugh! Did you see him again—I mean after you met him at H—?"

"Oh yes, he came several times about my purse."

Fanny put her head on one side and looked a little mischievous; but she did not like to worry Kate just on her return home, especially as she looked depressed and weary. So, with praiseworthy self-control, she kept silence for a few minutes, hoping that Kate might unfold some more of her London adventures. And after the revivifying effect of a cup of tea she did—that chapter at least which related to her interview with Mr. Wall. But Fanny listened in vain for any further scraps of information about Hugh Galbraith. Kate named him no more.

"What an unsatisfactory old wretch Mr. Wall is, to be sure!" said Fanny meditatively, when Kate had finished her recital. "I daresay he will create all sorts of difficulties just to make out that he is very clever to get over them."

"My success or failure does not depend on Mr. Wall," said Kate, pushing away her cup. "I see myself how imperfect my case looks without some distinct evidence to fill up the hiatus. I do hope that man Trapes will reappear. I cannot help imagining that he has something to do with Ford, and can give me the information we want."

Mrs. Temple settled herself quickly to her ordinary routine, and was to all ap-

pearance more absorbed than ever in her business. For the various neighbors and customers who dropped in to welcome her return, she had a pleasant word of greeting—a bright, pointed answer. She bore the brunt of a heavy charge from Lady Styles, in line, as it were, that is unprepared, and foiled her ladyship with charming frankness and beautiful good breeding.

"Well," said Lady Styles, towards the end of the encounter, "I am very glad you are back. You always know exactly what one wants; not that I have any complaint to make of this young lady—you are all ladies now, you know. She is very attentive, and all that sort of thing; but there is no one like Mrs. Temple. Ha, ha, ha! I wonder if you will turn out a countess in disguise, my dear!"

"I am afraid not, even to oblige you, Lady Styles."

"What has become of that agreeable young man I had tea with, ha, ha, ha, ha!—the evening Sir Hugh Galbraith's leg was broken?"

"He is in London as usual, I suppose."

"Suppose! Ah, my dear, that won't do. I suppose one or other of you hear from him every day? Which is it?"

"Both," returned Kate, smiling. "He manages all our business, and that necessitates frequent correspondence."

"And has Sir Hugh never made his appearance since?"

"I do not think he ever visits Pierstoffe."

"Well, so much the better," nodding her head knowingly. "He was not at all a proper sort of inmate for a handsome young woman like you. You are well rid of him. To be sure, he is not a scamp like his friend, my cousin Upton. He is such a stiff, stand-off sort of creature. I suppose he wouldn't deign to have the weaknesses of other men. But though Willie Upton is a '*vaurien*,' he is such a pleasant fellow, always good-humored, always full of fun, that I am inclined to give him plenary absolution. I hope he will get longer leave, and come down to me next week. He is such a help when the house is full. But he is up in town with his chum, Sir Hugh; and I think he wants me to ask him, but I will *not*. I consider that man Galbraith behaved most rudely to me. He refused

every invitation I sent him; and when I took the trouble of going upstairs here, to ask how he was getting on, he was as glum and taciturn as—oh, as I don't know what."

"Very rude, indeed," echoed Mrs. Temple sympathisingly.

"I want two skeins of floss-silk and half an ounce of wool to finish grounding that banner-screen I bought here last spring. There, my dear, match that yellow and green for me. Do you know, Mrs. Temple, your prices are very high? Lady Eccleston was spending a few days with us (Lord Eccleston is that great Welsh mine-owner—doesn't know the end of his wealth, they say; his grandfather drove black bullocks—you know these long-horned wild-looking creatures—to the market-town, and never was married, but they don't mind that in Wales); well, Lady Eccleston was telling me there is a shop somewhere in a street off Holborn where she can get a lovely pattern and the wools to work it, for five-and-ninepence or five-and-ninepence-halfpenny. Now *you* would charge eight or nine shillings."

"I should like to see the pattern and the wools," said Mrs. Temple.

"Ha, ha, ha! very fair," &c., &c., &c.

Doctor Slade, too, came to welcome the fair widow back.

"Seemed quite unnatural not to see your face in the shop as I passed by, though you have not lost much by being away; bad weather banished the visitors earlier than usual. There has been a tremendous blow-up at the Turners'. The old man has been very dissatisfied with the elegant Mr. Joseph. He has been away and unaccounted for on several occasions; but about ten days or a fortnight ago a very fishy-looking individual—a sort of betting-man—swaggered into the shop, half-drunk, wanting Turner, junior; swore he owed him money, and struck the old man when he attempted to put him out!—There's been the devil-to-pay, I can tell you. Poor Mrs. Turner had a nervous attack through it, and young hopeful has never come back, but I believe they know where he is."

This and much more gossip did the Doctor communicate, and then observed that Mrs. Temple did not look the better for her trip to town—offered to pre-

scribe for her, and, on being smilingly refused, took his shirt-frill, his ruddy, black-eyed physiognomy, his formidable white teeth, and long, lank self away.

"Why, Fanny dear, this unfortunate young Turner has evidently been Trapes's attraction, and in some mysterious way he has recognised you!" exclaimed Mrs. Temple, as soon as they were alone. "The plot is thickening. I feel so anxious about that man, anxious to see him, and yet fearful."

But though Kate thus upheld herself with courage and composure, her heart behaved itself very differently. The strained feeling of expectation and unrest drove sleep from her pillow, and her ordinary appetite from her meals.

She felt the deepest anxiety to know what line of conduct Mr. Wall and Tom would decide upon after their consultation. A few lines from the latter had announced his return, but no more. Then she felt surprised, and although she did not admit it even to herself, disappointed that Galbraith had taken no notice of her sudden departure, or her little note. It was quite wise and proper of him not to write (unless indeed he had any tidings of her lost purse), but it was not exactly the style of wisdom she should have expected from him. It was not to be wondered at, of course, considering the struggle pending between them, that Galbraith should be constantly in her thoughts, but it sometimes troubled her to find how her memory was haunted by his voice, which, though deep and harsh, was far from inexpressive; by his eyes, which she wondered she had ever thought sombre and stern; by his tall, gaunt, but not undignified figure. How much he had improved since he had been carried into her house, looking like death—and, above all, how fond he was of her! This crowning merit she was compelled to acknowledge, and yet she scarcely knew the power it gave him over herself. To be loved—heartily, honestly loved by a man in whose mind is no wavering or irresolution or calculation is, to a woman of Kate Travers's calibre, almost irresistible, provided the lover is personally presentable, and not beneath her in character. Grateful and loving by nature, she could not undervalue a gift because it was cast unreservedly

at her feet, as other and lower-class women would, and do. At first she had been startled and offended at the abrupt, and she considered presumptuous, manner in which Galbraith had asked her to be his wife; but the way he had borne her refusal had touched a sympathetic cord in her heart, and now their long friendly conversations during her London loneliness had shown her there was more stuff in her enemy than she had given him credit for. He was not a cultivated nor an intellectual man, but he was prompt to see his way in whatever direction he wanted to go; resolute in purpose, with a controlled fire under his cold exterior, that threatened not to be quite so easily managed as she once imagined. Then he was so straightforward! It made her heart throb to think how he would receive the intelligence that she had to a certain extent played him false, and won his love while she was preparing to win his fortune too!

What would he think of her? If he despised her, good-bye to love from him! And though she did not wish to win it, how could she like to lose his love? Would she ever find anything like it again?—so true, so regardless of circumstances—the most objectionable that could be imagined to a man brimful of class prejudices as Hugh Galbraith was—and how was she going to reward his affection! Would he permit her to act Providence to him, and restore with one hand what she took with the other? “He must—he shall!” was generally the conclusion of her reverie.

But this constant struggle in her heart wore her spirits, and a secret belief that Galbraith would suddenly appear, kept her on the alert. Still a sort of gentle humility, not always natural to her—a sort of doubt as to the wisdom and rectitude of her own conduct—made her most patient and forbearing. Nevertheless, Fanny’s true heart, unerring in its instincts, saw that she was very unlike herself; and when at last, about ten days after her return, Kate received Tom’s long-expected report, Fanny was shocked to see how pale she turned, and how her hand shook as she opened the letter.

The information contained in it was to the following effect: Tom Reed had seen Mr. Wall immediately on his reaching London, and had arranged a meeting

with him and Captain Gregory (who was sufficiently recovered to travel); they together visited Doctors’ Commons, taking with them the two signatures for comparison, and accompanied by the expert. The result of a careful examination was that they considered Gregory’s signature false, Mr. Travers’s doubtful, but all agreed with C—— (the expert) that Poole’s was genuine. “This,” continued Reed’s epistle, “is not at all what either Mr. Wall or myself anticipated; however, we have agreed to take an opinion on the case, and will be guided by it. I have fortunately found out a man who remembers seeing Trapes at the Reepham steeplechase on the date we want to prove, and also remembers that he was with another, who answers to Poole’s description. I must get this fellow (he is an occasional sporting correspondent) to go and see Poole on some pretext, although I cannot believe that Poole knowingly signed a forged will. Time will show, and we must collect all possible evidence; for however morally sure these small indications may make us, they are far from being proof positive.

“I shall endeavor, if possible, to run down and see you next Saturday, by which time we may know what course counsel recommends.”

“It will be a long uncertainty, I am afraid,” said Kate with a sigh—a quivering, anxious sigh—to Fanny, who had read the letter over her shoulder. “I only desire that, for or against me, it may be soon decided.”

“Oh, you must not think of ‘against,’” said Fanny, kissing her brow affectionately. “It never can go against any one so kind and generous and gentle as you are. I really should feel ever so much happier if you would be just a little cross and unreasonable—just to relieve your heart, you know! It’s inhuman to be so quiet and—and like an angel, when I know you feel miserable and broken-hearted.” The tears stood in Fanny’s eyes as she spoke. “I know you do,” she repeated; “I have seen you angry and sad, but never quite like you are now.”

“*Resurgam!*” cried Kate laughing, and returning her kiss. “I will do my best to be disagreeable, if that is any comfort to you. I *am* rather down-hearted just now, but it will pass away, and I shall be myself again.”

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE day after she had received Tom's letter, Kate's nervous depression culminated in an intense, disabling headache. She bore up against it bravely all the morning; but after their early dinner she could endure the shop no longer.

"I think the air might do me good," said she to Fanny. "I will ask Mills to give me a cup of strong tea, and then I will creep along the beach, and perhaps rest awhile under the broken cliff. It is as bright and almost as warm as summer."

"Do so, dear," replied Fanny. "It is the best thing for your head, and I feel quite independent of your help in the shop, quite self-reliant; equal to setting up an opposition over the way."

It was a St. Martin's summer's day, one of those brief smiles which the departing season sometimes turns to throw back to us before she is quite gone. The morning had been thick, but towards noon the mist had rolled nearly away, leaving a silvery haze out to sea, under which the water lay blue and still, just stirred with a sleepy ripple, and thinly edged with white where it lapped the shore as the tide stole in. Little birds twittered among the brambles and bushes of the North Cliff, and the click of the capstan came with a mellow ring across the water from a coal brig, which looked fairy-like through the faint mist where the crew were heaving the anchor. "This is reviving," thought Kate, thankfully inhaling the briny air as she passed the North Parade houses, and leaving the path to the coast-guard's landing-place on the left, kept along the beach to where a mass of fragments had fallen from the cliff above and scattered themselves over the sand. There was a slight indentation in the shore just here, so that many of the fallen rocks were never washed by the sea, even at high-water, and were, therefore, more or less covered with a growth of weeds and briars, but the smaller pieces had rolled further seaward. Advancing to where the wavelets were stealing up with a soft, caressing murmur, Kate stood awhile to enjoy the peaceful beauty of sea and sky, then retreating a few paces, seated herself on a small piece of rock apparently broken from a larger neighbor close to which it lay. She drew forth a number of

'Household Words' she had caught up as she left the house, hoping by its help to avoid dwelling fruitlessly on the problem of her own affairs.

But her thoughts were wandering and rebellious: they would not occupy themselves with the page before her, but kept darting away to irrelevant topics, presenting dioramas of old scenes,—her home at Cullingford, the German school where she had passed some busy, happy, materially uncomfortable days; her husband's death-bed—this came back very vividly.

She had not sat long thus thinking or dreaming, when she fancied she heard something like a step, an unsteady step, stumbling among the shingle which here and there lay over the smooth sand. She did not heed it at first, concluding it was some boy hunting for winkles, or one of the fishermen, most of whom were known to her. But the step approached. With a sudden feeling of apprehension she turned to look, and beheld a man of middle height, with a red nose, and small, fierce, red-rimmed eyes, a hat not worn out, but though new, visibly bent in at one side; a sort of green shooting-coat, and leggings buttoned to the knee, but buttoned awry; a short stick in his hand, and a short pipe in his mouth, completed his very disreputable appearance. Moreover, to her dismay, Kate observed an unsteadiness about his knees, a look of severe wisdom in his once tolerable-looking face. "Good heavens!" she said in her heart. "It must be Trapes, and he is tipsy!" The next moment he raised his battered hat with an attempt at high-bred style, and said, "I think I have the honor of speaking to Mrs. Travers?" advancing disagreeably close.

"My name is Temple," she returned coldly, but keeping a brave front.

"Oh, Temple, is it?" with a burst of insolent laughter. Then suddenly changing to profound gravity, he took his pipe out of his mouth, and waving it in the air gracefully, repeated, "Temple,—quite right in one sense! Temple is the correct thing—shrine—what you call 'em for a beautiful goddess, eh?"

Another sudden peal of laughter, as suddenly turned into stern gravity. "Now, then, Mrs. Temple Travers, compliments being passed, let us proceed to business—I say business! Let's sit

down;" and, suiting the action to the word, he took the seat Mrs. Temple had just quitted. "Sit down, won't you, and we can talk comfortably—lots of room," he continued, drawing so close to the edge of the piece of rock that he nearly toppled over.

Kate, dreadfully puzzled what to do or say, frightened at his condition, yet not liking to lose the chance of discovering what was the mysterious link, if any, between him and Ford, said, as civilly and composedly as she could, "Thank you, I have been sitting for some time, and prefer standing now."

"Oh, well, please yourself, Mrs. Travers Temple. You see I do not like to contradict a lady, but the last time I saw you, you were Mrs. Travers. Yes, you were."

"Where have you seen me?" asked Kate graciously.

"At Hampton Court, with a young fellow called Reed. Do you know Tom Reed?"

"I do," returned Kate at once, seeing that the man really recognised her.

"He is a blackguard—a great blackguard!" returned Trapes, with solemn disapprobation. "I was like a father to that young man, Mrs. Temple Travers, like a father, 'pon my life! When he was first up in town, and one of the biggest greenhorns you ever came across; and now—" Trapes shook his head in silence, and replacing the pipe in his mouth, essayed to smoke, but in vain. "My pipe's out," said he, again waving it before him. "A common expression, you'll observe, but there is a good deal of pathos in it for all that. My pipe's out! I've drawn too hard and quick, and the baccy is gone, and nothing is left but the scent of the weed, which hangs round it still; so with my life—my life—but," with sudden energy, "this is wandering from the point. As I was saying, I was the making of that fellow Reed. He hasn't an idea he did not filch from me. 'Who steals my purse steals trash,' eh? Well, would he lend me a fi'pun' note now, as between two gentlemen? No, not to save my life! And that brings me to my point again. Will you, madam, have the goodness to give me five pounds? for I wish to be perfectly correct in all my dealings, and it is not my intention to return it." He lifted his hat as he said

this, and replaced it, considerably on one side, with a defiant air. Kate looked earnestly at him, trying to find out how far she might venture to speak rationally. He was not so very drunk after all. She would see on what he founded his claim for five pounds.

"And why should I give you money?" she said smiling; "though you say you know me, I certainly do not know you. Why should I give you five pounds?"

"For value to be received," he returned. "For, 'pon my soul, if you trust me to that extent," an attempt at refinement of tone sadly marred by a drunken wink, "you shall receive cent. per cent., or rather four or five hundred per cent. on the capital advanced."

"Of course I should be very pleased to secure such a splendid return for so small an outlay," said Kate pleasantly. "Tell me a little more about it."

"Ah, ha! Mrs. Temple, or Travers, or whatever you choose to call yourself, you are deep—deuced deep—but it won't do; I'll not let you pump me, and leave me high and dry afterwards. No, no; you must have faith, madam! Look here, now. It's a d—d shame to see a woman like you behind a beggarly counter, cheated out of your own, and all by a dirty trick! Now suppose I—"

Kate listened with the utmost avidity, seeing which, Trapes, with drunken cunning, broke off suddenly, and burst into a rude boisterous laugh. "No, no," he repeated, "that would be telling."

"Well, you must remember that, right or wrong, I am a poor woman now, and five pounds is a large sum. I might not hesitate if I knew what I am to give it for."

"If you are poor, I am sorry for you. I feel for you from the bottom of this blighted heart." Trapes's eyes filled, and almost overflowed with emotion. "Then, hark in your ear! as the stage fellows say. I can set wrong right! on my honor as a gentleman."

"Then," replied Kate, her heart beating, burning to hear more, yet not liking to talk longer with him in his present condition, "come to my house this evening, and we can discuss matters. You will find me neither unjust nor illiberal. You know where I live." She bent her head to him, and moved away.

"Stop a bit," cried Trapes, starting up

and placing himself so as to cut off her retreat. "My dear creature, I am exceedingly sorry to be so pressing, but I haven't a rap; not a rap, 'pon my soul; not even a screw of 'baccy! I must have a half-sov., a few shillings to keep me going till to-night, when I hope the supply is to be continued, like Tom Reed's trash. I am growing deuced hungry, and they won't give me a crust without the rhino in that cursed hole of an inn. Come now, five bob won't break you!"

Kate, moved by a mixture of pity and disgust, put her hand in her pocket. To her regret and dismay—for Trapes's red-rimmed eyes were beginning to look vicious—there was no purse there. She must have left it in her morning dress. "I am really very sorry, but I have not my purse. I would willingly give you a few shillings indeed, if I had."

"Now," said Trapes savagely, and throwing away his pipe, "that is as shabby a bit of humbug as ever I heard; and what is more, I shall take the liberty of rummaging your pocket myself, and if the purse isn't there you shall pay forfeit in kisses,—if you shan't."

"Sir," exclaimed Kate, horribly frightened, yet striving to seem composed, "this insolent folly will do you no good. If you will have patience——"

But he had already seized her wrists; his dreadful satyr face was close to hers, when to her joy, her relief, Kate, who was looking towards the cliffs, saw a figure moving from behind one of the largest fragments of rock that lay near, a figure whose gait and bearing she knew well. She was safe now. "Hugh!" she screamed, "dear Hugh, come to me!"

He was upon Trapes in an instant. Seizing his collar, he wrenched him away with such force that the half-drunken wretch fell at once to the ground.

"What is it?" asked Galbraith, placing himself between Kate and her assailant,—“robbery—what?”

"I am no more a robber than you are," said Trapes sullenly, as somewhat sobered he gathered himself up from the ground. Galbraith's hand was on his collar again directly. "Let me alone, I say," continued Trapes, trying in vain to shake it off; "I meant no harm, it was only a bit of a joke," and he struggled hard to free himself from Galbraith's grasp, but in vain.

"You will find it no joke, you dog! I shall march you back to the police station."

"Oh, Hugh, don't hurt him! He is weak, perhaps he is hungry. I do not think he knows what he is doing! Don't hurt him!"

"Let me go," said Trapes in an altered voice, touched by the genuine pity of Kate's tones. "The lady is right! I am sorry, and ashamed I frightened her."

"Let him go," whispered Kate; and Galbraith, puzzled, but by no means reluctant to be rid of him and alone with her, released his hold.

"Take care what you do," he said sternly. "If I find you prowling about here, I shall warn the police against you."

Trapes slowly and sullenly withdrew, muttering to himself.

"You are frightened," said Galbraith, taking Kate's hand and drawing it through his arm, where in the confusion of the moment she let it remain; "you are trembling all over. Tell me, what did that brute want?"

Kate could not quite command her voice. She felt utterly in Galbraith's hands for the moment; and if she let the tears which were ready to come, and would have relieved her, burst forth, she feared the effect they might have on her companion.

"Sit down and recover yourself before you speak," said Galbraith, with infinite gentleness, and he led her to the place from which Trapes had disturbed her. Moving a little apart, he leaned against an angle of the rock close by, while Kate, trying to smile, with white, quivering lips, looked up at him and said as steadily as she could, "He said he was very badly off and wanted a few shillings, and when I put my hand in my pocket I found I had not my purse; so he would not believe me, and wanted to examine my pocket himself. He was not sober. He did not, I think, intend to rob me."

"It looked very like it; yet he certainly did not seem a common tramp. I think it is my duty to make the police look after him."

"Perhaps so. I will probably lodge a complaint against him myself."

"You should do so without fail, Mrs. Temple! Are you feeling all right again?"

"Nearly," she said, passing her hand

over her brow. In truth, she was much more upset by Galbraith's sudden appearance than by her adventure with Trapes, besides a natural embarrassment at being alone with him under such circumstances; his presence, just when she had found perhaps the missing link of evidence, was most inopportune. Nevertheless, come what might, she could not help feeling a strange, unreasonable thrill of pleasure at finding him there beside her—caring for her. "But tell me, how is it that you are here just at the right moment?" she continued.

"When I went down to my sister the day after I last saw you in London," returned Galbraith, "I found that she had had a quarrel with her husband; that he was in a scrape, and gone off she did not know where. I was obliged to go in search of him, so I wrote an explanatory note to you, which of course you never received. I had a good deal of running about after Harcourt, and I did not go to my club till yesterday morning. There I found your very unsatisfactory epistle. It was rather shabby of you to give me the slip in that way, so I took the train to Stoneborough yesterday afternoon, and came on here this morning—called at the Bazaar, was graciously received by Miss Lee, who told me you had gone with a book and a headache to sit on the rocks under the broken cliff. I just came up in the nick of time. Drunk or sober, that fellow must be punished. You are trembling still." As he spoke, Galbraith sat down beside her, taking one of her hands in both of his, very gently, yet he held it close.

"You are always good to me, and I don't deserve it," said Kate, unable to hold the reins of her self-control with her usual steadiness, her voice faltering while she tried to draw away her hand, not very resolutely; "I don't indeed, Sir Hugh."

"Perhaps not," he said, gazing at her; "but you see it is not so much what you deserve as what I cannot help giving. I can no more help loving you than I can help breathing! Well, there," releasing her hand, "I will not keep it if you don't like. You know that I cannot live without you—no, that's nonsense! I shall have to live without you, if such is your will. But are you *quite* sure it is your will? Come, Kate, you must hear all I

have to say. You have made me so miserable and unlike myself, I think I have a right to be heard."

"It would be so much better not," she said with trembling lips. She was frightened and bewildered, but the tame and somewhat gloomy tenor of her life had never known such a moment of delicious pain before.

"No, it is better we should understand each other."

He leant forward, his arm on his knee supporting his head on his hand that he might look into her eyes. "I have done my best to forget you, and you, for some reason or other, have done your best to choke me off; but it won't do. You will perhaps think me a conceited idiot, but I can't help fancying you like me better than you think. I cannot get the sound of your voice just now out of my ears when you called me 'Hugh! dear Hugh.' I would give some years of my life to hear you say so again in earnest. Couldn't you try?" and Galbraith smiled entreatingly as he spoke.

"It was the terror of the moment," said Kate, very low. "I did not know what I said."

"Ay, but you have called me 'Hugh' before, when there was nothing to frighten or disturb you! Tell me, have I no chance with you? Why will you not be my wife? I am a rugged sort of fellow, I know, but there should be no ruggedness in your life, dear—all the best I have should be yours," and he again took her hand.

"Oh, don't talk to me like that," cried Kate, snatching it away and covering her face; "I must not let you. It is quite impossible you could marry me. If you knew everything you would see that I am the last woman you would like to marry."

"My God!" exclaimed Galbraith, the color leaving his face. "Is it possible there is any real barrier between us? Is it possible there can be any spot in your past life that you would wish to hide?"

"Do you mean that I have done anything wrong?" returned Kate, her face still hidden, her voice faltering, and keeping back her tears only by a determined effort. "No, there is nothing in my past life I need blush for. It is not my fault that there is any barrier—I mean that there are things—circumstances you

would not like——!" She stopped abruptly.

"Is your husband really dead?" asked Galbraith sternly, Lady Styles's gossip recurring to his mind.

"He is, indeed!" said Kate, recovering herself in some degree. "I am not quite such an impostor as you imagine. But, Sir Hugh, you are putting yourself and me to unnecessary pain, for I am most deeply grieved to be compelled to pain you! I acknowledge there is a secret in my past; and, besides, I do not—I never entertained the idea of loving you. I really do not think I do—at any rate——." She quite believed she was speaking the truth.

"I suppose I must submit to be again rejected!" he interrupted, very bitterly. "I daresay you deserve a better man than I am; but, such as I am, I could be satisfied with nothing short of your whole heart. I have heard of fellows being content to wait and win a woman's affection inch by inch; but I could not stand that. I love you so passionately, that if you were my wife, and I had a doubt that you were not fully, freely, utterly my own, why, I should go mad with despair and jealousy!"

He rose as he spoke, and walked away a pace or two; then returning, looking grim and stern enough, he resumed his seat by Kate, who, deeply moved by his words, but nerved to desperate self-command by a sudden sense of the effect they produced upon herself, turned to him, her long lashes gemmed with tears, her eyes soft with the most tender sympathy. "Do not fear, you will be well loved yet by some one more fitted to be your wife than I am!"

"That is like giving me a stone when I ask for bread," said Galbraith. "Turn to me now, put your hand in mine, and if you can say it with truth, say, 'Hugh Galbraith, I love you;' say it with your eyes, that tell so much! as well as your lips, and, by Heaven! I will forget and forgive your past, *whatever* is in it—there! I never thought I should say as much to any woman."

He held out his hand, and there was a moment's silence.

"I must not, Hugh!" replied Kate, with a deep, quivering sigh. "Nor do I need to have my past either forgiven or forgotten!"

"Then why make a mystery of it? Mysteries always imply something to be ashamed of."

"I will tell you everything one day!" exclaimed Kate, stung by his tone, and taking a sudden resolution, "if you still care to hear my story."

"Ay, but when?" cried Galbraith, with animation.

"Before five months from this time."

"That is a long way off!"

"I may be able to do so sooner," replied Kate, rising; "and, meantime, do—do forgive me for causing you so much discomfort. God knows I am wretched myself! and try to put me out of your head. I fear—that is, I think—that when you do know everything you will not wish—in short, do not trouble yourself about me. Go away among your friends, and you will see far more charming women, and more suitable." She stopped, for words and voice failed her.

"I will," said Galbraith shortly. "I don't like mysteries, and I think you might trust me now. Still, I will claim your promise. Can you not make it three months?"

"No, I cannot! and now I must say good-bye. I must not stay here any longer."

"I will not allow you to go alone. I must insist on your taking my arm—that scoundrel may be lurking about. I will go with you, at any rate, as far as the houses. You must let me take care of you so far, Kate. I will not intrude my feelings on you any more. You may trust me. You have said 'No' often enough."

It was a trying and embarrassing progress—Kate's arm held closely within Galbraith's. He guided her steps with the most watchful care, but in almost unbroken silence, save for an occasional inquiry, "Am I going too fast?" "Would you like to stop?" Fortunately the distance to the first houses of the North Parade was but short. Here Kate resolutely withdrew her arm. "I feel quite steady now, and can go on alone." He made no attempt to dissuade her, but held out his hand. Kate placed hers in it frankly, impulsively, and raising her eyes, met his—a long look; then Galbraith said, "It must be good-bye, then?"

"It must, Sir Hugh;" spoken sadly.

"And you promise to reveal the mystery?"

"Yes, if you ask."

"And then——"

"Leave the future to the 'Providence that shapes our ends.'"

"Am I forbidden to visit Pierstoffs?"

"Yes,—at any rate the Berlin Bazaar—for four or five months; then, if your interest and curiosity are not diverted into other channels, you may write and ask the fulfilment of my promise."

"Kate," said Galbraith, sinking his voice to its deepest tones, while he raised the hand that still lay in his to his lips, "it is not all over with me yet?"

"Do not let yourself think so," she replied earnestly; and turning from him walked quickly towards the town. Galbraith stood still, gazing after her in deep thought till she had got well ahead, and then slowly followed.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"DID you meet Sir Hugh?" was Fanny's first question, when, after her day's work was over, she went up to her friend's room to see if that horrible headache was any better.

Kate had availed herself of that excuse to keep out of sight and in semi-darkness till her nerves had somewhat quieted down after the painful, pleasurable, overwhelming excitement she had gone through.

"Yes, Fan, I met him; and who else, do you think?"

"I can't think. Not Tom?"

"No indeed; but that dreadful creature, Trapes!"

"Trapes!" with a little scream. "And what did he say?"

"Nothing I can depend upon. He was rather, indeed very, tipsy; and among other things he offered to restore me to my rights, but wanted me to give him five pounds."

"Well, then?"

"Oh, he would have been content with an instalment of five shillings, but unfortunately I had not my purse about me. Then he grew insolent, and wanted to examine my pocket himself; then Hugh Galbraith came and knocked him down."

"You don't say so! Why, dear Kate, it is just like a play; and I *do* hope that you have promised to marry Sir Hugh.

He came in about half an hour after you went out; looking—oh, I never saw him look so well or so bright!—quite handsome; and so pleasant! If it was not for Tom, I should not mind marrying him myself."

Instead of replying, Fanny felt her friend's hand clasp hers with a tremulous pressure.

"Do not talk of Hugh Galbraith just now, she said after a minute's silence.

"I will by-and-by. At present I am greatly troubled about Trapes; he has disappeared, and I have no idea where to find him. Even if I did, he is such a disreputable creature to inquire about."

She paused.

"Oh, we must find him!" cried Fanny. "What matter about his disreputableness? He would not be at such a grand hotel as the *Marine*; but there is the *Marquis of Cornwallis*, and the *Shakespeare Tavern*. Had I not better catch Jimmy before he goes, and send round to ask?"

Jimmy was the errand boy, and Fanny's most devoted slave.

"No, that will not do. I wish I knew if Hugh Galbraith has actually gone," said Kate thoughtfully.

"Gone!" echoed Fanny in dismay. "Then you have refused him, after all? I think you are very ill-natured. Why don't you make up your minds, and share the property? and we might shut up shop and all be married on the same day!"

"Dear Fanny, you do not know what you are talking about. There, you are putting the *eau de Cologne* in my eyes and making them smart." For Fanny was treating her friend for severe headache to the best of her skill. "My head is better, and I will not lie here any longer. I must write to Tom by to-night's post. He said he was coming on Saturday; I will beg him on no account to fail me. I cannot do anything without Tom. I seem quite dazed and stupid."

She had risen while she spoke, and was standing before the glass, impatiently shaking back her long chestnut-brown hair preparatory to re-arranging it. Fanny, who was always a little frightened when, to use her own expression, Mrs. Temple got into "a state,"—it was so rare—held the candle obsequiously.

"You look dreadfully ill, dear," she said soothingly; "had you not better take off your things and go regularly to bed, instead of twisting up your hair and trying to do impossibilities? and I will bring you a nice cup of tea and a muffin——"

"I believe, Fanny, you consider tea and muffins a cure for every earthly ill," interrupted Mrs. Temple, continuing her hair-dressing rapidly and deftly. "The sight of a muffin would make me sick. I want to be up and doing. Don't mind me if I seem cross. I don't intend to be, but I feel chained here while I ought to be rushing hither and thither to secure Trapes, and urge on Mr. Wall; time is so precious, and it seems impossible to hurry things; just like those dreadful dreams where life depends on speed, and yet one's limbs are lead-weighted and rigid."

"I would not fret myself so dreadfully," said Fanny, in a tone of strong common sense. "If that horrid man is so very much in want of money as to try to rob you, depend upon it he will come here to ask for some."

"He will probably be ashamed to see me."

"Poor creature, I fancy he has forgotten all about shame."

"Come downstairs, then, Fanny. I am ready, and I shall be glad to be near the fire, I feel so shivery. How I wish Tom were here!"

"So do I," returned Fanny, with cordial acquiescence.

It was considerably past seven when the friends established themselves in their cosy parlour—Fanny stirring the fire into a brilliant condition, sweeping up the hearth, and making all things orderly.

Mrs. Temple at once sat down to write to Tom, her heart still throbbing at the recollection of Galbraith's words and tone and looks. Her letter was very short: an exhortation to come without fail on Saturday, an announcement of Trapes's momentary appearance, but no word of Hugh. "If I mention him, I must tell everything, and that is quite impossible. It would be bad enough to tell Fanny, but Tom is out of the question."

Fanny had just returned from delivering this epistle into the hands of Sarah,

to be posted on her way home, when a low, cautious ring of the front-door bell was heard. Mrs. Temple and Fanny both started. Rings at the front-door bell were rare at that hour, and this was a stealthy, equivocal ring, suggestive of the door-chain and careful reconnoitring.

"Who can it be?" exclaimed Fanny, stopping short in her approach to the fire.

"Tell Mills to be sure and put on the chain," said Kate.

"I will go too," said Fanny, with heroic courage. She did so, but considerably behind the valiant Mills, who, candle in hand, advanced to face the enemy. A short colloquy ensued, and Fanny darted into the sitting-room on tiptoe. It is Trapes!" she exclaimed in a whisper. "I told you he would come. He will not give his name, and Mills will not let him in. Shall you venture to see him?"

"Yes, I must, though I don't half like it. But Fan, we are three to one. Do you think he is sober?"

"He seems very quiet."

"Oh, go and bring him in," cried Kate impulsively.

"Mrs. Temple will see the gentleman," said Fanny demurely, advancing to the door. Mills muttered indistinct, yet unmistakable disapprobation, let down the chain, and Trapes entered.

He had endeavored to impart an air of respectability to his attire. The dented hat had been restored to shape, though the mark of its misfortunes could not be obliterated. A dark overcoat in good preservation made him look a trifle less raffish, while both tie and collar were straight and in good order.

"Circumstances which I will explain to Mrs. Temple compel me to call at this unreasonable hour," said Trapes, in the best manner he could recall from his better days, as he stepped in and took off his hat.

"This way, if you please," returned Fanny, opening the parlor door. Trapes bowed and entered. Fanny hesitated to go or stay, but, at a sign from her friend, followed him.

"You wish to speak to me," said Mrs. Temple, who had risen, and was standing by the table.

"Excuse me," said Trapes, still in a

state of elegance, "but my communications are for you alone; may I request this young lady to leave us?"

"I have no secrets from Miss Lee," returned Kate. "Even if she goes away now, I shall tell her what you tell me an hour hence."

"Still," replied Trapes, "considering what sages (ill-bred old buffers, I grant) say of confiding a secret to one woman, it is not very prudent to reveal it to a brace."

"You will tell me no secret without her," said Kate quietly and firmly, "for I will not speak to you alone, and if your secret is to do me any good, it must be very generally known."

"Ay, the part that concerns you! However, Mrs. Temple, I cannot blame you after my disgraceful conduct to-day," continued Trapes with an air of penitence; "part of my errand here this evening was to crave your pardon. I am heartily ashamed. I can only say that I was under the influence of the demon drink, to which I have been driven by misfortunes not all deserved—the base ingratitude of—but," interrupting himself loftily, "I did not come here to complain about the inevitable! May I hope you will forgive me?"

Fanny crept close to Kate, in a state of fear, dashed with acute curiosity.

"I do forgive you," said the latter gently. "But it is very sad to reduce yourself voluntarily to a condition in which all the instincts of a gentleman, which you seem to possess, are lost."

"It is—it is, by George!" cried Trapes, heartily and naturally. "However, it's never too late to mend," he went on, taking the chair indicated to him; "perhaps I may recover myself yet. Anyhow, madam—Mrs. Temple, as you wish to be called—I shall not forget the kindly manner in which you interceded for me with that strong-fisted ruffian who knocked me over—not but that I would have done just the same in his place! I was always disposed to befriend a lady. I am especially so disposed towards this particular lady—a bow to Mrs. Temple; "but"—a long-drawn "but"—"it is my duty to see that my impulses square with my interests." Here Trapes drew forth with a flourish a large pocket-handkerchief, bordered by

a pattern of foxes' heads, and used it audibly.

"You are very good," returned Kate, looking steadily at him. "Now perhaps you will tell me the object of your visit?"

"Certainly, madam," he returned, then paused, eyed Fanny with some irresolution, and returned his handkerchief to his pocket.

"My object, ahem, is simple. It is, in the first place, to obtain the—the advance of ten shillings you were good enough to desire me to call for, when you found yourself minus your purse this afternoon." All Trapes's natural and acquired impudence was restored by the sound of his own voice.

"I do not think I named any sum," said Kate, smiling, "and I think your conduct exonerates me from any promise."

"Very logical," said Trapes. "Nevertheless, a lady like you is not going to sell a poor devil with such a pleasant smile as that?"

"I shall give you a trifle," she returned; "but before doing so, I should like to have some idea in what way you can serve me. I do not want you to tell all you know, but prove to me that you do know something."

"Deucedly well put, Mrs. Travers—Temple, I mean. Well, then, I can prove that your late husband's will—I mean the one administered by Sir Hugh Galbraith—is a forgery! I can produce the man who drew it out, two or three months after Mr. Travers's death, and I can produce the man who employed him to do it." Trapes pulled up short, with a triumphant wink.

"You can do all this!" exclaimed Kate, her eyes fixed upon him. "Then, why have you not enabled me to assert my rights before?"

"Pon my soul, I did not know till last spring how shamefully you had been cheated. Then I did not know where you were, and I always like to deal with the principal."

"But you knew Tom Reed!" cried Fanny indignantly; "he would have told you."

"No, he wouldn't," said Trapes quickly. "At any rate, I think I asked him; but my head"—addressing Mrs.

Temple—"is not quite so clear as it might be. Be that as it may, I have shown you my hand pretty frank. There's the outline of what I can do. What are you prepared to give for the details?"

"I am too much taken by surprise to answer you," returned Kate, changing color visibly, quivering all through, with a strange mixture of feelings—exultation and fear, pain and pleasure. "If you are quite sure of what you state, how is it that you do not reveal all from a simple sense of right?"

"Because I am not a simpleton, my dear madam," said Trapes, with an indescribable wink. "I am poor—infernally poor. I have been driven and chivied, and sold right and left all my life, and I want a trifle to keep me going for the rest of my days. Now I have told you the sum total, I know; but, by all that's good, the rack shall not draw the particulars from me, unless I have some profit." Trapes closed his lips firmly as he ceased to speak.

Kate felt dreadfully puzzled. She must not seem too eager, she must not lose the information. She did a little mental calculation during the momentary silence which ensued. This man had evidently been hanging on Ford since the spring, when he had gone to Tom Reed to inquire about him. He had then either exhausted or quarrelled with Ford—probably both; if so, Trapes's only chance of turning his secret to account was with herself. It would be too bad if Ford was ruined, and the baser of the two rewarded. Her strong inner conviction of Ford's guilt gave her a key to the position which her shrewd legal adviser did not possess.

"Well, Mr. Trapes," she said at length (it was the first time she had mentioned his name—he looked up sharply), "I am still at a loss to answer. I do not know how far I might injure myself legally by entering into any bargain with you. I really can say or do nothing without Mr. Reed's advice. I expect him on Saturday; come here and talk matters over with him. I am not indisposed to assist you, Mr. Trapes. I have heard Mr. Reed speak of you as a man of excellent abilities, but unfortunate."

"Oh—his patronage!" interrupt-

ed Trapes impatiently; "he is rather a keen hand to deal with. But as you like, Mrs. Travers—beg pardon, Mrs. Temple. If you don't think my information worth a trifle, why I may as well bottle it up. I am not sure I can see Reed on Saturday. I'm due at Bluffton on Saturday. I came here in the best of good feeling towards you, though that tall chap has warned the police against me. I had gone into the waiting-room at the station to rest a bit, and I saw him; he was just opposite the window, talking to a constable and describing me, till he stepped into the train and started. I had to slink out pretty quick, or I would have had more questions to answer than was agreeable. Yet I stuck to my text, and came to give you what help I could. I cannot say you have shown much gratitude."

"I am far from ungrateful, Mr. Trapes," replied Kate very quietly and firmly. "But, you must see yourself, that in such a case it would be absurd of me to make you any promise. I do not yet know how far your information may be available."

"I should only ask a conditional promise," he interrupted.

"I can only repeat, Mr. Trapes, that without Mr. Reed I can do nothing. You may be quite sure that I am eager to assert my rights, and I am not the sort of woman to be ungrateful; but, as to meeting Mr. Reed, you must do what you think best. It might be," she added after an instant's pause, in which a sudden flash of thought suggested a stroke she would probably not have played had she reflected—"it might be more to your interest to make your confession to Mr. Ford." Her eyes were on Trapes as she spoke, and though he kept his countenance with tolerable success, there was a momentary look of blank astonishment, instantly covered by an insolent laugh.

"And who the deuce is Ford, when he is at home?"

"I need not describe him. You know probably more of him than I do."

"Not I," he returned carelessly. "Well, then, I suppose what you say is not so unreasonable. If, on reflection, I think it advisable to meet Reed here on Saturday, I will do so."

"Meantime," said Mrs. Temple, willing

to conciliate him, "whatever course you decide upon I shall be happy to lend, or let you have"—amending her phrase with a smile—"the half sovereign we were talking about." And drawing one from her purse, she laid it within his reach.

"I must say that is acting like a trump," cried Trapes, clutching it eagerly. "You couldn't make it a whole sov., eh?"

"I cannot indeed, you see I am far from rich."

"Well, well, come to terms with me, and you may ride on velvet the rest of your life."

"We will see about it. Good evening, Mr. Trapes."

She bowed him out politely, but decidedly, and he retired, Fanny holding a candle, and locking, bolting, and chaining the door carefully after him.

"What a fearful, dreadful, dishonest creature!" she cried, when she was safe in again, sitting down on the side of a chair. "The whole place smells of bad tobacco! Why would you not promise anything, Kate? I am afraid he will not tell a word that will do you any good unless you give him some money. Do you really think he knows all he says?"

"I do; but I must not have anything to do with him. I must leave him to Tom. Oh, Fanny, there is an awful time coming! I wish I was through it. Imagine having to prosecute Mr. Ford for forgery—he was so respectable and kind and obliging—and then Hugh Galbraith! I do not seem able to face it all."

"No, indeed. I am sure it is enough to turn your brain. But as to Hugh Galbraith," insinuatingly, "you said you would tell me all about him."

"And I will, Fan, I will! but not now. I could not now—indeed I could not—I want to think. Give me my writing-book." After arranging her writing materials as if about to begin a letter, Kate suddenly laid down her pen. "No, I shall not tell Mr. Wall till I have seen Tom. Fanny, do take your work and sit opposite to me; I cannot bear you to creep about putting things away in that distractingly quiet fashion. Ah, dear, dear Fan! how cross and unreasonable I am—and to you who have been such a help and a comfort to me during my eclipse."

"Have I really?—then I am worth

something. Never mind, the eclipse is nearly over, and won't you blaze out gloriously by-and-by!"

"Heaven knows! I fear the future more than I can say. I feel it is just a toss-up, apart from success or failure, whether my lot is to be happy or miserable; but it might be—oh, so happy!"

"I know," said Fanny significantly, and took up her needlework with her usual cheerful submission.

Mrs. Temple closed her writing-book, and drawing her chair to the fire, sat there in deep thought the rest of the evening, occasionally addressing a disjointed observation out of her meditations.

The night was nearly sleepless. At first the fatigue of the many emotions through which she had passed insured her an hour of forgetfulness, but she was disturbed by dreams. Again and again Hugh Galbraith stood before her with outstretched hand, asking her to place hers in it for ever, and she woke, her heart beating wildly, and sobbing out the words, "Yes, for ever, Hugh!"

Then her busy brain set to work revolving the events of the day, picturing their results—the most terrible was the impending ruin of Ford.

As regarded Galbraith, she was not quite without hope. But Ford—how could she spare him? A daring project suggested itself; she thought long, and turned it on every side; then, slipping gently out of bed, she lit her candle, wrapped herself in her dressing-gown, and stole softly, noiselessly downstairs to the shop parlor. Here she took out paper and pen, traced a few lines, enclosed them in an envelope, directed and stamped it, placed the letter carefully in her pocket, and crept back as noiselessly as she had descended.

The changefulness of the English climate asserted itself next morning—all trace of St. Martin's summer had disappeared. A stiff south-easter was lashing the bay into foam and fury, and driving stinging showers of fine rain that seemed trying to get down, with only occasional success, against the windows and into nooks with bitter vehemence.

"And you have been out this wretched morning," said Fanny reproachfully, as Kate joined her at breakfast.

"I have, I could not help it, I wanted

so much to go; and I think a brisk walk has done me good."

"More harm than good I suspect," returned Fanny, disapprovingly; but she

stopped there, for Kate's heavy eyes and anxious expression disarmed her.

(To be continued.)

RUSSIAN VILLAGE COMMUNITIES.

BY D. MACKENZIE WALLACE.

THE Russian "Mir," or Village Commune, has in recent years acquired considerable notoriety in Western Europe. Historical investigators have discovered in it a remnant of primitive Indo-European institutions; and a certain school of social philosophers point to it as an ideal towards which we must strive if we would solve successfully the agrarian difficulties of the present and the future. "C'est une institution," said the usually cool-headed Cavour on hearing it described, "qui est destinée à faire le tour du monde!" Political economists, on the contrary—especially those of the good old orthodox school—condemn it as a remnant of barbarism, and as an obstacle to free individual action and untrammelled economic development. It may be well, therefore, that those who have had an opportunity of studying the institution, and observing its practical working, should explain clearly and accurately its nature and functions.

In the Russian Communal Institutions we must carefully distinguish two elements, the one administrative, and the other economic. And first of the administrative functions:

As an organ of local administration, the rural Commune in Russia is very simple and primitive. There is commonly but one office-bearer, the Village "Elder" (*Starosta*, from *stary*, old); but in the larger Communes there is also a Communal tax-gatherer. The office-bearers are simple peasants, chosen by their fellow-villagers for one, two, or three years, according to local custom. Their salaries are fixed by the Commune, and are so small that "office" in these village democracies is regarded rather as a burden than as an honor; but a peasant, when once chosen, must serve whether he desires it or not. If he can show good and sufficient reason—such as ill-health or frequent absence—why he should be

exempted, the Commune will generally free him from the burden on condition that he treats the members present with *vodka* (rye-spirit); but the simple desire to escape trouble and annoyance is not considered a valid ground for exemption. The chief duties of the Elder are to preserve order, and to act as a connecting link between the Commune and the higher authorities. Beyond this he has very little power, for all the real authority resides in the "Village Assembly."

The Village Assembly (*selski skhod*), in the wider sense of the term, comprises all the adult members of the Commune. When matters of great importance are under consideration, the heads of houses alone take an active part in the discussion. I say the heads of houses, and not the fathers of families, because the Russian term *khozain* (head of the household) does not indicate blood relationship; and it frequently happens that the *patria potestas* is in the hands of the oldest brother or of the mother. Thus, strictly speaking, the Assembly is composed of the representatives of families, and when the head of a family happens to be absent from the village, his place is taken by some other member of the household, male or female. In the northern provinces, where a large part of the adult male population annually leaves home in search of work, the female representatives sometimes compose the majority. The meetings are held in the open air by the side of the Church, or in front of the Elder's house, or in some other convenient place where there is plenty of room and little mud; and, except in the case of matters which will not admit of delay, they take place on Sunday or on a holiday. Towards afternoon, when all have enjoyed their after-dinner siesta—or it may be immediately after the morning service—the villagers may be seen strolling leisurely towards a common point. Arriv-

ed at the village Forum, they cluster together in little groups, and talk in homely fashion about the matter they have met to consider. The various groups pay no attention to each other till gradually one particular group, containing some of the more intelligent and influential members, begins to exercise an attractive force, and the others gravitate towards this centre of energy. In this way the meeting is constituted, or, more strictly speaking, spontaneously constitutes itself; and the same absence of formality continues all through the proceedings. Two, three, or more peasants often speak at once, and when the discussion waxes hot, the disputants probably use freely such unparliamentary expressions as "*Durdk!*" (blockhead), "*Boltun!*" (babbler), "*Bolvdn!*" (scarecrow)—sometimes even stronger expressions, unsuited to ears polite. Strange to say, these strong terms never ruffle the good nature of those to whom they are addressed, and at most evoke a retort of the *tu quoque* kind, which, if well put, produces roars of laughter. If we hear a shrill female voice rising above the general hum, we may be sure it is that of a widow, or a wife whose husband is absent. Some of these female members possess great volubility, and a considerable power of pungent invective; unfortunately their dialectical efforts are in part counteracted by a tendency to wander from the subject, and to make indelicate, irrelevant allusions to the private life and domestic concerns of their opponents. In general there are no attempts at speech-making, but occasionally some young "village Hampden," who has been to Moscow or St. Petersburg, and has brought back with him a jaunty air and a large dose of self-conceit, makes something like a speech, and enjoys the sound of his own voice. Eloquence of this kind is, of course, appreciated only by the younger members, and makes no impression on the bulk of the audience. Very soon it is sure to be interrupted by some older member with a laconic "*Moltchi, krasnobai!*" (hold your tongue, fine talker!) and the abashed orator hearing the titter of his former applauders, mumbles out a retort, or hides his diminished head behind the broad shoulders of a comrade.

The subjects brought before these

meetings are of the most varied kind, for the Village Assembly has no idea of laws limiting its competence, and is ever ready to discuss anything affecting directly or indirectly the Communal welfare. It may be that an order has been received from the higher authorities, or a recruit has to be given for the conscription, or a herd-boy has to be hired, or a day for the commencement of the ploughing has to be fixed, or the dam across the stream is in need of repairs. Such are a few examples of the matters discussed. The manner of deciding them is quite as informal as the mode of discussion. Rarely, if ever, is it necessary to put the question to the vote. As soon as it has become evident what the general opinion is, the Elder says to the crowd: "Well, Orthodox! you have decided so?" "*Ladno! ladno!*" (agreed!) replies the crowd, and the proceedings terminate, unless where the decision refers to some future contingency, in which case it is committed to writing and duly signed by all present. Those who cannot write affix a mark in the place of a signature. It is not a little remarkable that these apparently unanimous decisions do not always represent the will of the numerical majority. The crowd rarely ventures to oppose the will of the influential members.

The Commune no longer possesses any criminal jurisdiction over its members; but in the outlying provinces, ancient custom sometimes proves stronger than modern legislation. As one instance out of many which have come to my knowledge, the following may be cited: In a village in the province of Samara, the Commune condemned a wife who had been convicted of matrimonial infidelity to be stripped, yoked to a cart, and driven through the village by the injured spouse armed with a whip. This will recall to many a passage in the *Germania* of Tacitus: "*Pæna præsens et marito permissa; abscisis crinibus, nudatam, coram propinquis expellit domo maritus ac per omnem vicum verbere agit.*"

So much for the Commune as an organ of local self-government. Let us now consider it as an economic unit. In this respect it has certain fundamental peculiarities which distinguish it from the Communal institutions of Western Europe; and in virtue of these peculiarities

it is often believed to be not only a Communal but at the same time Communistic organization. How far this belief is well founded will appear presently.

The Commune is legally and actually the absolute proprietor of the Communal land, and distributes it among its members as it thinks fit, subject to no control except that of custom and traditional conceptions of justice. Further, the members are responsible, collectively and individually, not only for voluntary Communal obligations, but also for the taxes of every member. These are the two fundamental characteristics, and the two cohesive forces of the institution: a common proprietorship of the land, and a common responsibility for the taxes and other dues.

The Communal land is generally of three kinds: (1) the land in and around the village; (2) the arable land; and (3) the pasturage.

On the first of these each family has a wooden house, an inclosed yard, a cabbage-garden, and sometimes a plot for growing hemp. Here there is no community of ownership. The house and garden are hereditary property, on which there is only one restriction: the owner cannot sell, bequeath, or otherwise alienate them to any one who is not a member of the Commune.

The right of property in the arable land and pasturage is of an entirely different kind. Here each family has, strictly speaking, no right of property, but merely a right of terminable usufruct, and enjoys a quantity of land proportionate to the number of males which the household contains. In other words, each member of the Commune, as soon as he begins to pay the poll-tax and other dues, receives a share of the Communal land. Thus the amount of land which each family enjoys is proportionate to the amount of taxation which it pays; and the taxes, which are nominally personal, are in reality transformed into a kind of land-tax.

To render this system equitable, it would be necessary to revise annually the tax-lists, and to inscribe only the adults. In reality neither of these conditions is fulfilled. The tax-lists are revised at long and irregular intervals—only ten revisions have been made since 1719; and infants, adults, and octoge-

narians are all inscribed promiscuously. The revenue officers pay no attention to the increase or decrease of the population during the intervals between the revisions, and exact from each Commune a sum corresponding to the number of members inscribed in the last revision lists.

The evil consequences of this system, when rigorously carried out, are graphically described in an official document of the year 1771, which might have been written at the present day: "In many places," it is there said, "the peasants distribute the land not according to the number of workers in each house, but according to the number of males inscribed in the revision list; whence it happens that, instead of the equality which ought to exist, some of the peasants have to bear a ruinous burden in the supporting of their families, and in the payment of their taxes. If, for example, in a family containing five males, there is only one able-bodied laborer, whilst the other four are children or old men incapable of work, the one laborer must not only plough and sow for the whole family, but must also pay the poll-tax and other dues for the four others as well as for himself. He receives, it is true, a proportionately large amount of land; but it is of little use to him, for he has not sufficient working power to cultivate it. Obligated to let to others the superfluous amount, he receives for it only a small rent, for his neighbors know the position in which he is placed, and do not give him its fair value. Besides this, in some places where land is abundant, there is no one to rent the superfluous portions, so that the unfortunate peasant who receives too much land is obliged to leave his share partly uncultivated, and consequently sinks to ruin."

To prevent these evil consequences, many Communes have adopted an expedient at once simple and effective: in the allotment of the land and of the burdens, each family receives a share not in proportion to the number of males which it contains, but in proportion to its working power.

This expedient has for the moment the desired effect, but the natural course of events in the form of births and deaths renders it necessary to modify from time to time the existing arrangements, so as

to restore the equilibrium between land and working power. First, there is the natural increase of population. To provide for this, some Communes keep a number of reserve lots, which the young members receive as soon as they become capable of bearing their share of the Communal burdens. Other Communes make no such arrangements. Whether such a provision is made or not, it inevitably happens that in the course of a few years the old evils reappear. Some families increase, whilst others diminish or die out, and a general redistribution of the land and taxes becomes necessary. In the Steppe region, where the soil is even in quality, and possessed of such natural fertility that it requires no manure—where consequently it is easy to divide the land into any number of portions equal to each other in size and quality, and no one has a special interest in particular lots, for the simple reason that one lot is as good as another—the general redistributions are frequent. Under such conditions annual redistribution is by no means uncommon. In the North and West, on the contrary, where the inequalities of the soil render it difficult to divide the land into lots of equal quality, and where the practice of manuring gives to each family a special interest in the lot which it actually possesses, general redistributions produce an economic revolution in the Commune, and are consequently made at much longer intervals.

As these periodical redistributions of the land form the essential peculiarity of the Russian Communal system, and tend to illustrate its real nature, I shall endeavor to convey to the reader an idea of the way in which they are effected. Let us take first a case in which the operation is comparatively simple.

All over European Russia, except in the outlying provinces, which may for the present be left out of consideration, the arable land of the Communes is divided into three fields, to suit the triennial rotation or three-field system of agriculture universally practised by the peasantry. The first field is for the winter grain (rye or winter wheat); the second for the summer grain (oats, buckwheat, millet, &c.); and the third lies fallow. When a redistribution has been resolved upon, each of the three fields is divided into an indefinite number of plots, accord-

ing to the quality of the soil, and each plot or each category of plots—if there are several plots of equal quality—is then subdivided into a number of long narrow strips, corresponding to the number of "Revision-Souls" (males inscribed in the revision or census lists) in the Commune. Thus each family receives at least one strip—and perhaps several strips of different quality—in each field. This complicated bit of land-surveying, in which both the quality and quantity of the soil have to be considered, is performed by the peasants themselves, with the help merely of simple measuring poles, and is accomplished with an accuracy which seems to the stranger truly marvellous. The shares are distributed among the members either by general consent or by casting lots.

This is the method commonly employed in the fertile and more densely populated regions where each family desires to have as much land as possible, and demands a number of shares corresponding to the number of "revision-souls" which it contains. In districts, on the contrary, where the land is barren and the population scant, considerable modifications have to be introduced, in order to obviate the evil consequences above described. Here the chief question is, not as to how much land each family shall receive, but as to what share of the communal burdens each family ought to bear; and for the deciding of this question the revision-lists supply only very imperfect data. It may be, for instance, that a family appears in the revision-list as containing four males, and consequently as entitled to four shares of the land and burdens, but on examination it is found that the household consists of a widow and four little boys. To impose four shares on this family would be at once unjust and inexpedient, for the widow could not possibly pay a corresponding amount of taxation; and the Commune, being responsible for the taxes of the individual members, would have to make up the deficit. Before assigning the lots, therefore, the Commune has to decide how many shares each particular family shall receive. In this difficult operation, it is guided, not by any definite norm, but by an approximate calculation of the working force or tax-paying power of each individual household. When we

have said that the calculation is made not by one or two dictators, but by the Communal Assembly, the reader may readily imagine the disputes and scenes of confusion that inevitably take place. If the Communal land is merely sufficient for the wants of the members, the heads of families easily come to a satisfactory arrangement as to how many shares each one shall take; but if the land is superabundant or very poor in quality, each one naturally strives to get as little of it as possible, so that he may have less to pay. In the latter case the discussion is sure to wax hot, and a casual spectator may overhear debates of this kind:

"Come now, Ivan," says an elderly peasant, who has evidently an air of authority, to one of the bystanders; "you are a sturdy fellow, and you have a son there, a fine youth, who can do the work of two; you must take at least three shares."

"No, I cannot," remonstrates Ivan. "By God, I cannot. My son—praise be to God!—is strong and healthy; but I am no longer what I was, and my old woman is quite without force, fit for nothing but to put the cabbage soup into the oven! By God! I cannot."

"If the old woman is weak your daughter-in-law is strong—stronger than a little horse!"

A giggle in the outskirts of the crowd shows that the damsel referred to is among the spectators.

"In truth, it is not in my power," pleads Ivan.

"There is nothing to be said," replies the old man in an authoritative tone. "Somebody must take the remaining *souls* (shares). You must take three shares."

"Lay on him three shares and a half!" shouts a voice in the crowd.

This proposal evokes a confused murmur of "ayes" and "noes," till the noes gain a decided majority, and the ayes are silenced. A general shout of "Three! three!" decides the matter.

"It is the will of the *Mir*!" remarks Ivan, scratching the back of his head, and looking down with a look of mingled disappointment and resignation. "And now, Prascovia, how much are you to have?" asks the old man, addressing a woman standing by with a baby in her arms.

"As the *Mir* orders, so be it!" replies Prascovia, turning down her eyes.

"Very well, you ought to have a share and a half."

"What do you say, little father?" cries the woman, throwing off suddenly her air of subservient obedience. "Do you hear that, ye orthodox? They want to lay upon me a soul and a half! Was such a thing ever heard of? Since St. Peter's day my husband has been bedridden—bewitched, it seems, for nothing does him good. He cannot put a foot to the ground—all the same as if he were dead; only he eats bread!"

"You talk nonsense," says a neighbor; "he was in the *kabak* (gin-shop) last week."

"And you!" retorts Prascovia, wandering from the subject in hand, "what did you do last parish *fête*? Was it not you who got drunk and beat your wife till she roused the whole village with her shrieking? And no further gone than last Sunday—pfu!"

"Listen!" says the old man sternly, cutting short the torrent of invective. "You must take at least a share and a quarter. If you cannot manage it yourself, you can get some one to help you."

"How can that be? Where am I to get the money to pay a laborer?" asks the woman with much wailing and a flood of tears. "Have pity, ye orthodox, on the poor orphans. God will reward you," and so on, and so on.

I need not weary the reader with a further description of these scenes, which are always very long and sometimes violent. All present are deeply interested, for the allotment of the land is by far the most important event in Russian peasant life, and the arrangement cannot be made without endless talking and discussion. After the number of shares for each family has been decided the distribution of the lots gives rise to new difficulties. The families who have plentifully manured their land, strive to get back their old lots, and the Commune respects their claims so far as these are consistent with the new arrangement; but it often happens that it is impossible to conciliate private rights and Communal interests, and in such cases the former are sacrificed in a way that would not be tolerated by men of Anglo-Saxon race.

In the above remarks I have spoken of the working power and the tax-paying power of the different families. These two expressions are in the purely agricultural districts practically synonymous, but in the villages where some of the peasants are artisans or traders, a single peasant who is a skilled workman or carries on trade may be more able to pay taxes than a large family which has three times his working power. This fact has given rise in some Communes to a practice which is certainly patriarchal, and seems to an Englishman decidedly Communistic. If a member of the Commune is known to make by handicraft or by trading a much larger income than his fellows, he is made to pay a larger share of the Communal burdens. "Come now, Sidor," some influential member will say to him in the Communal Assembly at the time of the periodical redistribution of land, "you make a nice heap of money every year, while we, poor orphans, toil hard and gain little; the land has become barren and the times are hard; you must take a double share."

"Ay! ay!" say a dozen voices, "that you can."

"I am not rich," replies Sidor, knowing that it is useless to oppose the will of the Mir, and feeling at the same time a certain pleasure in the consciousness of his own importance; "I am not rich, but I can do that. So be it."

And Sidor takes a double share, vowing probably in his heart to take it out of the Commune in some indirect way.

Another method of applying this same principle is as follows:—If a peasant is known to be making a good income as an artisan or shopkeeper in Moscow or St. Petersburg, his Commune may elect him Village Elder, and then let him know unofficially that if he will kindly send ten or twenty roubles the election will be cancelled and he will be allowed to remain where he is. The Elder elect probably finds it more profitable to sacrifice a considerable sum than to give up his occupation and return to his village. Of course there is an appearance of trickery and injustice in such a proceeding, and such cases are often used as texts for discourses on Communal tyranny; but if we examine the matter carefully we shall find that the expedient is

in reality merely a rude application of the principle of the income-tax. Unfortunately this charitable interpretation is not always applicable, for it sometimes happens that the money sent, instead of being paid into the Communal treasury, is used for a communal drinking-bout.

¶ We may pass now to the third kind of Communal land, the meadow. As the cultivation of so-called artificial grasses, such as rye-grass and timothy-grass, has no place in the primitive system of agriculture practised by the Russian peasantry, the Communes reserve, if possible, a moist part of the Communal land for the production of hay. This part of the Communal property is annually distributed in the same proportion as the arable land among the families constituting the Commune, in one of two ways. The simplest method is to mow all the hay and then to distribute it among the families in the required proportions. But this mode has practical disadvantages, for the hay is often better in some parts of the meadow than in others, and therefore a mere quantitative distribution would be unjust. To obviate this injustice most Communes adopt the second method, which consists in dividing the meadow into an indefinite number of plots according to the quality of the hay, and subdividing these plots into family portions. Where this method is adopted each family mows its own portion, but all the families are obliged to mow it on a day fixed by the village assembly.

Besides these three kinds of Communal property, some Communes possess a certain amount of forest, but the modes of enjoying it are so varied that I do not venture to lay down any general rule on the subject.

The ordinary Russian name for the rural Commune, *Mir*, means also "the world;" and it must be said that there is a certain appropriateness in the term, for each Commune forms in many respects a little world apart, and resists as far as possible all interference from without. Complete Communal autonomy was of course impossible after the creation of the centralized administration and the introduction of serfage. The Communes of the *demesnes* had to submit to the regulative interference of the Government, and the others to the irregular and arbitrary interference of the

landed proprietors. But neither on the demesnes nor on the private estates did the *Mir* ever lose its primitive character. Even in the worst days of serfage the proprietors never habitually interfered with the fundamental right of the Commune, that of distributing the land among its members as it thought fit; and never obliterated the distinction, though they often shifted the landmarks, between the manorial and the Communal property. Amidst all the storms and struggles through which Russia has passed, the peasantry have ever clung with marvellous tenacity to their land and to their ancient Communal institutions; and all attempts to rob them of the one or the other have been met and frustrated by that dogged passive resistance which the Russian peasant possesses in such a pre-eminent degree. So far as the land is concerned that struggle is now at an end, for the famous Emancipation Law of 1861 secured to the Communes, under certain conditions and subject to certain modifications, the land which they actually enjoyed. The Communal institutions were likewise spared by that law, so that in Russia at the present moment the village communities still closely resemble those of Western Europe before the feudal period. It is scarcely necessary to point out the use which historical investigators might make of this important fact.

The old notion, that Communal institutions based on periodical redistributions of the land are peculiar to the Russians or the Slavonic race, is now completely exploded. Already they have been found in a more or less complete state of preservation, not only among non-Slavonic but also among non-Aryan races, and there is a strong tendency among historical investigators to regard them as a necessary stage in the economic development through which a nation must pass in order to attain a certain stage of civilization. "Aujourd'hui," says M. de Laveleye, the latest exponent of the theory, "on peut démontrer que ces communautés ont existé chez les peuples les plus divers: chez les Germains et dans l'antique Italie, au Pérou et en Chine, au Mexique et dans l'Inde, chez les Scandinaves et chez les Arabes, exactement avec les mêmes caractères. Retrouvant ainsi cette institution sous tous les climats

et chez toutes les races, on y peut voir une phase nécessaire du développement des sociétés, et une sorte de loi universelle présidant à l'évolution de toutes les formes de la propriété foncière." The more cautious conclusions of Sir Henry Maine tend in the same direction.

I have no intention of entering here upon an examination of this general theory; but I desire to say a few words on the part which the Russian *Mir* is made to play in the induction. It is always tacitly assumed that the Russian Communal system, as it at present exists, is a very ancient institution, which has come down to us almost unchanged from prehistoric times. Now this assumption, if not unjustifiable, requires at least explanation. The essential peculiarity of the Russian Commune in its present form is the periodical redistribution of the arable land according to the number of males, or according to the number of able-bodied laborers, and we have no satisfactory proof that this custom existed in any part of Russia before the seventeenth century. I know one district where the system is only now being introduced, though the land has been held by Russians for three centuries. The district referred to is the country of the Don Cossacks. It may be well to describe briefly the change which is there taking place, for it tends to throw light on the origin of the periodical redistribution.

In many of the Cossack Communes, or *Stanitsi* as they are called, it was customary down to a very recent period for each Cossack to cultivate as much land as he pleased, and wherever he pleased, within the Communal boundaries, provided he did not thereby infringe on the vested rights of others. The *jus primæ possessionis* was the only recognized tenure. When the possessor found that the soil was becoming exhausted—a phenomenon which generally appeared after three or four years' occupation—he relinquished the lot he held and took possession of some part of the Communal land which happened to be unoccupied. As the population increased this operation became more and more difficult, till at last in many Communes the whole of the Communal land was occupied, and each cultivator was forced to content himself with the portion of the soil which he actually possessed. Thus a direct tran-

sition was effected from unregulated Communal property to something very like personal property without any intermediate stage of regulated periodical distribution. The principle of private property, however, has not become consolidated. On the contrary, the old Communal principle has revived with new force, and the system of periodical redistribution above described is at present being introduced. In the causes of this phenomenon, which seems a return to primitive institutions, is to be found, I believe, the explanation of much that is peculiar in the Russian Communal system.

The causes of the phenomenon were briefly these:—as the population increased and no new land was obtained there was naturally formed a class of Cossacks without land. In a young British colony there would be nothing abnormal or inconvenient in the existence of a class of men possessing no landed property, for such men could act as servants to the possessors of the soil, or they could remove to some other district where land could be obtained. But neither of these alternatives could be adopted by the Cossack. Agricultural laborers are to be found only in conjunction with regularly organized farming, and are rarely used by small peasant proprietors; and even if the Cossack could find employment as a laborer he could not in that capacity fulfil his obligations to the state. On the other hand he could not remove to another district, for the military organization attached him to the locality in which he was born, and was practically almost tantamount to the *gleba adscriptio*. Thus, we see, the periodical redistributions of the land were the result of conditions which do not exist in a primitive state of society.

In a short article like the present, I cannot attempt to describe the analogous phenomena which I have observed in other districts; but I may say briefly that a prolonged study of Communal institutions in this and other outlying provinces of Russia, and a careful examination of the documents relating to the *Mir* in former times, have led me to the following general conclusions:—

1. Where land is very plentiful the enjoyment of the Communal land may be left entirely unregulated.

2. From this unregulated enjoyment of the Communal land two transitions are possible: (a) a direct transition to private or family property; (b) a transition to the system of periodical redistribution.

3. The chief causes which tend to produce the latter transition in preference to the former are: (a) restrictions on migration; (b) a system of direct taxation imposed not on property but on persons; and (c) mutual responsibility among all the members for the taxes of each.

That the latter transition has taken place in Great Russia—in Little Russia the principle of hereditary personal property prevails—is to be explained, I believe, by the *gleba adscriptio*, by the adoption of the poll-tax system of taxation and by the introduction of Communal responsibility in taxation. If this explanation be correct then it must be admitted that the periodical redistributions are a relatively modern institution—a view that is strongly supported by all the older documentary evidence which we possess.

Thus we see that what may be called the Communal Epoch in the history of landed property comprises two distinct periods: the primary period, in which the usufruct of the land rests on the unregulated *jus primæ possessionis*; and the secondary, in which regulated terminable usufruct is created by Communal decrees. It does not, however, necessarily follow that all tribes and nations have passed through this secondary period. Indeed we know of many instances where a direct transition has been made from unregulated Communal usufruct to complete personal property. All that we can venture to say in general is, that where the two periods have successively existed the primary is the older of the two. In this, as in many other instances, there is a strong analogy between social development and geological structure. Strata always occur in a certain fixed order, but it rarely happens that all the members of the series are actually present.

It is sometimes supposed that these periodical distributions of the land indicate a tendency in the Russian peasantry towards Communism in the socialistic sense; and it must be confessed that the resignation with which the peasant submits to Communal infringements on his

personal rights and to various restrictions on his personal liberty of action seems at first sight to confirm this supposition. It would be unsafe however to draw from these facts any sweeping general conclusions. The Russian peasant, so far at least as my observations extend, has very little sympathy with communistic ideas beyond the narrow sphere to which he is accustomed, unless when they take the form of a religious doctrine. His conceptions as to the boundary line between the *meum* and the *tuum* are certainly in some respects extremely vague, but when a confusion occurs it will always be found to result in favor of the *meum*. Towards his former master, for instance, he is quite ready to adopt the principle: "What is yours is mine;" but he always accompanies it with the mental reservation: "but what is mine is my own." "You are our father," he will say to the landed proprietor, to whom he was formerly a serf, "and you should let the land to us cheaper than to others." But if the proprietor should reply: "You are my children, and therefore you should work for me cheaper than for others," the peasant fails to perceive the force of the argument.

A few words now in conclusion regarding the influence of the *Mir* on the material welfare of the peasantry and the probable future of the institution.

In the first place, we must say that the *Mir* has rendered an incalculable service to the Russian peasantry in enabling them to resist those manorial encroachments which in other countries have forced the agricultural population to emigrate or have transformed them into a landless, homeless proletariat. It must be admitted, however, that the question as to whether it ought not to be now abolished, as an institution that has served its time, is fairly open to discussion.

Those who advocate the abolition of the present system maintain that it is practically a modified form of serfage. Formerly the peasant was the serf of the landed proprietor; now he is the serf of the Commune. He is still attached to the land, and cannot leave his home even for a short period, without receiving from the Commune a formal permission, for which he has often to pay an exorbitant sum; and when he has found profitable employment in the towns or in some

other part of the country the Commune may at any moment, and on the most futile pretext, compel him to return home.

All this is no doubt true, but it is in reality the result not of the Communal principle but of the existing financial system. The Commune has not everywhere the same nature and functions. In the southern half of the country, where the annual dues are less than the normal rent of the land, to belong to a Commune is a privilege; in the northern provinces, on the contrary, where the annual dues exceed the normal rent of the land, to belong to a Commune is a burden. In these latter the Commune has really taken the place of the serf-proprietor, and holds its members in a state of semi-serfage, but it must be added that for this it is not to blame. As it is held responsible for the dues of all its members, and as these dues exceed the value of the benefits which it has to confer, it is obliged to retain its members whether they desire to possess land or not. In short the Commune in this part of the country has been transformed against its will into a tax-gatherer; and it is obliged to use stringent measures, for the taxes are inordinately heavy, and it is held responsible for their payment. In the southern regions, where the dues do not exceed the normal rent of the land and where the Commune has more the character of a voluntary association we hear few or no complaints of Communal tyranny.

There still remains, however, the difficult question as to how far the Communal right of property in the land and the periodical redistributions to which it gives rise, impose hurtful restrictions on the peasant's liberty of action in the cultivation of his fields, and deprive him of the natural inducements to improve his land. This is one of the grand *questiones vexatæ* at present agitated in Russia and is much too complex and delicate to be dismissed with a few sentences. My own opinion is, that the *Mir* if retained in its present form may have at some future time an obstructive tendency; but I believe that this pernicious influence might be removed by means of partial modifications—preserving intact the fundamental principle of the institution—that of securing for each peasant family a house, a garden, and a share of the land. These modifications should

not, however, be imposed from above. The institution has vitality enough to be in no need of extraneous guidance, and is quite capable of making in its constitution and mode of action any modification that circumstances may demand. Peasant affairs are thoroughly understood only by the peasants themselves. Reforms undertaken spontaneously by the Communes will be much less sudden, less symmetrical, less formally perfect than those which might be devised by a bureaucratic commission, but they are sure to be more practically useful. Indeed it may be said in general that the friends of self-government in Russia should be very cautious in meddling with the *Mir*, for it is the only institution which has genuine, spontaneous, independent life in it, and does not require to draw galvanic vitality from the central authority. All the other organs of self-government in Russia are more or less artificial and ornamental, and might, without any social perturbation, be demolished by the power which created them. The *Mir* alone has deep roots in the traditions, the habits, and the everyday interests of the people, and any essential modification introduced into it

suddenly by legislative enactment would be sure to influence deeply the whole social organization.

In the opinion that the *Mir* is an institution which will one day be introduced into other countries—*destinée à faire le tour du monde*, as Cavour phrased it—I cannot concur. It is a useful institution where it has been preserved, but it is incapable of being transplanted to a foreign soil. Even those who maintain that the ultimate solution of these agrarian difficulties which we may ere long have to face is to be found in the principle of agricultural co-operative association, must admit that the *Mir* is a rude, primitive instrument for the exercise of co-operative effort. In this, as in all other social questions, each nation must work out for itself a solution in accordance with its social organization and with the traditions, the habits and the spirit of the people. Russia has, however, in preserving her Communal institutions, perhaps stolen a march on Western Europe, for with the Commune as a basis, voluntary agricultural or industrial associations may easily be created.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

TALMA.

ON the 1st of Fructidor, the third year of the Republic—or in more intelligible language, on the 18th of August, 1795, Ducis, the then popular French translator of Shakespeare, wrote to the great tragedian Talma as follows, only of course in his own tongue:—

"The character of Macbeth suits you admirably; you have the true note of passion; you exhibit with equal power remorse and love, virtue and crime. Here is the making of a tragic actor: you may go very far: the spirit of tragedy breathed upon your cradle."

Talma was at this time thirty-two years of age, and he had already obtained considerable distinction; in 1789 he had astonished Paris by his performance of Charles IX., in Chénier's drama of that name; it excited the passions of the audience to the highest pitch, and its representation was attended by a political agitation, which extended from the spectators to the players, who beforehand merely troubled with ordinary spites and

jealousies, now began to squabble about Kings and Republics, and the rights and wrongs of men, till the company split into two sections, the one Republican, the other Royalist; and the democratical party, headed by Talma, leaving the Conservatives to carry on their performances as best they might, in the Théâtre de la Nation, established itself in the Salle des Variétés, Rue de la Loi, at the present day restored to its original name of Rue de Richelieu. In this house, well known to us as the actual Théâtre Français, Talma achieved that long series of triumphs by which his name has become famous among the nations of Europe. Triumph is a word advisedly chosen to describe his successes; for he was a conqueror, not an easy winner.

When he made his first appearance on a public stage in the year 1783, at the Théâtre de Doyen, in the tragedy of 'Mahomet,' a committee of friends, convened to decide upon his future chances,

pronounced that he had absolutely none for a theatrical career; for, said they, what can you hope when the highest inspiration (*feu sacré*) has been denied to you? but it is evident that you are a man of ability, and you may no doubt exercise it with advantage if you take up your father's profession.

The young actor was the son of a French dentist, then established in London; he was born in France, and educated at a French school, but his holidays had been chiefly spent with his father in England. He accepted the decree of the tribunal which sat upon him, and abandoning the hope of wringing hearts, he turned his attention to extracting teeth. He studied anatomy, worked in hospitals, and set up as a dentist in Paris. Yet he could not forget that at M. Lamarquière's school at Chaillot he was distinguished for his dramatic power when only nine years old, and was then continually called upon to act and recite. At that early age, when playing a second part in the tragedy of 'Le Fils de Tamerlane,' he had wept for the woes of the leading character, and the same singular sensibility which was the source of those tears now deeply troubled him when he witnessed a painful operation or was called upon to probe a wound. His emotion on these occasions made it impossible for him to taste food during the whole of the successive day, and his imagination projected before him continual images of suffering and death. Yet he had sufficient self-command to labor with diligence at the work which he abhorred, and he became a successful operator. This is a point which the reader should dwell upon as an indication of that power of physical control which is essential to forcible dramatic representation. Talma, mentally sickened by his surgical tasks, could yet maintain such a command over his hand that its skill was gratefully recognised. The effort prostrated him when it was over, but his mastery over his nerves was complete so long as it was necessary. He had then that passionate imagination, with the strength to regulate its sway, which is of the utmost importance to a tragic actor. To these qualities the young Talma now began to add the resources of extended knowledge, which it is desirable for every great tragedian to cultivate. He stole

hours of leisure for studying history, and he took delight in illustrating the scenes which struck his fancy; processions, Roman and Greek, European and barbaric, came to life under his pencil always correctly costumed, and before long he was more learned in ancient lore than in anatomy. His intellect carried him far in every pursuit; but for the stage he had that distinct calling which will not be gainsaid. This was known to several young Parisians of fashion who frequently invited him to their *salons* to act in amateur plays, where he never failed to make a strong impression. All his acquirements in other directions served only as fuel for the burning flame within him. The impetus could not be arrested, and the emotional poetry of life wholly possessed him. It became as evident that his imaginative passion must find its expression as that the groaning Vesuvius must have its eruption, and so in the year 1787, at the age of twenty-four, he came out in tragedy as one of the Société of the Comédie Française. He was much, and perhaps justly, criticised. His voice delighted too much in its own thunder, and his passion was too liberal of its force. The judges said of him, as they had before said of Le Kain, *Il crie*, and the success of the young tragedian was doubtful. Whether from jealousy or disbelief in his powers, the company only assigned third parts to him; this, however, gave him leisure for study; he worked assiduously at the lessons of the Conservatoire under those distinguished teachers Molé and Dugazon, and in all his parts he strove continually to correct his faults; at the same time he went on acquiring daily knowledge in the history of costume, for he knew that he should one day enforce upon the whole company the advantages of adopting it chronologically with exactness and splendor. Hitherto the efforts of Le Kain and Clairon had only produced an occasional hat and feather, turban, long robe, or costly skirt; their kings were of shreds and patches, and their tragedy seemed to be always "giving a rout."

Talma labored hard also to regulate his emotion, and he well knew how to concentrate his force when, in the play of 'Charles IX.,' he bore down upon friends and foes alike with irresistible might, as before mentioned, in 1789.

His strong self-assertion was now acknowledged to be something better than arrogance, and from this time, though his genius met with continual and irritating opposition, he never ceased to be great, and he never ceased to improve. He learned the dominion of reserve, and no longer suffered the power of his voice to betray him; his fine organ, his intellect, and his passion were not his only distinguishing qualities; he had, besides, a noble countenance, capable of exhibiting every variety of tragic emotion. He was in the habit of practising these before a glass, and of exercising his action in the same way. He noted the modulations of his voice so carefully that he was able to excite sympathetic tears by the recital of nonsense verses: this is not very surprising when we remember what singers can do with weak words; it is only a slightly different application of the same power. Talma had one personal disadvantage—it was that of short stature; but his grand deportment, well-chosen costume and fine action persuaded his spectators that he was tall, a delusion not unfrequently obtained upon the stage: the same was the case with Clairon and Rachel.

To an English artist it may appear surprising that Talma, having made a decided success in the year 1789, and having subsequently played most of the leading characters of French tragedy, should be addressed in the year 1795 by the poet Ducis with an encouraging presage of future progress: "*Vous pouvez aller bien loin.*"

But in France art is expectant; if the artist sustains his reputation in a long series of varied performances, he becomes upon each occasion more worthy of attention; more judges assemble to watch him, and consideration grows more wary and circumspect before sentence is pronounced. The personal element enters less into the matter in Paris than in London; that is to say, with the French the art is paramount, and the artist is subservient to it; therefore a performer is not liked because he has been liked; on the contrary, his falling off being a greater disappointment, it is the more severely noticed. The sympathy shown to a favorite performer upon his first entrance on the scene in England by

general hand-clappings is not understood at the Théâtre Français. A few weeks ago one of its most distinguished members said to an English friend: "Do you know that at our inferior playhouses in Paris the audiences actually applaud the performers before they have spoken, and can you conceive such an absurdity?" "I can," replied his friend, "because in London it is the universal custom to greet the principal players in this manner." "Indeed!" rejoined the artist, with a slight lift of the shoulders and eyebrows; too courteous to make any further comment.

Under these conditions of art in France, the probability of future progress indicated by Ducis was welcome to Talma, even after six years of distinction. He had played in Racine's and more particularly in Corneille's tragedies so as to invest them with extraordinary interest; his passion grasped all the best qualities of the natural school; his great predecessors had abandoned recitative in verse; he went further, and frequently leapt over his rhymes; poets proud of their difficult terminations, selected with pain of heart and sweat of brow, were very angry, but Talma followed his own feeling, and he was right. The old classical school kept up a grumbling censure on this point during the greatest part of his career, but he added to his vigorous innovations so much dignity of bearing, and so high a sense of poetical beauty, that, on the whole, conservatism and reform were both satisfied. It was a pity that this two-sided power was not to be found in the government of the nation, as it was in the leader of the Théâtre Français. Momentous political changes had taken place between the year 1789, the date of the young tragedian's first success, and the year 1795, when Ducis, the translator of Shakespeare, was urging him to new exertions in the part of Macbeth. In a singular way Talma's private history was affected by these events. When he broke away from the Théâtre de la Nation he left there a young Royalist who was very dear to him: this was Madame Petit (*née* Vanhove), an actress of considerable reputation and personal charm. Her loyalty and that of her comrades was shocked by the forced substitution of the words *citoyen* and *cito-*

ienne for their favorite, long accustomed, Monsieur and Madame, and they marked the change with a scornful emphasis.

They also occasionally spoke dialogue, of which the sense was not distinctly Republican, and it therefore seemed to that vigilant body, the Committee of Public Safety, a work of urgent necessity to close the theatre and to imprison the players. Accordingly at night, on the 3rd of September, 1793, the actors were carried off from their homes by force to the Madelonnettes and the actresses to St. Pélagie, where the famous Madame Roland was then awaiting her fate. She saw Madame Petit mount those prison stairs which she was herself soon to descend on her way to the scaffold, and exclaimed, "Oh! how barbarous Frenchmen must have become if they can think a dungeon the fittest place for so much grace and so much talent!"

The Committee now took the case of the players into grave consideration. Should they be condemned to perpetual exile, or should the guillotine do its short sharp work, and give its prompt answer to a difficulty? Collot d'Herbois, an influential member of the Committee, had been an unsuccessful player at Lyons; he was on this account ill disposed towards the distinguished comedians of Paris, and voted that a decree should be passed sentencing the principal players of the company to immediate decapitation, and the rest to that process called deportation, which generally means death in poisonous places.

This suggestion struck the rest of the Committee, who were not in the position of envious rivals, as rather severe; and it was thought necessary to pause before action—the players were popular, and some of the ladies among them were objects of an admiration to which even the idea of patriotism and public safety gave way; so a delay was granted, the result of which was the liberation of the prisoners upon condition that they would abandon the Théâtre de la Nation and join the Republican section which had quarrelled with them: under these circumstances the greater part of them went over to the Théâtre de la République, carrying their properties with them.

Here Robespierre, who had in one of his tirades denounced the Théâtre Français as "the disgusting resort of aristoc-

racy and the insulter of the Revolution," frequently appeared; he was attracted by the irresistible fascination of Madame Petit. Poor Madame Petit was in a position of peril; Robespierre had conceived a passion for her, and Talma loved her; it was difficult to be loved by Talma and to remain indifferent. She was not indifferent; he was the ideal of her imagination and her most dear comrade. M. Petit, a fatherly husband, whom she had married when she was only fifteen, was dead; so far then she was free, but Madame Talma was living—she was twenty years older than her husband, and their marriage had never been a happy one; indeed they lived actually apart, although there was no judicial separation. The Revolution had made marriage laws more than easy. Talma entreated Madame Petit to become his wife, and urged his cause with all his fire and eloquence; but she clung to the ideas of the old régime and denied his suit. Talma waited upon her will: Robespierre's eyes were upon them both; he saw where the young widow's preference lay, and his vanity at once concluded this to be the sole cause of her coldness towards himself. To him there was a way always open for conquest; that way was by the Place de Grève, and Talma's name was at once put down upon the list of the condemned. The man whose name was on that list had his head very near the block, and Talma's would have been cut off in the blossom of his youth and fame but for the timely intervention of his tailor, one who made all the fashionable coats of the Reign of Terror, and who was also tailor to Robespierre. This man, one day as he was receiving orders from that dangerous person, made an unfortunate suggestion, "Would not the citizen like to have a short coat à la Talma?" Upon the sound of this name Robespierre was seized with a nervous spasm, which made him look so terrible that the trembling tailor thought he saw before him a tiger about to spring. "Talma, Talma!" growled Robespierre. "I didn't say that; I didn't say that, citizen," cried the wretched tailor, swiftly retreating, and, without staying to take his measure, he fled from the house and ran at full speed to the Rue de la Victoire to tell the doomed tragedian what had occurred. Talma immediately consulted Madame Petit,

and she impressed upon him the urgent necessity of absenting himself for the present from her society; after which sensible piece of advice she resolved to seek protection from the party formed in opposition to Robespierre: with this view she paid a visit to an old friend, Madame Cheftel of the Théâtre Français, better known as Mademoiselle Fleury, whose husband's most familiar guests were Danton and Tallien. She was at her own request invited to meet them at dinner, and she spared no effort to make herself agreeable. Effort in this direction was by no means necessary for her, and it is something to say that the exertion she used on this occasion did not interfere with her usual attractions. Tallien was enchanted, and at dessert, addressing her in the tone of gallantry which was the style of that time, he said in tones audible to all present, "Do you know, pretty citizen, that you are denounced by the Committee of Public Safety?" "Oh, citizen, what is this you tell me?" "It is a certain fact; but surely you must be aware of it—that villain Robespierre is in love with you." "How could I guess such a thing, citizen?—but if it is true I implore your assistance to deliver me from this great affliction." "Indeed! do you mean what you say?" "Of course she does," said Danton in his voice of thunder; "is it possible that so pretty a woman should look favorably upon that reptile—upon that abortion of nature? Poor little thing, why the bare idea of it has flushed her face. Don't be so frightened," he added, turning towards her; "you have nothing more to fear, most charming citizen; look upon us as your friends; if you are persecuted I will take you under my protection. If you are threatened call for Danton."

During the course of the dinner a circumstance, which at any other time would have been insignificant, painfully struck the imagination of the young actress. A fish of uncommon size was one of the dishes, and as it was set down before Danton its head fell into his plate. "Danton!" exclaimed Tallien, "that is a bad augury." "Not at all," replied Danton; "don't you see that this head falls before me?"

At the end of this dinner Madame Petit judged it prudent to plead indisposition and leave Paris. In these days life was like the last act of a tragedy,

crowded with dire events; and before long she returned to her home, upon the news that Robespierre was beheaded; but Danton's head had fallen first.

Not alone Robespierre's menacing passion had determined the temporary retirement of the young actress; her feeling for Talma was another motive. She saw him tortured by his affection for her, and she hoped that a few months of separation might calm his mind, the idea of the formal divorce of his wife being still repugnant to her. Upon her return, however, an incident took place which altered her resolution, which made further resistance impossible, and which satisfied her that their marriage was decreed in heaven. In a piece written by Collot d'Herbois, where the heroine has to be carried off the stage, the actor to whom this business was intrusted missed his footing, and fell with Madame Petit in his arms. His whole weight was upon her, and not only was she bruised severely and almost suffocated, but it happened also that a long pin ran right into her breast. The accident was a serious one, and the sufferer was carried to her dressing-room, while doctors and surgeons were immediately summoned to the spot, and the whole theatre was in commotion, for the actress was a general favorite. The doctors, consulting, said the wound did not bleed freely as it ought; and one among them, raising his voice to silence the general agitation, said, "The wound must be sucked; it is the only way to avert a fatal end, and there must be no delay. Talma, I think you will not refuse this office; her life must be saved." Talma, pale before, turned crimson as he rushed forward to obey the doctor's bidding. He was the saviour of the life he loved.

After this event the feeling became general that the marriage must take place, and accordingly the first wife was duly divorced, and these two were married on the 16th of June, 1802. Some happy years followed their union; but Talma was a man to whom enduring domestic peace was an impossibility. Excitement seemed a necessity for him: he plunged into it to get outside of his own mind, which teemed with painful images. There were days on which he surveyed his wife with evident distress. On one occasion he told her that, though he knew

she was beautiful, he looked for her beauty in vain: he could see only her skeleton. This idea frequently possessed him: he saw death, skulls, dust, bones, and worms while he sat among his living friends.

Some ascribed these hauntings of his imagination to his early residence in the climate of London; others, to the anatomical studies of his youth. He sometimes rushed from them to the gaming-table, but it was only in the pursuit of his art that he really found rest. Here, always vigilant, always sober, he exercised his great faculties with unceasing delight. His whole spirit was subduced to the will of his muse, and so long as he was actually studying a part he was completely under the dominion of his judgment. He and his wife worked and acted for a long period harmoniously together: in the tragedies of 'Edipe,' 'Othello,' 'Agamemnon,' and 'Andromaque,' they were especially successful.

Talma had in him that combination of the highest qualities of art with far-reaching and exalted passion which justifies the use of the word sublime—a great word made so ridiculous by frequent misapplication as to be a terror to a conscientious writer. It is nevertheless true that this word best concentrates the force and majesty of Talma, to which the grace and pathos of his wife made a delightful accompaniment. They were the objects of many ovations, they were overwhelmed with engagements, poets addressed enthusiastic strophes to them, crowded houses rejoiced at their union, and managers in the principal towns of Holland and Belgium put down large sums to engage their services; but the Théâtre Français remonstrated and said, "We cannot do without you."

There is a phrase in the French language, become too common now, which was invented for Madame Talma. A critic, trying to convey an idea of the emotion she excited, found this expression: "*Elle a des larmes dans la voix.*" It has become popular as a fashion of describing tenderness, and not unfrequently English novelists bestow such a grace upon their heroines and talk of tears in the voice, but it would be well to leave the distinction to its first owner; and even with regard to her, or to any

actress equally sympathetic, it requires explanation. It must not be supposed to mean a weeping voice, but a voice whose tones alone, without further effort on the part of the artist, could produce weeping in others. Actual weeping should be rare on the stage, and when an actress thinks that her audience will cry because she herself cries, she is greatly mistaken. Only in exceptional cases are tearful tones sympathetic. A crying voice is generally nasal—the nose is pinched, the passage of the voice from the chest is obstructed, and the whole effect is eminently disagreeable.

Some readers may perhaps be disposed to ascribe Madame Talma's singular influence to the divine gift of such a voice, and it is true that so capable an instrument is a precious endowment for a player; but it is also true that the power she acquired over this instrument was the result of great vigilance and labor. She has left to posterity a volume containing an exact account of her work and of the effects produced by it, some portions of which may be extracted in these pages; but any one interested in dramatic art should determine to possess the book itself, for it is full of valuable information and penetration, conveyed with ease and simplicity.

One of Madame Talma's favorite exercises was the ejaculation of the monosyllable "Ah!" with an infinite variety of notes to affect the mind of the hearer in different ways. She used to shut herself up in her room and imagine situations of horror or affliction, in which she was herself the principal. She was sometimes about to be dragged to the guillotine, or her children were being torn from her, or she was deserted by her husband, a prey to jealous anguish; her emotion never failed to follow these fancies, and her exclamations were sometimes so agonising, that the reflection of them back upon herself almost exhausted her consciousness. Her expression was purposely confined to the simple ejaculation "Ah!" for she thought it desirable to acquire a complete command of tones before practising more complex forms of meaning shaped into words. Another of her exercises consisted in various utterances of the short, seemingly insignificant sentence of "Bonjour, Mon-

sieur." She used to imagine a quarrel with a friend, and then a constrained meeting, all which her "Bonjour, Monsieur" should indicate; or a concealed disgust, or a hidden passion, or a cold disdain; and these phrases she repeated till she was certain that they must convey the intended feeling to any hearer of average sensibility. Here is an example of that patience of genius which Carlyle has spoken of as its very essence. There are probably many young people entered or entering upon the stage, and believing themselves clever, who will laugh at the idea of these solitary, arduous efforts of Madame Talma's; they will say, "How ridiculous to imagine yourself being dragged to the guillotine; how absurd to spend hours in giving expression to such a phrase as 'Bonjour, Monsieur;'" and no doubt if the great artist were living still, as her reputation is, these persons would proceed to "quiz her" according to their own notions. They might do that, and she, certain of her art, might advance with her modest dignity to the centre of the stage, face her audience, speak a few appealing words in her tender, faultless articulation, and meet the answer of fast falling tears from every man and every woman present; for she never failed to reach the hearts of her hearers.

The feeling with which she went through the self-imposed tasks here mentioned has been described by Macready as "induced feeling," and Madame Talma gives a careful analysis of this kind of emotion and of the qualities required to support it. "In what," says she, "does dramatic impulse (*verve théâtrale*) consist? Can it be acquired by assiduous endeavor? I am forced to admit that study, a determined will, and even the utmost perseverance, will do nothing if nature does not second you. It is possible to be an intelligent, a meritorious, and a justly applauded artist, and yet never to command that dramatic impulse which can intoxicate, which can transport, which can dominate an audience. The divine spark (*feu sacré*), the dramatic impulse" (words which I look on as synonymous), "are nothing less than a fever, a vibration of the nerves, a kind of malady favorable to the person who is possessed by it." She goes on to say that great labor on the part of the

artist is required to regulate this state of exaltation, and to master completely the gradations of passion, till 'by restraint in some passages he can in others command that prodigious force which deserves to be called sublime.

No tragedian ever acquired a more supreme command over the fire that raged within him than Talma. Yet Talma himself—the great Talma—his widow tells us, had an extraordinary difficulty in exerting this empire over himself on first nights, especially when he played a part belonging to the classical *répertoire*; he could then scarcely control his alarm, his trepidation, his extreme agitation. But the first representation once over, his presence of mind returned to him, and he then arranged his effects with precision and certainty, so that he could unfailingly reproduce them, and whatever part he played, he seemed always to overtop it.

Madame Talma warns young players against too much faith in tradition—a warning not at all needed in England, where we have no dramatic tradition; and perhaps not much required at the present day in France, where there exists, even at the Théâtre Français, a more general disposition to rush into the affected negligence of a new school, than to contemplate with admiration the great models of the past. Admiration, however, is well fitted to raise the mind of the artist, and when Madame Talma deprecates tradition, her intention is merely to put down direct imitation, which she justly holds to be fatal to the progress of art. Talma used to feel almost paralysed in certain passages which the genius of Le Kain seemed to have appropriated. The character of Orasmane in 'Zaire' was antipathetic to him for this reason. At the famous line, "Zaire, vous pleurez," he used to sweat drops of agony, and yet missed his effect impeded by the knowledge of what Le Kain before him had done with these words. In the part of Othello, where a similar passion works, but in which he had no traditions to interfere with him, he had his audience completely under his sway.

He was a subtle thinker, and introduced many new ways into old characters, not in order to have it said "Talma is original," but because the changes were

evidently right. A good instance of this is afforded by his delivery of the well-known speech in 'Œdipe'—

"J'étais jeune et superbe et nourri dans un
rang
Où l'on puisa toujours l'orgueil avec le
sang,"

which his predecessors used to say in a grand manner, with swelling pride, but which he, looking further, gave with a totally opposite expression: meditating on the preceding and succeeding lines, he felt that Œdipe at this moment is very far from boasting of his advantages; that, on the contrary, he is deploring the errors of his youth, and lamenting his love for what was worthless. He gave the lines, therefore, with an air of self-abasement, and he seemed to reproach himself as he spoke: this version was at once accepted as true, and is generally admitted now as the just interpretation of the poet's meaning.

In the Emperor Napoleon I. Talma had an affectionate and constant supporter. When Buonaparte was a lieutenant of artillery they were warm friends. Talma never abused this friendship, and the First Consul and the Emperor were no less devoted to him than the little officer of the Republic. But while the imperial favor was undoubtedly of use to the tragedian in a worldly point of view, it was dangerous in a moral one. It inspired him with new cravings after luxury, glory, and violent emotions; and being surrounded in the imperial circles by beautiful women, who, excited by his genius and distinction, were ready to fling themselves into his arms, he yielded to this fascination, and became "*un homme à bonnes fortunes*." If, however, Talma was guilty of neglecting his domestic ties, he was still faithful to his art; his devotion to it suffered no change, and was rewarded by the homage not merely of his own countrymen, but of all nations; artists and peasants, princes and poets, young women and old men, were all equally enthralled by him. John Kemble and Macready were both very much his admirers and friends. Macready's record of his acting, published in his '*Reminiscences*,' may be quoted here; for probably there is no other English account of it so forcible as this. 'Sylla,' by Jouy, was the tragedy in

which Talma was acting, and Macready says:—

"His entry on the stage in the dignified ease of his deportment bespoke a consciousness of power that arrested at once the attention and interest of the beholder. In his attitudes and manners there was nothing of the rigidity and visible preparation of Kemble, his address was that of one to whom the tone of command was too familiar to need strain or effort. His pride, too lofty to be betrayed into violence, displayed itself in his calm disdain of the Romans dégénérés. To the dependent kings, the mutinous people, or the infuriated Valerie, he preserved the same unperturbed demeanor It was only when arraigned at the bar of his own conscience that he appeared to feel and confessed the insufficiency of greatness to give peace. In the disturbed sleep, haunted by the visions [of his slaughtered victims, which followed his soliloquy, he awed the audience into a death-like stillness . . . and his dignified utterance of the line—

'J'ai gouverné sans peur et j'abdique sans crainte'

was a fitting climax to the character so nobly and consistently maintained."

The great English tragedian saw with the eye of an artist and of a passionate student the extraordinary power and the perfect skill of Talma; to his testimony may be added that of a lady well known for her penetrating and much cultured intellect, who writes in a letter to a friend about this same representation of Sylla in the following words:—

"I can never forget his delivery of two or three lines in speaking of his dealing with the Romans—

'Je les ai jugés sans haine ainsi que sans pitié.'

Again, at his abdication, I make bold to say that no person of feeling who heard it can ever forget his delivery of

'J'ai gouverné sans peur et j'abdique sans crainte.'

"Though it was not emotional or loud, the emphatic, cold, incisive dignity of it was so great that I, a girl then not seventeen, found myself unconsciously standing up with tears running down my face, and people round me in the same condition."

It is remarkable that Talma's passion not only invested his own poets with a vitality which made them live for all nationalities, but that he was able to play Shakespeare, fettered as it was by the rhymed translation and absurd alterations of Ducis, in a manner which reached the heart of Englishmen; there are those who even now turn cold at the recollection of his look in Hamlet when

he came upon the stage after a dream of his father's ghost; and his Macbeth and Othello were by all critics, whether foreign or French, looked upon as master-pieces. He had the advantage of knowing English as well as his own tongue, and besides this he had a powerful intellect. He was with such means at his command able to penetrate the inmost thought of the poet; his glowing imagination supplied the great spirit, and rushed through the boundaries of frigid words.

Whatever the demerits of Ducis' translations, some respect is due to them, for the French, chained to academical rules, were not then in a condition to taste Shakespeare in his native force. He had to be cooked for the Parisian palate; offered thus under the auspices of Talma, the people became conscious of a new intellectual food, and they were led on by degrees till, in the year 1830, Shakespeare's name was enrolled on their banners as the chief of poets, and the young Victor Hugo challenged to mortal combat the whole French classical school with the name of the great English dramatist for his war-cry. The reason why no play of Shakespeare is now attempted at the Français is this, that the artists have a strong sense of the deficiencies of all French translations hitherto published. Their feeling of poetical beauty rejects a bald, a weak, or a rough translation; and this being the case, it is difficult to imagine that the Shakespearian drama will ever be acted in the French tongue. The difficulty of a satisfactory translation of the one language into the other is apparently invincible. What French play has ever been rendered in English without being, if not vulgarized, at least *coarsified*? What English poem has ever been done into French, without being weakened? And this is true of prose as well as of poetry; although not in an equal degree. It is then a proper respect, and not a contempt for Shakespeare, which determines the company of the Théâtre Français to abstain from his plays at the present time. Perhaps, if another Talma appeared, they might give way; but no other Talma will ever come, for genius does not repeat itself in form, it takes new shapes, and leaves the images of the past to the reverence of memory.

This reverence grows when the object of it is removed, and no longer capable of

exciting jealous fear and its attendant hatred; let no living actor imagine that any one of the great gone by has ever won the imperishable wreath without unflagging opposition. Talma, after those early days when he was cast for third parts, after he had obtained his most signal victories, was still the subject of continual attack from the critics of the press, one of whom, Geoffroy, a distinguished writer, by his persevering enmity, incensed the actor to such a degree that he on one occasion forgot his own dignity, and entering the critic's box at the theatre, struck him with his fist, saying, "*Ah, te voilà, je t'ai cherché!*" A scuffle ensued, and the two had to be forcibly separated by their friends. This was the only time in his life that Talma was betrayed into any outburst of passion off the stage. As an actor, the faults with which he was charged were sounds in his voice of such depth that they seemed to proceed from a cavern, and alternations too sudden from tones so low as to be hardly audible, to vehement shouts of exaltation. The poet Le Brun, comparing Le Kain and Talma, says that Talma, more supple and less robust, had rather the passion of the tiger, and Le Kain that of the lion. This was probably intended as a disparagement to Talma, but it has no significance now, when the two men stand side by side equally honored by all who esteem great art. Geoffroy was connected with an actress named Volnais whom he wished to see in Madame Talma's place, and though he censured Talma with sufficient severity, Madame was the object of his special detestation. Partly influenced by this critic, and partly by a fancy of his own, Napoleon withdrew his favor from the wife, and actually forbade her from appearing before the *parterre des rois* at Erfurth, to whom it was his pride to see Talma play. That *parterre* was blown to the winds, and Napoleon's sun was setting at St. Helena, when Madame Talma, still in the fulness of her remarkable powers, retired from the stage, on the 20th of July, 1816. Her domestic life was troubled, and the pursuit of her art even had been embittered to her. Her farewell to the stage was, however, a subject of regret to all Paris, and in her retirement she commanded general respect and sympathy. She devoted herself to literature, which she had always

assiduously cultivated, but among her writings the only volume which is valuable to posterity is that of her '*Etudes sur l'Art Théâtral*,' published in Paris in the year 1835. Talma died at the very climax of his fame in the year 1826, at the age of sixty-three. He had by that time acted down antagonism; all Paris attended his funeral, many orations were spoken over his grave, and tears watered the flowers with which it was covered. His widow in due time married the Vicomte de Chalot, a Belgian gentleman, whose social gatherings under her auspices were remarkable for good taste and intellectual culture. M. Guillard, the present librarian of the Théâtre Français, remembers Madame de Chalot, who was fond of visiting her old haunts, as a "*vieille femme charmante*," but without a trace of her former beauty, with "*la figure toute ratatinée*," yet full of life and spirit, with a fund of interesting anecdotes.

Those writers who pretended that Talma was upheld only by the favor of the Emperor were answered at the time of Napoleon's downfall, when the great tragedian still held his own. The same actor could move a Bourbon, a Buonaparte, and a Vergniaud. Under the Girondins, in the Reign of Terror, during the Empire, and at the Restoration, Talma still firmly held those heights which his genius had won, though every inch of his ground was disputed, and his position was continually assailed, often with talent, and always with malignity. The turbulence and rapid revolutions of his time so far affected his art that they influenced his mind, but his performances went on the same through all changes; on one occasion, appealing to the public when there was a violent demonstration made against him by a section in the pit, he said: "Citizens, I have lost all

my friends upon the scaffold!" This was on the 21st of March, 1795. His words were true, and they awed the house into silence. The Girondins had been the great actor's first friends: they were all swept away. It was at a social meeting with some of the leaders of that party that he first conceived the idea of making stage monarchs speak like living men. He completed the reforms begun by the famous Baron, and gave ample freedom to tragedy. In the character of Orestes, and in others where an immense passion was to be expressed, he dared to utter inarticulate cries, but he distributed them with careful thought; he was exact as to the how and the where. Self-command, an exalted imagination, an educated and comprehensive intellect, with an unalterable belief in himself, distinguished him as an artist, and to these qualities he added physical strength. He looked upon his faults as his only dangerous enemies, and it was his constant effort to conquer them. As a man he was by no means faultless, but he had many great merits; he was generous and affectionate; he was a constant friend; his temper was on the whole well governed, and in spite of his inward glooms he was animated and eloquent in society. It has been said that he was not proof against some signal temptations of the imperial court, but if he yielded to the seductions which invited his regard, he was, unlike the ruler of that court, chivalrous and respectful to all women who knew how to respect themselves. Let us conclude with his widow's own words about him: "*J'ai parlé de quelques faiblesses, de quelques bizarreries quel génie en est exempt! et si Talma eut des torts, ils se perdent dans sa gloire.*" —*Temple Bar.*

THE KAFIR AT HOME.

BY LADY BARKER.

MARITZBURG, Feb. 10th, 1876.

IN the South African calendar this is set down as the first of the autumnal months, but half a dozen hours of the midday are still quite as close and oppressive as any we have had. I am however bound to say that the nights—at

all events up here—are cooler, and I begin even to think of a light shawl for my solitary walks in the verandah just before bed-time. When the moon shines these walks are pleasant enough, but when only the "common people of the skies" are trying to filter down their feeblér light

through the misty atmosphere, I have a lurking fear and distrust of the reptiles and insects who may also have a fancy for promenading themselves at the same time in the same place. I say nothing of bats, frogs, and toads, mantis, or even huge moths; to these we are quite accustomed. But although I have never seen a live snake in this country myself, still one hears such unpleasant stories about them, that it is just as well to "mak siccar," as the Scotch say, with a candle, before beginning a constitutional in the dark.

It is not a week ago since a lady of my acquaintance, being surprised at her little dog's refusal to follow her into her bedroom one night, instituted a search for the reason of the poor little creature's terror and dismay, and discovered a snake coiled up under her chest of drawers. At this moment, too, the local papers are full of recipes for the prevention and cure of snake bites, public attention being much attracted to the subject on account of an Englishman having been bitten by a black *mamba* (a very venomous adder) some short time since, and having died of the wound in a few hours. In his case, poor man, he does not seem to have had a chance from the first, for besides being obliged to walk some distance to the nearest house, he had to be taken, as they had no proper remedies there, on a further journey of some miles to a hospital. All this exercise and motion caused the poison to circulate freely through the veins, and was the worst possible thing for him. The doctors here seem agreed that the treatment by ammonia and brandy is the safest, and many instances are adduced to show how successful it has been, though one party of curers admits the ammonia, but denies the brandy. On the other hand, one hears of a child bitten by a snake, and swallowing half a large bottle of raw brandy in half an hour, without its head being at all affected, and what is more, recovering from the bite, and living happy ever after. I keep quantities of both remedies close at hand, for three or four venomous snakes have been killed within a dozen yards of the house, and little G— is perpetually exploring the long grass all around, or hunting for a stray peg-top or cricket-ball in one of those beautiful fern-filled ditches whose tangle of

creepers and plummy ferns are exactly the favorite haunts of snakes. As yet he has brought back from these forbidden raids nothing worse than a few ticks and millions of burrs.

As for the ticks, I am getting over my horror at having to dislodge them from among baby's soft curls by means of a sharp needle, and even G— only shrieks with laughter at discovering a great swollen monster hanging on by its forceps to his leg. They torment the poor dogs and horses dreadfully, and if the said horses were not the very quietest, meekest, most underbred and depressed animals in the world, we should certainly hear of more accidents. As it is, they confine their efforts to get rid of their tormentors to rubbing all their hair off their tails and sides, in patches, against the walls of their stable or the trunk of a tree. Indeed, the clever way G—'s miserable little Basuto pony climbs actually inside a good-sized bush, and sways himself about in it, with his legs off the ground, until the whole thing comes with a crash to the ground, is edifying to behold—to every one except the owner of the tree. Tom, the Kafir boy, tried hard to persuade me the other day that the pony was to blame for the destruction of a peach tree, but as the only broken-down branches were those which had been laden with fruit, I am inclined to acquit the pony. Carbolic soap is an excellent thing to wash both dogs and horses with, as it not only keeps away flies and ticks from the skin, which is constantly rubbed off by incessant scratching, but helps to heal the tendency to a sore place. Indeed, nothing frightened me so much as what I heard when I first arrived about Natal sores and Natal boils. Everybody told me that ever so slight a cut or abrasion went on slowly festering, and that sores on children's faces were quite common. This sounded very dreadful, but I am beginning to hope it was an exaggeration, for whenever G— cuts or knacks himself (which is every day or so), or scratches an insect's bite into a bad place, I wash the part with a little carbolic soap (there are two sorts, one for animals, and a more refined preparation for the human skin), and it is quite well next day. We have all had a threatening of those horrid boils, but they have passed off.

In town the mosquitoes are plentiful

and lively, devoting their attentions chiefly to new-comers; but up here (I write as though we were 5,000 feet, instead of only 50, above Maritzburg) it is rare to see one at all. I think "fillies" are more in our line, and that in spite of every floor in the house being scrubbed daily with strong soda and water. "Fillies," you must know, is our black groom Charlie's way of pronouncing fleas, and I find it ever so much prettier. Charlie and I are having a daily discussion just now, touching sundry moneys he expended during my week's absence at Durban, for the kittens' food. Charlie calls them the "lib catties," and declares that the two small animals consumed 3s. 9d. worth of meat in a week. I laughingly say, "But Charlie, that would be nearly nine pounds of meat in six days, and they couldn't eat that, you know." Charlie grins and shows all his beautiful even white teeth; then he bashfully turns his head aside, and says, "I doan know, ma; I buy 6d. meat tree time." "Very well, Charlie, that would be 1s. 6d." "I doan know, ma." And we've not got any further than that yet.

But G— and I are picking up many words of Kafir, and it is quite mortifying to see how much more easily the little monkey learns than I do. I forget my phrases, or confuse them, whereas when he learns two or three sentences he appears to remember them always. It is a very melodious and beautiful language, and, except for the clicks, not very difficult to learn. Almost every lady here speaks it a little, and it is the first thing necessary for a new comer to endeavor to acquire; only unfortunately there are no teachers as in India, and consequently you pick up a wretched, debased kind of patois interlarded with Dutch phrases. Indeed I am assured there is one word, "el hashi" (the horse), of unmistakable Moorish origin, though no one knows how it got into the language. Many of the Kafirs about town speak a little English, and they are exceedingly sharp, when they choose, about understanding what is meant, even if they do not quite catch the meaning of the words used. There is one genius of my acquaintance called "Sixpence," who is not only a capital cook, but an accomplished English scholar, having spent some months in England. Generally, to the Cape and

back is the extent of their journeyings, for they are a home-loving people, but Sixpence went to England with his master, and brought back a shivering recollection of an English winter and a deep-rooted amazement at the boys of the Shoe Brigade, who wanted to clean his boots. That astonished him more than anything else, he says.

The Kafirs are very fond of attending their own schools and church services, of which there are several in the town; and I find one of my greatest difficulties in living out here consists in getting Kafirs to come out of town, for by so doing they miss their regular attendance at chapel and school. A few Sundays ago I went to one of these Kafir schools, and was much struck by the intensely absorbed air of the pupils, almost all of whom were youths about twenty years of age. They were learning to read the Bible in Kafir during my visit, sitting in couples and helping each other on with great diligence and earnestness. No looking about, no wandering, inattentive glances did I see. I might as well have "had the receipt of fern seed and walked invisible" for all the attention I excited. Presently the pupil teacher, a young black man, who had charge of this class, asked me if I would like to hear them sing a hymn, and on my assenting he read out a verse of "Hold the Fort," and they all stood up and sang it, or rather its Kafir translation, lustily and with good courage, though without much tune. The chorus was especially fine, the word "Inkanyekanye" ringing through the room with great fervor. This is not a literal translation of the words "Hold the Fort," but it is difficult, as the teacher explained to me, for the translator to avail himself of the usual word for "hold," as it conveys more the idea of "take hold, seize," and the young Kafir missionary thoroughly understood the nicety of the idiom. There was another class for women and children, but it was a small one.

Certainly the young men seemed much in earnest, and the rapt expression of their faces was most striking, especially during the short prayer which followed the hymn and ended the school for the afternoon. I have heard on all sides since my arrival the advice *not* to take Christian Kafirs into my service, and I am at a loss to know in what way the

prejudice against them can have arisen. "Take a Kafir green from his kraal if you wish to have a good servant," is what every one tells me. It so happens we have two of each—two Christians and two heathens—about the place, and there is no doubt whatever which is the best. Indeed I have sometimes conversations with the one who speaks English, and I assure you we might all learn from him with advantage. His simple creed is just what came from the Saviour's lips two thousand years ago, and comprises His teaching of the whole duty of man—to love God (the great "En 'Kos'") and his neighbor as himself. He speaks always with real delight of his privileges, and is very anxious to go to Cape Town to attend some school there of which he talks a great deal, and where he says he should learn to read the Bible in English: at present he is spelling it out with great difficulty in Kafir. This man often talks to me, in the most respectful and civil manner imaginable, about the customs of his tribe, and he constantly alludes to the narrow escape he had of being murdered directly after his birth for the crime of being a twin. His people have a fixed belief that unless one of a pair of babies be killed at once, either the father or mother will die within the year; and as they argue that in any case one child will be sure to die in its infancy, as twins are proverbially difficult to rear, they hold it to be both kind and natural to kill the weakly one at once. This young man is very small and quiet and gentle, with an ugly face, but a sweet, intelligent expression and nice manner. I find him and the other Christian in our service very trustworthy and reliable. If they tell me a thing which has occurred I know I can believe their version of it, and they are absolutely honest. Now the other lads have very loose ideas on the subject of sugar, and make shifty excuses for everything, from the cat breaking a heavy stone filter to half the marketing being dropped on the road. I don't think I have made it sufficiently clear that besides the Sunday schools and services I have mentioned, there are night schools every evening, which are fully attended by Kafir servants, and where they are first taught to read their own language, which is an enormous difficulty to them. They always tell me it is so much easier to

learn to read English than Kafir, and if one studies the two languages it is plain to see how much simpler the new tongue must appear to a learner beside the intricate construction and the varying patois and the necessarily phonetic spelling of a language compounded of so many dialects as the Zulu-Kafir.

Feb. 12th.—In some respects I consider this climate has been rather overpraised. Of course it is a great deal, a very great deal better than our English one; but that, after all, is not saying much in its praise. Then we must remember that in England we have the fear and dread of our climate ever before our eyes, and consequently are always, so to speak, on our guard against it. Here, and in other places where civilization is in its infancy, we are at the mercy of dust and sun, eccentric wind and rain, and all the elements which go to make up weather. Consequently when the balance of comfort and convenience has to be struck it is surprising how small an advantage a really better climate gives, when you take away watering-carts and shady streets for hot weather, and hansom cabs and sheltered railway stations for wet weather, and roads and servants and civility and general conveniences everywhere. This particular climate is both depressing and trying, in spite of the sunny skies we are ever boasting about, because it has a strong tinge of the tropical element in it; and yet people live in much the same kind of houses, only that they are very small, and wear much the same sort of clothes, only that they are very ugly, and lead much the same sort of lives, only that it is a thousand times duller than the dullest country village, as they do in England. Some small concession is made to the thermometer in the matter of puggeries and matted floors, but even then carpets are used wherever it is practicable, because this matting never looks clean or nice after the first week it is put down. All the houses are built on the ground floor with the utmost economy of building material and labor, and consequently there are no passages; every room leads into its neighbor, and is, in fact, a passage, so the perpetual dirty feet, or still worse boots, fresh from the mud or dust of the streets, soon wear out the matting. Few houses are at all

prettily decorated or furnished, partly from the difficulty of procuring anything pretty here, the cost and risk of its carriage up from Durban, if you send to England for it, and partly from the want of servants accustomed to anything but the roughest and coarsest articles of household use. A lady soon begins to take her drawing-room decorations *en guignon* if she has to dust them all herself every day in a very dusty climate. I speak feelingly, and with authority, for that is my case at this moment, and applies to every other part of the house as well.

I must say I like Kafir servants in some respects. They require constant supervision; they require to be told to do the same thing over and over again every day, and what is more, besides telling, you have to stand by and see that they do the thing; they are also very slow: but still, with all these disadvantages, they are far better than the generality of European servants out here, who make their luckless employers' lives a burthen to them by reason of their tempers and caprices. It is much better, I am convinced, to face the evil boldly and to make up one's mind to have none but Kafir servants. Of course, one immediately turns into a sort of overseer and upper-servant one's-self; but at all events you are master or mistress of your own house, and you have good-tempered, faithful domestics, who do their best, however awkwardly, to please you. When there are children, then a good English nurse is a great boon, and in this one respect I am fortunate. Kafirs are also much easier to manage when the orders come direct from the master or mistress, and they work far more willingly for them than for white servants. Tom, the nurse-boy, confided to me yesterday that he hoped to stop in my employment for forty moons; after that space of time he considered that he should be in a position to buy plenty of wives who would work for him and support him for the rest of his life. But how Tom or Jack, or any of the boys, in fact, are to save money, I know not, for every shilling of their wages, except a small margin for coarse snuff, goes to their parents, who fleece them without mercy. If they are fined for breakages or misconduct (the only punishment a Kafir cares for), they

have to account for the deficient money to their stern parent, and both Tom and Jack went through a most graphic pantomime with a stick, of the consequences to themselves, adding that their father said both the beating from him and the fine from us served them right for their carelessness. It seemed so hard they should suffer both ways, and they were so good-tempered and uncomplaining about it, that I fear I shall find it very difficult to stop any threepenny pieces out of their wages in future. A Kafir servant usually gets £1 a month, his clothes and food. The clothes consist of a shirt and short trowsers of coarse check cotton, a soldier's old great coat for winter; and the food is plenty of mealie-meal for "scoff." If he is a good servant, and worth making comfortable, you give him a trifle every week to buy meat. They are very fond of going to their kraals, and you have to make them sign an agreement to remain with you so many months, generally six. By the time you have just taught them with infinite pains and trouble how to do their work, they depart, and you have to begin it all over again. I often see the chiefs, or indunas of kraals, passing here on their way to some kraals which lie just over the hills.

These kraals consist of half a dozen or more large huts, exactly like so many huge bee-hives, on the slope of a hill. There is a rude attempt at sod-fencing round them. A few head of cattle graze in the neighborhood. Lower down, the hill-side is roughly scratched by the women with crooked hoes, to form a mealy-ground. Cows and mealies are all they require, except snuff and tobacco, which they smoke out of a cow's horn. They seem a very gay and cheerful people, to judge by the laughter and jests I hear from the groups returning to their kraals every day, by the road just outside our fence. Sometimes one of the party carries an umbrella, and I assure you the effect of a tall stalwart Kafir, clad either in nothing at all or else a sack, and carefully guarding his bare head with a tattered "Gamp," is very ridiculous. Often some one of the party walks alone, playing upon a rude pipe, whilst the others jig before and after him, laughing and capering like boys let loose from school, and all chattering loudly. You never meet a

man carrying a burthen, unless he is a white settler's servant. When a chief or the induna of a kraal passes this way, I see him clad in a motley garb of old regimentals, with his bare "ringed" head, riding a sorry nag, only the point of his great toe resting in his stirrup. He is followed closely, and with great *empressement*, by his "tail," all "ringed" men also; that is, men of some substance and weight in the community. They carry bundles of sticks, and keep up with the ambling nag, and are closely followed by some of their wives, bearing heavy loads on their heads, but stepping out bravely, with beautiful erect carriage, shapely bare arms and legs, and some sort of coarse drapery worn around their bodies, covering them from shoulder to knee, in folds which would delight an artist's eye, and be the despair of a sculptor's chisel. They don't look either oppressed or discontented. Healthy, happy, and jolly, are the words by which they would be most truthfully described. Still they are lazy, and slow to appreciate any benefit from civilization, except the money; but then savages always seem to me as keen and sordid about money as the most civilized mercantile community anywhere.

Feb. 14th.—I am often asked by people who are thinking of coming here, or who want to send presents to friends here, what to bring or send. Of course it is difficult to say, because my experience is limited, and confined to one spot at present. Therefore I give my opinion very guardedly, and acknowledge it is derived in part from the experience of others who have been here a long time. Amongst other wraps, I have brought a sealskin jacket and muff, which I happened to have. These, I am assured, will be absolutely useless, and already they are a great anxiety to me, on account of the swarms of fish-tail moths which I see scuttling about in every direction if I move a hat, or look behind a picture. In fact there are destructive moths everywhere, and every drawer is redolent of camphor. The only things I can venture to recommend as necessities, are things which no one advised me to bring, and which were only random-shots. One was a light waterproof Ulster, and the other was a lot of those outside blinds for windows which come, I believe, from

Japan, and are made of grass,—green, painted with gay figures. I picked up these latter by the merest accident at the Baker Street Bazaar, for a few shillings. They are the comfort of my life, keeping out glare and dust in the day, and moths and insects of all kinds at night. As for the waterproof, I never should have done without it, and little G—'s has also been most useful. It is the necessary of necessities here, a *real* good substantial waterproof. A man cannot do better than get a regular military waterproof which will cover him from chin to heel on horseback, and even waterproof caps and hats are a comfort in this treacherous summer season, where a storm bursts over your head out of a blue dome of sky, and drenches you even whilst the sun is shining brightly.

A worse climate and country for clothes of every kind and description cannot be imagined. When I first arrived, I thought I had never seen such ugly toilettes in all my life, and I should have been less than woman (or more, which is it?) if I had not derived some secret satisfaction from the possession of at least prettier garments. What I was vain of in my secret heart, was my store of cotton gowns. One can't very well wear cotton gowns in London, and as I am particularly fond of them, I indemnify myself for going abroad by rushing wildly into extensive purchases in cambrics and print dresses. They are so pretty, so cheap, and when charmingly made as mine *were* (alas, they are already things of the past!), nothing can be so satisfactory in the way of summer country garb. Well, it has been precisely in the matter of cotton gowns that I have been punished for my vanity. For a day or two each gown in turn looked charming; then came a flounce or bordering of bright red earth on the lower skirt, and a general impression of red dust and dirt all over it. That was after a drive into Maritzburg, along a road ploughed up by ox-waggons. Still I felt no uneasiness. What are cotton gowns made for, if not to be washed? Away it goes to the wash.

What is this limp discolored rag which returns to me? Ironmoulded, blued until it is nearly black, rough-dried, starched in patches, with the tinge of red earth only more firmly fixed in than before—

behold my favorite ivory cotton. My white gowns are even in a worse plight, for there are no two yards of them the same, and the grotesque mixture of extreme yellowness, extreme blueness, and a pervading tinge of the red mud they have been washed in, renders them a piteous example of misplaced confidence. Other things fare rather better—not much; but my poor gowns are hopeless wrecks, and I am reduced to some old yachting dresses of ticking. The price of washing, as this spoiling process is pleasantly called, is enormous, and I exhaust my faculties in devising more economical arrangements. We can't wash at home, for the simple reason that we've no water, no proper appliances of any sort, and to build and buy such would cost a small fortune. But a tall white-aproned Kafir, with a badge upon his arm, comes now at daylight every Monday morning and takes away a huge sack full of linen, which is placed with sundry pieces of soap and blue in its mouth, all ready for him. He brings it back in the afternoon full of clean and dry linen, for which he receives 3s. 6d. But this is only the first stage. The things to be starched have to be sorted and sent to one woman, and those to be mangled to another, and both lots have to be fetched home again. I always forget to tell you that Jack's real name, elicited with great difficulty as there is a click somewhere in it, is "Umposhongwana," whilst the pickle Tom is known among his own people as "Umkabangwana." You will admit that our substitutes for these fine-syllabled appellations are easier to pronounce in a hurry. Jack is a favorite name; I know half a dozen black Jacks myself. To return, however, to the washing. I spend my time, in this uncertain weather, watching the clouds on the days when the clothes are to come home, for it would be altogether *too* great a trial if one's starched garments were to be caught in a thunder-shower, borne aloft on Jack's head. If the washerwoman takes pains with anything it is with gentlemen's shirts; though, even then, she insists on ironing the collars into strange and fearful shapes.

Let not men think, however, that they have it all their own way in the matter of clothes. White jackets and trowsers are commonly worn here in summer; and it is very soothing, I am told, to try

to put them on in a hurry when the arms and legs are firmly glued together by several pounds of starch. Then, as to boots and shoes, they get so mildewed, if laid aside for even a few days, as to be absolutely offensive; and these, with hats, wear out at the most astonishing rate. The sun and dust and rain finish up the hats in less than no time. But I have not done with my clothes yet. A lady must keep a warm gown and jacket close at hand all through the most broiling summer weather, for a couple of hours will bring the thermometer down 10° or 20°, and I have often been gasping in a white dressing-gown at twelve o'clock, and shivering in a serge dress at three o'clock in the same day. I am making up my mind that serge and ticking are likely to be the most useful material for dresses, and, as one must have something *very* cool for these burning months, tussore or foulard, which get themselves better washed than my poor dear cottons. Silks are next to useless—too smart, too hot, too entirely out of place in such a life as this, except, perhaps, one or two of tried principles which won't spot or fade or misbehave themselves in any way. One goes out, if a warm dry afternoon, with a tulle veil to keep off the flies, or a feather in one's hat, and returns with the one a limp wet rag, and the other quite out of curl. I only wish any milliner could see my feathers now—all straight, rigidly straight as a carpenter's rule, and tinged with red dust besides. As for tulle or crêpe-lisse frilling, or any of those soft pretty adjuncts to a simple toilette, these are five minutes' wear,—no more, I solemnly declare.

I love telling a story against myself, and here is one. In spite of repeated experiences of the injurious effect of alternate damp and dust upon finery, the old Eve is occasionally too strong for my prudence, and I can't resist, on the rare occasions which offer themselves, the temptation of wearing pretty things. Especially weak am I in the matter of caps: and this is what befell me. Imagine a lovely soft summer evening, broad daylight, though it is half-past seven (it will be dark directly, however), and a dinner party to be reached a couple of miles away. The little open carriage is at the door, and into this I step, swathing

my gown carefully up in a huge shawl. This precaution is especially necessary, for during the afternoon there has been a terrific thunderstorm and a sudden sharp deluge of rain. Besides a swamp or two to be ploughed through as best we may, there are these two miles of deep red muddy road, full of ruts and big stones and pitfalls of all sorts. The drive home in the dark will be nervous work, but now in daylight let us enjoy it whilst we may. Of course I *ought* to have taken my cap in a box or bag or something of the sort, but that seemed too much trouble, especially as it was so small it needed to be firmly pinned on in its proper place. It consisted of a centre or crown of white crêpe, a little frill of the same, and a close-fitting wreath of deep red feathers all round. Very neat and tidy it looked as I took my last glance at it whilst I hastily knotted a light black lace veil over my head, by way of protection during my drive. When I got to my destination there was no looking-glass anywhere, no maid, no anything or anybody to warn me. Into the dining-room I marched, in happy unconsciousness that the extreme damp of the atmosphere had flattened the crown of my cap, and that it and its frill were mere unconsidered limp rags, whilst the unpretending circlet of feathers had started into undue prominence, and stuck straight out like a red nimbus all round my unconscious head. How my fellow-guests managed to keep their countenances I cannot tell: I am certain I never could have sat opposite to anyone with such an Ojibbeway Indian's head-dress on without giggling. But no one gave me the least hint of my misfortune, and it only burst upon me suddenly when I returned to my own room and my own glass. Still there was a ray of hope left: it *might* have been the dampness of the drive home which had worked me this woe. I rushed into F—'s dressing-room, and demanded quite fiercely whether my cap had been like that all the time? "Why yes," F— admitted; adding, by way of consolation, "in fact it is a good deal subdued now; it was very wild all dinner-time. I can't say I admired it, but I supposed it was all right." Did ever any one hear such shocking apathy? In answer to my reproaches for not telling me, he only said, "Why what could

you have done with it, if you *had* known? Taken it off and put it in your pocket, or what?" I don't know, but anything would have been better than sitting at table with a thing only fit for a May-day sweep on one's head. It makes me hot and angry with myself even to think of it now.

F—'s clothes could also relate some curious experiences which they have had to go through, not only at the hands of his washerwoman, but at those of his extempore valet, Jack—I beg his pardon, Umposhongwana—the Zulu, whose zeal exceeds everything one can imagine. For instance when he sets to work to brush F—'s clothes of a morning, he is by no means contented to brush the cloth clothes only. Oh, dear, no! He brushes each sock, putting it carefully on his hand like a glove and brushing vigorously away. As they are necessarily very thin socks for this hot weather, they are apt to melt away entirely under the process. I say nothing of his blacking the boots inside as well as out, or of his laboriously scrubbing holes in a serge coat with a scrubbing brush, for these were mere errors of judgment, dictated by a kind heart. But when Jack puts a saucepan on the fire without any water and burns holes in it, or tries whether plates and dishes can support their own weight in the air without a table beneath them, then I confess my patience runs short. But Jack is so imperturbable, so perfectly and genuinely astonished at the untoward result of his experiments, and so grieved that the "inkos'casa" (I haven't a notion how the word ought to be spelt!) should be vexed, that I am obliged to leave off shaking my head at him, which is the only way I have of expressing my displeasure: he keeps on saying "Ja, oui, yaas" all the time, and I have to go away to laugh.

Feb. 16th.—I was much amused the other day at receiving a letter of introduction from a mutual friend in England, warmly recommending a newly arrived bride and bridegroom to my acquaintance, and especially begging me to take pains to introduce the new comers into the best society. To appreciate the joke thoroughly, you must understand that there is no society at all: absolutely none! We are not proud, we Maritzburgians, nor are we inhospitable, nor

exclusive, nor unsociable. Not a bit. We are as anxious as any community can be to have society or sociable gatherings, or whatever you like to call the way people manage to meet together; but circumstances are altogether too strong for us, and we all, in turn, are forced to abandon the attempt in despair. First of all the weather is against us. It is maddeningly uncertain, and the best arranged entertainment cannot be considered a success if the guests have to struggle through rain and tempest and streets ankle-deep in water, and pitchy darkness, to assist at it. People are hardly likely to make themselves pleasant at a party when their return home through storm and darkness is on their minds all the time; at least, I know I cannot do so! But the weather is only one of the lesser hindrances to society in Natal. We are all exceedingly poor, and necessary food is very dear; luxuries are enormously expensive, but they are generally not to be had at all, so one is not tempted by them. Servants, especially cooks, are few and far between, and I doubt if even any one calling himself a cook, could send up what would be considered a fairly good dinner elsewhere. Kafirs can be taught to do one or two things pretty well, but even then they could not be trusted to do them for a party. In fact, if I stated that there were no good servants—in the ordinary acceptance of the word—here at all, I should not be guilty of exaggeration. If there are, all I can say is, I have neither heard of nor seen them: on the contrary, I have been overwhelmed by lamentations on that score, in which I can heartily join. Besides the want of means of conveyance (for there are no carts and very few *remises*), and good food and attendance, any one wanting to entertain would almost need to build a house, so impossible is it to collect more than half a dozen people inside an ordinary-sized house here. For my part my verandah is the comfort of my life. When more than four or five people at a time chance to come to afternoon tea, we overflow into the verandah. It runs round three sides of the four rooms called a house, and is at once my day-nursery, my lumber-room, my summer parlor, my place of exercise—everything, in fact; and it is an incessant occupation to train

the creepers, and wage war against the legions of brilliantly-colored grasshoppers which infest and devour the honeysuckle and roses. Never was there such a place for insects: they eat up everything in the kitchen garden, devouring every leaf of my peach and orange-trees, scarring and spoiling fruit as well. It is no comfort whatever, that they are wonderfully beautiful creatures, striped and ringed with a thousand colors, and in a thousand different ways. One has only to see the riddled appearance of every leaf and flower to harden one's heart. Just now they have cleared off every blossom out of the garden except my zinnias, which grow magnificently and make the devastated flower-beds still gay with every hue and tint a zinnia can put on: salmon-color, fawn, rose, scarlet, pink, maroon, and fifty shades besides.

On the veldt, too, the flowers have passed by, but their place is taken by the grasses which are all in seed. People say the grass is rank and poor, and of not much account as food for stock, but it has an astonishing variety of beautiful seeds. In one patch it is like miniature Pampas grass, only a couple of inches long each seed-pod, but white and fluffy. Again, there will be tall stems laden with rich purple grains, or delicate tufts of rose-colored seed. One of the prettiest, however, is like wee green harebells, hanging all down a tall and slender stalk, and hiding within their cups the seed. Unfortunately the weeds and burrs seed just as freely, and there is one especial torment to the garden in the shape of an innocent-looking little plant, something like an Alpine strawberry in leaf and blossom, bearing a most aggravating tuft of little black spires, which lose no opportunity of sticking to one's petticoats in myriads. They are familiarly known as "black jacks," and can hold their own as pests with any weed of my acquaintance.

But the most beautiful tree I have seen in Natal was an acacia flamboyant. I saw it in a garden at Durban, and I shall never forget the contrast of its vivid green, bright as the spring foliage of a young oak, and the crown of rich crimson flowers on its topmost branches, tossing their brilliant blossoms against a background of gleaming sea and sky.

It was really splendid, like a bit of Italian coloring among the sombre tangle of tropical verdure. It is too cold up here for this glorious tree, which properly belongs to far more tropical temperature than even Durban can mount up to.

I am looking forward to next month and the following ones to make some little excursions into the country, or to go "trekking," as the local expression is. I hear on all sides how much that is interesting lies a little way beyond the reach of a ride: but it is difficult for the mistress—who is at the same time the

general servant—of an establishment out here, to get away from home for even a few days, especially when there are a couple of small children to be left behind. No one travels now who can possibly help it, for the sudden violent rains which come down nearly every afternoon swell the rivers and make even the "sluits," impassable, so a traveller may be detained for days within a few miles of his destination. Now in winter the roads will be hard, and dust will be the only inconvenience: at least that is what I am promised!—*Evening Hours.*

—♦♦♦—
THE BURDEN OF THE WIND.

Oh! wind, fresh wind of springtime,
What hast thou borne away?—
A burden of light-wing'd moments
That hovered, and would not stay;—
The music of children's laughter
From meadows all dewy and sweet,
Where primrose-buds and cowslips
Are trodden by joyous feet.

Oh! wind, soft wind of summer,
What hast thou borne away?—
A burden of love and longing,
The dream of a golden day;—
The murmurs of passionate voices,
The exquisite perfume pressed
From the heart of the rose that nestled
In the beloved one's breast.

Oh! wind, wild wind of winter,
What hast thou borne away?—
A burden of mournful remembrance,
The sigh of the year's decay;—
The skeleton leaves of the forest,
The drift from the chill snow-wreath,
And the prayer of a soul that is passing
Into the shadow of death.

—♦♦♦— *Temple Bar.*

SKETCH OF A JOURNEY ACROSS AFRICA.

BY VERNEY LOVETT CAMERON, LIEUTENANT ROYAL NAVY.

PART I.—ENGLAND TO KAWÉLÉ UJJI
ON LAKE TANGANYIKA.

On the 30th of November, 1872, I and my old friend and messmate Dillon, and assistant-surgeon in the Royal Navy, left Victoria Station by the evening mail,

being then the only two members of the "Livingstone East Coast Expedition." Our object was to find Dr. Livingstone, and place ourselves unreservedly under his orders to carry out any geographical work which he might desire.

From the tenor of the last letters re-

ceived from the illustrious veteran of African travel, we expected that on our meeting him we should be ordered to proceed northwards to explore the "Mwutau Nzigé" ("Albert Nyanza"), and Victoria Nyanza Lakes, but "l'homme propose, Dieu dispose."

We were ordered in the first instance to join Sir Bartle Frere at Brindisi, and to proceed with him to Zanzibar, where we were to receive our final orders. On arrival at Brindisi we found that Sir Bartle was still at Rome, and that there was no room for us on board the Admiralty yacht *Enchantress*, which had been ordered to take him to Zanzibar.

We therefore, after a delay of six days, proceeded to Alexandria by the P. and O. steamer *Malta*, where Sir Bartle arrived a day or two after us. We went with him to Cairo, where his good offices procured for us from H.H. the Khedive an official letter of recommendation to all under his employ in the Soudan. Though this letter was never used in the countries for which it was intended, it was accepted by Arabs in the interior of Africa as a proof that we were friends with one whose name is known to all educated Mahomedans. We then went on to Aden, where Dr. Badger procured for us another letter from Said Alwyn ibn Said, a saint living near there, which was the most effectual talisman of all.

Whilst at Aden, Lieutenant Murphy, R.A., volunteered to join the expedition, paying his own expenses, if the Indian Government would continue him in the pay and allowances of his rank. To this they readily assented, and he afterwards joined us at Zanzibar. We then went on to Zanzibar in the B.I.S.S. *Punjáb*, Captain Hansard, and received the kindest attentions from him and his officers.

When we arrived at Zanzibar, after a very pleasant passage, I found myself attacked by an old enemy, the "coast fever," and was obliged for a time to take advantage of the kindness of some old messmates, and lie up on board the *Briton*, whilst Dillon went on with preparations for the road by himself. Unfortunately, our heavy stores from England did not arrive as soon as we did. The *Agra*, on board which they were shipped, had been compelled to put back into Plymouth by bad weather, and we

had therefore, before her arrival, to get a small supply of arms and ammunition from the flagship of H.E. Admiral Cumming.

As soon as I was able to get about again, I went ashore and joined Dillon at the English gaol, where rooms had been put at our disposal by our old and kind friend Dr. Kirk. As soon as we had engaged our escort, and got some donkeys and stores, we chartered a couple of small Arab dhows, and went over to Bagamoyo to try and get the porters necessary to transport our stores.

When we arrived, we hired rooms for ourselves in the house of Abdûlâh Dina, a Mussulman trader from India, who was very profuse in offers of service and assistance, but, like the rest of his race, could not resist the temptation of cheating Englishmen when he had a fair opportunity. Our men and stores were housed in a large thatched wattle and dab erection, belonging to Jemadar Issa, which we dignified with the name of the barracks, and in an open space in front of it we had our donkey lines.

Bagamoyo, like most of the sister towns along the Zanzibar coast, is a long straggling irregular sort of street with short offsets, and lying behind the sand-hills which line the shore. There may be half-a-dozen stone houses, but the greater portion of those of the semi-respectable people are merely large buildings of wattle and dab, thatched with plaited cocoa-nut leaves. A few flat-roofed mosques provide for the religious wants of the inhabitants, but they are only resorted to on great feast days.

The greatest and most important feature, however, at Bagamoyo is the French mission, an off-shoot of that at Zanzibar.

Two or three priests, half-a-dozen lay brothers, and the same number of sisters, do all the work. The pupils are instructed in industrial trades, and all the buildings of the mission have been erected by them, under the direction of the lay brothers. They have large and admirably kept gardens, and are trying to introduce several new and valuable plants into the country.

The pupils are kept under surveillance after they have grown up, and are encouraged to marry amongst themselves, and to bring their children to be baptized and brought up at the mission, so that

there is a great hope that Christianity is getting a good grip on the continent of Africa, at least in this one spot.

From the members of the mission we experienced the greatest imaginable interest, telling us that they looked upon us as missionaries as well as themselves, and they could have paid us no higher compliment. After engaging what men we could, we had to go back to Zanzibar to meet the mail from Aden, by which we expected our stores. When we arrived at Zanzibar, we found that the mail had already arrived, and that Murphy and our stores had come down in her.

As soon as possible we returned to Bagamoyo, and went on with the tiresome work of paying *pagazi*, and trying to keep loads within compass. As I found the men were rarely forthcoming at our morning musters, I thought it would be best to form a camp a short distance from the town, and accordingly selected a lovely spot shaded by four or five enormous mango-trees close to Shamba Gonera, a farm owned by the widow of a Hindu merchant.

Notwithstanding this move, we were still much troubled by our men absenting themselves, and also by their being induced to desert by the lower orders of Wamirima.

I wrote to Dr. Kirk, to ask if he could pay us a visit so as to show that we were still under the influence of British power, which he at once did, and I think his coming over to see us moderated the evil to some extent. After his return to Zanzibar, we redoubled our efforts to get away, and Dillon went on with what men could be dragged together, to Kikoka, the most distant outpost of H.H. Syud Burghash's Balooches. After his departure, Murphy and I were both down with fever, and Murphy was so bad that he had to be taken in and nursed by the good French *padrés*. Dillon also came back to see him. The same day Sir Bartle and his staff came to Bagamoyo in the *Daphne*. He brought with him another volunteer for our expedition, Moffat, a grandson of the famous father of South African missions, and a nephew of Livingstone's. Dillon went back at once to Kikoka, and two days afterwards I and Moffat joined him there with some more men and donkeys. I then sent Moffat to assist Murphy, and with

Dillon set out for Rehenneko, where we were to wait for the other two and what portion of the remainder of the stores they could obtain porters to carry.

Dillon and I left Kikoka on March 28th, 1873, and although we had used every conceivable precaution to prevent the absence of our men, and had not brought out so many loads as we had men in our camp according to our daily muster, we found that we had to leave twelve or fourteen loads behind.

We made our way along between Stanley's route and the Kingani, through an open park-like country, with clumps and strips of jungle and forest-trees and some tracks of game. No villages were directly on our route, and after three marches the men declared that they must go out to look for food, and that there was a village near. I went out with them, in the hopes of seeing some of the domestic life of the natives, and saw a few miserable huts; but shortly after we left our camp it came on to rain in torrents, and we saw scarcely anything and got less. On our way back to camp we lost our way and got benighted in a swampy wood, where I had to sleep (or try to sleep) in the least wet spot I could find, with my back up against a tree and the rain beating on me the while.

Next morning I was only just able to creep into camp; but on that and on the following day our foraging parties were more successful, and the third day we were able to go on again, having obtained a modicum of cassava. During our halt here, Moffat came out to us with letters, and the day we went on returned again to Bagamoyo. Poor lad, it was the last time I saw him.

I was suffering from a violent attack of fever, brought on by my mud and water bed, but managed to hold on to my donkey from camp to camp somehow or another. The country up to Msuwah was much the same as we had already passed through, but then it began to rise more decidedly. At Msuwah, we were detained a few days to try and get food, and by having to pay tribute to the chief, who was a regular black Pecksniff. He said our men could not buy food there, and that he would get it for us; but that cloth, &c., must be paid in advance. After two or three days' waiting, and only a small proportion

being forthcoming, we thought it best to go on, and let the smiling old man pocket the plunder in peace. We then went on by Kisémo over a small table land, well watered with magnificent stretches of open grass, and much cultivated land, with the villages hidden in patches of jungle, and only betrayed by the blue smoke wreathing above the tree-tops; and at the end of our second march arrived, after an almost precipitous descent, in the valley of the Lugerengeri. Behind us was the wooded steep which we had just come down, around were villages with thatch-roofed huts, patches of tobacco, rice, sugar-cane, and other crops; in our immediate front the river, brawling over its wide shallow bed, but the banks showing terrific signs of its giant power when swollen by the tropical rains; and beyond it, again, the lovely Duthumi hills, with their wooded summits crowned with fleecy clouds.

We went on across the wide Lugerengeri, and then made a nearer acquaintance with the hills, and found that picturesque forms entailed very rough walking and hard work; and on our first march we were from 4.30 A.M. till 3 P.M. on the road. Indeed many of the stragglers were not up till long after sunset. Our camp was in a rocky pass, with pools of crystal water amongst the rocks at the bottom, and around us flowering creepers and acacias in the full wealth of their golden blossoms.

We passed on out of this lovely spot into a basin-like valley full of small conical hills, each crowned with a tiny hamlet, and crops of the richest luxuriance growing all about us. Out of this "happy valley" (except for slavery) we fought our way through thickets of tall cane grass. It was tantalizing to know that all around were lovely views, while we could see nothing five yards from us, and then through a steep and narrow pass we came again into the valley of the Lugerengeri.

Passing along through cane-brakes, and crossing wide torrent-beds, all going to feed the river, strewn with blocks of granite brought down in the freshes which, in a brief half hour, spread destruction around, and then leave a tiny trickling stream in their place, we came to Simbawéni, erstwhile the home of the renowned freebooter and kidnapper of

slaves, Kisabengo, but since his death ruled by his favorite daughter, who lacks the power, but not the will, to make her name as dreaded as was ever that of her robber sire. The mud-built palace is now however, falling to pieces; and there are great gaps in the strong palisades which form the enceinte, some hastily repaired, and others still open.

We passed the den of this lioness without paying any tribute, and only paid the compliment (?) of closing up our men and displaying the union jack and white ensign as we defiled past the town.

We then crossed the Lugerengeri a second time, on an African bridge made of a fallen tree, and so away from the country of Simbawéni. Whilst camped on the Lugerengeri, we were crowded with people selling food, many of them dressed in kilts made of grass fibre, resembling those of the mop-headed Papuans, with filed teeth, and heads oiled and besmeared with red clay.

Our men did not like to leave the Papuan plenty of this place, and after a day's halt we had much trouble to make them shoulder their burdens and take the road again.

From among the hills we came out on to the Makata Swamp. At first our road lay along a grassy level plain, but gradually we began to get into the "Slough of Despond," the mud getting deeper and stickier, and the donkeys and men floundering more helplessly at every step. To add to our discomfort, it came on to rain heavily, whilst still some distance from camp; and we had to drive the lazy and cheer the flagging for five hours of mud and rain, during which time we only got on about three and a half miles.

Next day, however, was better, and we crossed the river before evening. Notwithstanding, after a night's heavy rain, the bridge by which we had crossed was clean out of sight, and if we had been a day later we might have been detained a week before we should have been able to cross it.

From the river Makata on to the base of the Usagara mountains was good level marching, with the exception of two swamps, each from three-quarters of a mile to a mile long, and about mid-thigh deep. We arrived at Rehenneko

where we were to wait for our companions, on the 1st of May. Our camp was formed on a conical hill, at the mouth of a gorge in the Usagara mountains, on the opposite side of which lay the village of Rehenneko.

When Dillon and I arrived, we were both laid up, he with an acute attack of dysentery, and I with an abscess on my foot, and fever and ague.

As we gradually recovered, we employed ourselves with altering and fitting donkeys' saddles, which up to this had given us a great deal of trouble; and also in taking sights for latitude and longitude. The people at Rehenneko were pretty friendly to us, though they do not bear the best of names; but I think they thought we were too hard a nut to crack.

The month of May passed slowly away, and the Masika, or rainy season, finished; but no news arrived of our companions, whom we were most anxiously expecting. I sent back two or three sets of messengers, and could get no news, till about the 22nd I heard they had just passed Simbawéni.

About the 26th a caravan hove in sight. It must be them, for there is a white man, but only one. Where is the other?—a question, alas, to be soon answered. As the party drew near, I limped out of camp to meet them, and found Murphy looking very ill, mounted on a donkey. "Where's Moffat?" I cried. The answer was, "*Dead!*" "How? When?" "I will tell you when I get into camp. I am too ill to say much now."

Afterwards we heard the sad tale of his end. Beaten by the climate, he lay down and died just before arriving at the Makata Swamp, to add another name to the list of martyrs in the cause of African exploration.

Poor young fellow! He had sold his all, a sugar-plantation at Natal, for £600, and came to Zanzibar prepared to devote the last farthing to the cause of this expedition. He died on the threshold of the unknown country where his grandfather had labored nobly for more than half a century, and where his gallant uncle had already (though we then did not know it) succumbed to disease, hunger, and hardship. If he had been spared he would have been a

worthy successor to those two great and noble men.

When Murphy arrived he was suffering from the remains of an attack of fever, and we therefore remained at Rehenneko two or three days in order that he might recruit his health. I fear that much of his and Moffat's illness was caused by neglecting the daily use of quinine.

The days before we started were employed by me in overhauling all our loads, and redistributing, so as to avoid as much as possible any delay on the road.

Our route from Rehenneko lay over the Usagara mountains, up and down steep, rocky hills, over great bare and slippery sheets of quartz and granite. Notwithstanding the rocky nature of these mountains, they were mostly wooded to the summits, principally by acacias, which, as Burton very aptly observes, reminds one much of a crowd of people sheltering themselves under umbrellas.

In the hollows and dips where water collects, the noble mparamusi rears its lordly head. This tree is one of the most splendid specimens of arboreal beauty in the world. A tall, clean, towering shaft, running to a hundred and fifty, or even two hundred feet, without a knot or excrescence to break its symmetry, and crowned by a spreading head of dark green foliage. The natives have a proverb about this tree, and it is supposed to be impossible to climb one. When they think anything is beyond their powers, they say, "We have climbed many trees, but this one is indeed an mparamusi, and this one we can't climb."

Passing over the first part of the mountains, we came into the gorge by which the Mukondokwa breaks through the side of the mountains. Our camp above it was on the steep hillside, and for comfort one might as well be on the side of a roof. The next day we crossed the Mukondokwa, a swift and brawling stream of turbid water about knee-deep, and eighty yards wide. We crossed at the old village of Kadetamaré. This is not entirely deserted; the chief having learnt the danger of this position when the larger part was swept away by a fresh of the river at the time of the great hurricane at Zanzibar, has now settled on an adjoining knoll.

From the river we went along through gigantic crops of mtama or Caffre corn, the stalks being often from sixteen to eighteen feet high, and camped near the village of Muinyi Usagara. We were delayed here by one of our men accidentally shooting a native when a party was sent out for food, and before we could leave had to pay a heavy fine of cloth to his relations. When this matter was settled (for which we were indebted to the good offices of a gentlemanly old Arab settled near), we started on our road again, passing up the right bank of the Mukondokwa, through a rough and tangled country, the path in places almost overhanging the river, so that a false step or slip would have sent one down fifty feet into its muddy waters. The hills here were mostly of granite, but occasionally great masses of new red sandstone showed out, forming a vivid contrast to the foliage of the trees and creepers and the more sombre tints of the weathered granite.

Quitting Burton's route, which turns sharp off over the Rubeho mountains, we made our way up to Lake Ugombo, after having twice more forded the Mukondokwa. Lake Ugombo is full of hippopotami, and numerous waterfowl speckle its surface.

From Lake Ugombo to Mpwapwa, distant two long marches, no water is to be found, so we were initiated into one of the incidents of African travel, commonly known as a *terekesa*, viz., a forced march after noon.

Just before we left Lake Ugombo we saw a mixed multitude of men, women, children, and goats travelling to the valley of the Mukondokwa. They were carrying all their household utensils with them, and on inquiry we found that their homes near Mpwapwa had been harried by the Wadirigo, a predatory highland tribe, and that they were escaping with what they had been able to save.

We left Lake Ugombo at about eleven A.M., and marched across a parched and arid country, with great blocks of granite strewn about its arid surface, the vegetation being only euphorbiæ, kolqualls, &c., and baobabs, with a few patches of coarse grass already parched up by the burning sun of the tropics.

We camped out with the sky for our roof, and a gunstock for our pillow, and

were off before daylight to make our way to Mpwapwa, passing through a thorny jungle, and across open tracts with scarce a blade of grass or a weed on their burnt-up surface. About half-past two in the afternoon, we arrived at the sandy bed of the stream at Mpwapwa, and going up it soon came to pools, and then to running water, which soon, however, filters away through the sand. I sent back men with water for those who had straggled behind, but notwithstanding this precaution, a man and a donkey fell victims to this trying march.

Mpwapwa, situated on the slope of the hills and well supplied with water, was a land of plenty, but prices were high as the Wadirigo had looted many of the neighboring villages. The Wadirigo were a fine manly looking race, who carried a huge shield of bull's-hide, a heavy spear, and a sheaf of beautifully finished assegais. They walked about among the villagers like people of a higher race, and told them coolly that they only held their cattle and villages at their pleasure.

Although these Wadirigo were physically a fine race, they wore no clothes (many even of the women being perfectly naked, except perhaps a string of beads round their necks), and built no permanent villages. They are much feared by all the tribes in their vicinity, but unless opposed they do not kill or maltreat their victims, or make slaves of them.

Mpwapwa is a very favorite halting-place, being situated between the arid tract reaching to Lake Ugombo, and the desert of the Marenga Mkali.

After a couple of days' halt to rest our men after their trying march, we went to Chunyo, the last camp before starting to cross the Marenga Mkali.

On our road we passed a village occupied by the Wadirigo, and, as with most thieves, it was light come light go, we got some goats and a couple of small bullocks cheap from these roving caterans. To obviate the inconvenience of being without water during our march across the Marenga Mkali, I filled four india-rubber air pillows with water, which held three gallons each, and besides giving us plenty for ourselves, allowed us some to spare for the weaker men and donkeys. The Marenga Mkali is a desert plain rather more than thirty miles across, reaching from the inland base of the Usagara

mountains to the eastern limits of Ugogo, and scattered about are numerous small irregular granite hills, many of a conical form.

There are many watercourses, which are flooded in the rainy season, and I am firmly of opinion that water might be obtained by digging.

On our march across it we saw many zebras and other wild animals, but were unfortunately unable to get within shot of any.

Our camp at night, under a grove of thorny acacias, was a scene for a poet instead of a sailor to describe.

No tents were pitched or huts built, but every knot of two or three men had its separate fire. Above, the velvety sky, with its golden lamps, then the canopy of smoke looking like frosted silver, next trees looking as if made of ebony and ivory, and, below, all the blazing fires with the wild figures of the pagazi and askari moving about amongst them.

After leaving our camp we marched across a broken sterile country with thorn brakes and dry nullah, or sometimes a sandy plain, till we reached the outskirts of Ugogo.

Here we arrived at extensive plains, largely cultivated, but now, after the harvest, and in the midst of the dry season, parched and arid. The country, however, supports large herds of cattle, which seem to subsist on the dry stalks of the Caffre corn.

The natives made us pay before we were allowed to let our thirsty donkeys drink, or to cut the stalks of the corn to feed them on. The only growing crop was a small and tasteless water-melon, and as one or two of the men who picked one to quench their thirst were unfortunately detected, we had to pay a heavy fine. At this camp occurred a desertion *en masse* of a body of Wanyumwezi hired by Murphy at Bagamoyo. He had entrusted their payment to Abdoolah Dina, and that worthy had paid them in such vile cloth that when they saw what the men whom I had paid personally had got, their anger rose, and shortly after sunset they levanted.

We marched from this station to the vicinity of the *tembé* of the chief of the district, when we were fully initiated into the delays and vexations incurred by every one who has any dealings with

the Wagogo. The Wagogo are a bump-tious, overbearing race, but, contrary to the opinions of most travellers, I believe them to be like all bullies, arrant cowards; however, in Africa, a bullying brow-beating manner often passes for courage.

Their huts are miserable places, built round a square, in which at night the cattle are penned. Sheep, goats, and fowls share the huts of their masters; and smaller inhabitants are more in number than the sands of the sea.

The Wagogo, inhabiting a country which requires hard work to make it produce the necessities of life, are slave importers, and often tempt some foolish fellows to desert their Arab masters; only too soon do the fools find that they have exchanged from lenient masters to a bondage worse than that of the Egyptians.

The chiefs, as well as the meanest of the people, have to take their turn in tending the herds of cattle which form their principal wealth, the only privileges enjoyed by the chief being that he has, as a rule, more wives, obtains a larger share of the tribute, and can indulge in drunkenness oftener than his subjects. Their arms are bows and arrows and spears, and the more eastern portion of them also carry hide shields painted in a pattern of red, white, and black. Their ears are pierced, and the lobes so enlarged that in many instances they hang down to their shoulders. In them they carry gourds, snuff-boxes, and all sorts of heterogeneous objects. Their hair is dressed in a most fantastic manner. In fact, nothing seems to be too hideous or absurd for the taste of a Mgogo. After a delay of two or three days, caused by the drunkenness of the people during the mourning for a sister of the chief, which rendered them incapable of transacting any business, we marched for the next station.

Our road lay along a fairly level country, sometimes cultivated, sometimes thorny scrub, and sometimes sterile sand, till in the evening we arrived at a lovely pond about four hundred yards by two hundred in length and width, embosomed in a grove of green trees, with short turf-like sward stretching back from its shores. A complete oasis in the bosom of parched Ugogo. We formed our camp and feasted our eyes on the first fresh

verdure we had seen since Mpwapwa. We found the chief here more reasonable than the one at Moumé, but still had to pay tribute as usual. We showed some of the people our guns, pistols, watches, &c., and one old man said, that people who were able to make and use such wonderful things, ought surely never to die. From this place we went along by a chain of small ponds, all frequented by waterfowl, and then through a broken country fairly wooded, till we arrived at Kanyenyé or Great Ugogo. Kanyenyé is a level plain, extending between the feet of two ranges of hills, and is ruled over by a chief of great age and decrepitude, concerning whom there are many stories. People say that he is now getting a fourth set of teeth, and that he is over three hundred years old. I have no doubt that he is considerably over the century. His grandchildren are grey and grizzled men.

From his *tembé* we went on across the plain of Kanyenyé, which in many places is covered with a coating of bitter, nitrous salt, which is collected by the natives and made into small cones like sugar-loaves, and sold by them to their neighbors. Ending the plain we came up a sharp ascent, at the top of which was a plateau, on which was a range of rocky hills, through which we marched, and came to Usekhé, where granite boulders of the most fantastic shapes and forms were scattered about. Concerning some of these there are curious stories, which the space at my command does not permit me to relate here.

Our next station was Khoko, which we reached after passing through a thick jungle, and here we camped close to the chief's village, under one of three enormous trees, a species of fig or sycamore; our own party, and other caravans accompanying us, in all amounting to about five hundred people, finding plenty of room under the shade of one.

We had now nearly finished Ugogo, the only other place being Mdaburu, a fertile vale situated on a nullah of the same name, which, in the rainy season, is a furious torrent, and in the bed of which large and deep pools of water are found in the driest seasons. Here, as no white men had ever passed by exactly the same route as that we followed, we were

detained in order to be stared at by the people.

Leaving Mdaburu we entered on what used to be dreaded as the *Mgunda Mkali*, or "Fiery Field;" but we found villages springing up all across, most being built by the Wakimbu, who, having been expelled from their former homes, are busy colonising this whilom forest.

Just after leaving Mdaburu we crossed the Mabunguru, another large nullah, and also one of the last affluents of the Rwaha, the more important of the two streams forming the Lufiji. From here we went on rising up over rocky hills, strips of thick jungle, bare sheets of granite, nature in her most lovely form, if it were not for tracts of miles and miles being blackened by fires lighted by preceding caravans, both to drive game and to clear a way for marching.

Halfway across this "fiery field," we came to Jiwé la Singa and its surrounding villages. Here there is now a large population, fields well cultivated, numerous villages, some out in the open, others sheltered by groves of trees, but all surrounded by the inevitable stockade.

The fields here are mostly separated from each other by deep ditches and banks, and in one or two places I saw attempts at artificial irrigation. When Haji Abdullah (Burton) passed here in 1859, Jiwé la Singa, and one or two other small hamlets, were all that existed; but now this is one of the most populous and fertile places in Eastern Africa.

From Jiwé la Singa, our track again led through the uninhabited woods: spoors of giraffe and other big game were numerous, but caravan-marching in Africa is not the way for a Shikarry to enjoy himself, the men grunt and groan under their burdens, or some more spirited than the rest strike up a monotonous chant to lighten the fatigues of the way, and all game is most effectually scared. Besides, in these uninhabited tracts water is scarce, and the day's march is in consequence long, so that on arrival in camp, though game would have been an acceptable addition to our larder, we were too tired to go out shooting, unless we had neglected more necessary work.

During our marches here water was very bad, besides being scarce, and we

were often fain to be content with stuff that any decent English dog would turn up his nose at.

At the end of this bit of wilderness we arrived at Urguru, one of the outlying districts of Unyamwesi proper, and yielding to the pressing invitation of the chief of the chiefs, camped in his village.

We were objects of intense curiosity to the inhabitants, and our tents were crowded the whole day with the rank, beauty, and fashion of the place.

Though very kind in their manners towards us, they left some disagreeable mementoes behind them in the shape of a variety of entomological specimens, which however much they might be valued by the British Museum or the Linnean Society, were decidedly objectionable as companions.

We were now nearing Unyanyembé, the largest Arab settlement in Africa; but some heavy marching had first to be gone through.

Our first march from Urguru was through wild jungle, but with here and there strips of open grass; and in the evening we camped at a place called Simbo, where water is obtained a couple of feet below the surface by digging, and there are also numerous old water-holes at which the wild animals come to drink.

Next day, just after our start, we saw some buffaloes, and though Dillon started after them, they winded the caravan before we could get within range. After this we each took one side of the road, and I saw innumerable guinea-fowl, and also shot a small antelope. Besides this, I saw a cobra, and almost got caught by some Ruga Ruga (or banditti). As I was working my way back to the caravan I saw what I thought was a camp and went to look at it, and found it a small but very substantial palisade partly roofed over, which I afterwards heard was a den belonging to these fellows. If they had been at home when I passed, nothing could have saved me. That night we camped amongst some enormous boulders at a place called Marwa, where water was only to be obtained by digging at the foot of one.

There is a legend about a destroyed village here, and it is considered unlucky to say Maji (water), or fire a gun, or pass by with one's boots on for fear of offending the demon in charge of the spring,

and thereby causing him to stop the water-supply. From here we started before daylight, and in the grey of the morning Dillon and I saw a couple of lions trotting off home, after having been out on the range all night; and in the afternoon we heard that ruga-ruga were in front of us, and had attacked a small party who were preceding us by about half-an-hour. On going to the front we found that this was quite true. The ruga-ruga had attacked the party and carried off some ivory and a couple of women slaves.

We went on to near a largish pond, and there encamped for the night. About nine P.M. some arrows were shot into our camp, but we had no more trouble.

The next day we arrived at one of the outlying villages of Unyanyembé, where we had to remain a day until news of our arrival had been sent on, according to African etiquette, to the Arab governor there.

The next day we marched into Kwikurul, the capital of Unyanyembé, and had breakfast with Said-ibn-Salim, the Arab governor, who afterwards, in company with a number of other Arabs, showed us the house which he had placed at our disposal during our stay, and which was the same he had lent Livingstone and Stanley during their stay here.

Kwikurul is the settlement of the native chief and several Arabs; and at Kwihara, where our house stood, are other Arab settlements. Besides these there are many other Arabs settled close to, some at, Kazeh or Taborah, and some at places which have different local names; but the whole is generically called Unyanyembé, although that properly is the name of a considerable district.

The various small settlements of the Arabs are scattered about—some on the plain, and some on a hill divided from the rest by another low and rocky hill. The total number of Arab traders now at Unyanyembé may number about two hundred; but sometimes three or four, or even more, live together, so that there are not above fifty or sixty large Arab houses, and some of these were the property of men away on different journeys, or who had gone to Zanzibar for fresh stores or a holiday. All the Arabs here possess large numbers of slaves, and use

them as porters and to cultivate their gardens and farms.

The poorer Warnerima and Wasuahili do not give their slaves any rations, but tell them to go and steal food where they can find it; and these hungry wretches render it unsafe for any one to move about unless well armed.

Our time at Unyanyembé was a monotonous round of fevers and illnesses. We all had fever upon fever. Dillon lost the sight of one eye from atony of the optic nerve, and I was totally blind for about a month from a violent attack of ophthalmia, chiefly induced by the glare, wind, and dust.

The famous Mirambo (who, if all accounts be true, is more sinned against than sinning) was reported to be on the move on the route to Ujiji, and our men deserted daily. Others engaged in their place followed their example, and there seemed sometimes to be no hope of our getting away to the westward at all. However, I stuck to the resolution of getting on somehow, being determined never to turn back.

Towards the end of October, Chuma and another man belonging to Livingstone's caravan arrived, bringing a letter from Jacob Wainwright, announcing the melancholy fact that the great pioneer of African exploration was dead in the country of Ubisa, and that the whole party with the corpse would arrive in a day or two. I sent back cloth for the men behind, and soon after they all arrived.

All the principal Arabs assembled at our house when the body was brought there, in order to show respect to the memory of Dr. Livingstone; and as the men carrying the corpse entered the house, we hoisted our colors half-mast high. Murphy now resigned, saying that the object of the expedition had been achieved, and that there was nothing more to be done. I supplied Livingstone's men with stores for the journey to the coast, and redoubled my exertions to get away from Unyanyembé, which was becoming hateful to me.

A couple of days before the day fixed for starting, Dillon found that he was too ill to proceed, and reluctantly yielded to my persuasions to try and return to the coast, in the faint hope of recovering his health by a speedy return to his native land.

On the 9th of November the two parties left Unyanyembé, two homeward bound, and one Westward Ho!

The parting with Dillon was a sad wrench to me: but hope is long-lived, and I trusted that we might both live to talk over this parting in England. This trust, alas! was not to be fulfilled, for a week after our parting I received the news of his sad end.

He was a scholar and a gentleman, a good officer, a pleasant messmate, and one of my dearest friends; but he is dead on the "field of honor," as surely as if he had died leading a forlorn hope, or charging an enemy's battery.

I was much delayed by desertions and thefts, and forced out of my road by the cowardice of my men, so that in the beginning of December I met Murphy again in Uganda, as he also could not follow his direct route, and had had to send back to the Arab governor for more cloth, as much had been wasted in drunkenness by the men, and some had been stolen.

Three days after I left him I was met by a chief who was at variance with the Arabs, and who refused me a road across his country. At last, on the 1st of January, we got a fair start, having lost and wasted a large quantity of stores, and been compelled to abandon twelve loads of beads, and throw away much of my kit and private stores on account of the desertion of porters.

Leaving the cultivated grounds of Uganda, we passed first across a level plain almost waterless, but with clumps of trees here and there where the water was near the surface, and came to the South Ngombé nullah. The country here was marvellously beautiful. Small mounds crowned with trees, groves, and bosquets, and broad reaches of the Ngombé reaching for miles and miles. In the rainy season much of this level country is under water, and we saw a dilapidated bark canoe about three miles from the nullah.

Game was very plentiful here, but wild, and I was unsuccessful in my attempts to get any. I saw a large white rhinoceros, wild boar, and several sorts of antelope; but all were scared by my own people, and by hunting parties from the neighborhood.

From the Ngombé we passed on

through Ugara, which is divided into three districts under independent chiefs. Most of this country at one time had been cultivated and populous, but most of the people had been destroyed or carried off as slaves in the various wars, which are constantly going on, especially in that waged between Mirambo and the Arabs.

All the country of Ugara was nearly a dead level, with the exception of a couple of small hills near the centre, until we arrived on its western boundaries, but marvellously fertile; villages which had only been abandoned a year or two being almost hidden in the luxuriant growth of underwood.

After leaving Ugara my guides missed their road, and as I was dead lame from a large abscess on my leg, I was unable to take the lead of the caravan and direct them. After wandering some days in trackless woods, and fording many streams or crossing them in Matthews's india-rubber boat, we arrived at Mân Komo's, the chief of a portion of the mountainous country of Kawendi. Here we hoped to get food, but it was not forthcoming, as Mân Komo demanded a ridiculous tribute which I refused to pay.

Leaving Mân Komo's, we went on struggling over the mountains of Kawendi, hungry and tired, and little or no food to be obtained. The people, profiting by experience, have built their huts amongst almost inaccessible crags, and carefully defended the approaches; many of them, indeed, live in regular caves, and refuse intercourse with all passers-by.

One day during this march I was carried in my chair slung to a pole, as I was utterly unable to walk or ride, and suddenly I saw my men throw down loads and guns and skeddaddle up the nearest trees. The men carrying me also bolted, and I was left perfectly helpless and unable to move, and at a loss to know what the stampede was about. I had not long to wait, however, before I saw a buffalo charging down the line. Luckily he did not notice me, although he passed within twenty yards of where I was dropped.

After Kawendi we crossed the Sindi on a bridge of floating vegetation, and then arrived in Uvinza, where we got something substantial to eat, after a fortnight's starvation.

In Uvinza we had to pay heavily to the chief for permission to cross the Malagarazi, and then to pay his mutwalé at the ferry for leave to hire canoes, besides the hire of the ferrymen themselves.

We got across the swift brown stream of the Malagarazi without any disasters, although the canoes were some of the most primitive that I ever saw. The people refused to allow the donkeys to be hauled across until a fetish man had made medicine. Bombay swore that the reason of Stanley's losing a donkey when crossing was his neglecting this precaution.

After crossing the Malagarazi we went along a short way from its northern bank, and first travelling through the salt-producing part of Uvinza, and then through an uninhabited part of the country, we came in sight of the great Lake Tanganyika—sixteen years to the day from the time when it was first discovered by Burton.

When I first saw the lake the day was dull and cloudy, and the lake looked so grey that I thought it was sky, and the distant mountains of Ugoma were clouds. By degrees it dawned on me that this was *the lake* and nothing else, and then only did its immensity truly realise itself to my mind.

I had sent on a man in advance with letters to Ujiji, to announce our arrival and ask for boats to be sent to the Ruché River, to take us to Kawélé, the capital. They were duly forthcoming; and on the 22nd I arrived there, being the fifth white man who had ever reached the Tanganyika.

Kawélé now is almost entirely an Arab settlement; all the people who trade to the westward having houses there, and wheat, rice, onions, and other good things are cultivated in their gardens. Every morning there is a market from 7.30 to 10.30 A.M., at which fish, meat, tobacco, butter, and all sorts of native produce are sold, and at last we were in a land of plenty, and the hungers and hardships of the road were in a fair way of being forgotten. I, however, thought of what was to be done, and having secured Livingstone's journals and maps, made preparations for a cruise round the lake, as I had heard that travelling to the westward or it was impracticable in the rainy season.

The Arab traders at Ujiji were most kind and hospitable, though at the same time they made me pay very dearly for everything I had to buy or hire from them.

My preparations for my cruise were

completed on the 8th of March, when I left Kawélé with two boats, the *Betsy* and the *Pickle*, to survey the southern end of the lake. This cruise and my other wanderings will be related hereafter.—*Good Words.*

JAMES NORTHCOTE, R.A.

IN his Life of Reynolds, Northcote tells an interesting story of the great painter. Soon after he came to London, he went to a picture sale. The room was crowded, the business was going on briskly. Suddenly, there was a pause, a flutter at the door, and then the company divided, to make a lane for a great man to approach the auctioneer's rostrum. The great man was Mr. Pope. As he passed up the room he shook hands with the persons nearest him. Reynolds, who was in the second rank, put out his hand, the poet took it, and Sir Joshua used to relate in after-life that this was the only time he saw Mr. Pope, and how much he treasured the memory of that shake of the hand. In the same book, Northcote tells a somewhat similar story of himself. When he was a boy of sixteen, Sir Joshua Reynolds and Dr. Johnson came on a visit to Plymouth. It was in 1762. "It was about this time," he says, "that I first saw Sir Joshua. I had seen several of his works which were in Plymouth (for at that time I had never been out of the country), and these pictures filled me with wonder and delight, although I was then very young; insomuch that I remember when Reynolds was pointed out to me at a public meeting, where a great crowd were assembled, I got as near to him as I could from the pressure of the people, to touch the skirt of his coat, which I did with great satisfaction to my mind." It was a genuine case of hero-worship, which lasted throughout Northcote's life. He begins at sixteen with touching the skirts of Sir Joshua's coat; seventy years afterwards, when he is dying of old age, almost his last words are praises of Sir Joshua.

There was a long interval, however, between this first contact with Reynolds and the close association with him which afterwards marked the lives of the two painters. Northcote had to struggle very hard with adverse fortune, narrow means,

and restricted opportunities. His father was a watch and clock maker in Market Street, Plymouth Dock. He was poor—so poor indeed, that, as Allan Cunningham relates, it was said by the members of a little club to which he belonged, that in his supper with them he took his dinner. James, his second son, was born on the 22nd of October, 1746. Even in boyhood he had a liking for painting, but as this taste developed, it was repressed by the elder Northcote, who intended the lad to be his own apprentice. He was a dissenter, too—a Unitarian—and in those days, Art did not stand well in the estimation of persons of his class or creed. Besides, he had views of life, and made estimates of character. "My father used to say," Northcote tells us, "that there were people of premature ability who soon ran to seed. He had known several who were very clever at seventeen or eighteen, but who turned out nothing afterwards; at that time of life the effervescence and intoxication of youth did a great deal, but we required to wait till the gaiety and dance of the animal spirits subsided, to see what people really were." Whatever his motive, the old man made Northcote wait. He apprenticed him to the watch-making, and allowed him to paint only in the evening and morning hours of leisure. Northcote submitted, and persevered. He served out his term of apprenticeship, and continued to work at his father's business until he was twenty-four years old—painting, meanwhile, as much as he could; confining himself chiefly to portraits, and studies of animals.

In 1771 his chance came to him. His portraits were talked about in Plymouth; people spoke of him as a prodigy; and then Dr. Mudge, the friend of Reynolds and of Johnson, encouraged him to go to London to see Sir Joshua, giving him a letter of introduction for that purpose.

Northcote went at once. It is said that he walked the whole distance from Plymouth to London; and it would seem that at first he made little progress in his great desire. Reynolds shook his head at the crude performances of the young man, and Northcote had to seek employment—that of coloring prints of flowers at a shilling a sheet—to get bread. He was persevering, and did it, contriving to improve his knowledge of Art at the same time, until Reynolds, struck with his determination, took him as a pupil and assistant, not only into his studio, but as a resident in his house.

"It was in the year 1771," says Northcote (in his *Life of Reynolds*), "that I was first placed under the tuition of Sir Joshua Reynolds, to whom I was introduced and strongly recommended by my good and much respected friend, Dr. John Mudge. I feel it next to impossible to express the pleasure I received in breathing, if it may be so said, in an atmosphere of Art; and as from the earliest period of my being able to make any observation, I had conceived him to be the greatest painter that ever lived, it may be conjectured what I felt when I found myself in his house as his scholar."

It was a good house to be in: a house in which there was the best Art and the best company—Johnson, and Goldsmith, and Burke, and Garrick; the wits and the poets, politicians and painters, rank and fashion, and, above all, Sir Joshua himself, sovereign in Art, polished in manners, capable of holding his ground alike with men of fashion and men of letters.

Here Northcote remained for five years, treated, he tells us, quite as one of the family. Sir Joshua appreciated his earnestness and industry, encouraged his studies, both at home and in the schools of the Academy, and relished his sharp outspoken comments and retorts. In his *Century of Painters* Mr. Redgrave says that Northcote, in his apprenticeship to Reynolds, "had full opportunity of acquiring the technical knowledge he must have so greatly needed. He stood beside Reynolds before his easel, he enjoyed free converse with him, he saw his works in all stages, he assisted in their progress, laying in draperies, painting backgrounds and accessories, and forwarding the numerous duplicates and copies required of such a master, and he shared the usual means of advancement and study enjoyed by Reynolds's pupils; at the same time he

did not neglect the essential study of the figure at the Royal Academy." Northcote himself, in the *Life of Reynolds* and in his *Conversations*, gives a somewhat different account. He worked with Reynolds, no doubt, and derived benefit from the association; but he complains that Sir Joshua was a bad master, that he taught him nothing directly, would not allow him to use any but the commonest preparations, and locked up his own colors. "He would not suffer me," Northcote says, "during the whole time I resided in his house, to make use of any other materials than the common preparations of color, just as we have them from the hands of the colorman; and all varnishes, and every kind of experiment, were strictly prohibited. Likewise, all his own preparations of color were most carefully concealed from my sight and knowledge, and perpetually locked secure in his drawers, thus never to be seen or known by any one but himself." Sometimes, however, Reynolds gave him a sharp lesson in practice. "It was very provoking," Northcote writes, "after I had been for hours laboring on the drapery of one of his portraits, from a lay figure, to see him, with a few masterly sweeps of his brush, destroy nearly all my work, and turn it into something much finer," and yet, he adds, with a touch of pride, "but for my work it would not have been what it was." Copying pictures, though unquestionably useful to him, Northcote detested. "It is," he says, "like plain work among women; it is what anybody can do, and therefore nothing but a bare living is to be got from it." Occasionally he tried to argue with Reynolds, and got put down. Criticising some directions as to color, given by a visitor, Sir Joshua replied, "He is a sensible man, but an indifferent colorist. There is not a man on earth who has the least notion of coloring: we all of us have it equally to seek for and find out, as at present it is totally lost to the art." Notwithstanding this rebuff, Northcote ventured to advise Reynolds himself:—

"I once humbly endeavored to persuade Sir Joshua to abandon those fleeting colors, lake and carmine, which it was his practice to use in painting the flesh, and to adopt vermilion in their stead, as infinitely more durable, although perhaps not so exactly true to nature as the former; I remember he looked on his hand, and said, 'I can see no vermilion in

flesh.' I replied, 'But did not Sir Godfrey Kneller always use vermilion in his flesh color?' Sir Joshua answered rather sharply, 'What signifies what a man uses, who could not color? You may use it if you will.'

Of Northcote's imitative art, Sir Joshua had a high opinion. Northcote painted a portrait of one of the maid-servants. The likeness was recognised by a macaw belonging to Sir Joshua; the bird disliked the woman, and flew right at the face of the portrait, and tried to bite it. Failing here, he struck at the hand. The experiment was often repeated for the amusement of visitors. Of his own work at that time, Northcote had not formed a very high estimate. Many years afterwards he told Hazlitt how keenly he noted the failures of other pupils in the Academy,—

"The glaring defects of such works almost disgusted me with the profession. Is this, I said, what the art is made up of? How do I know that my own productions may not appear in the same light to others? Nothing gave me the horrors so much as passing the old battered portraits at the doors of brokers' shops, with the morning sun shining full upon them. I was generally inclined to prolong my walk, and put off painting for that day; but the sight of a fine picture had a contrary effect, and I went back and set to work with redoubled ardor."

The direct connection between Reynolds and Northcote ended in 1775, when Northcote was twenty-nine years old. They parted on good terms, Reynolds saying that Northcote had been very useful to him, more so than any other scholar that had ever been with him, and adding, "I hope we shall assist each other as long as we live." Northcote now went back to Plymouth for a time, and painted portraits until he had made enough money to fulfil his purpose—that of going to Italy to study the great masters—to steal from them, as he afterwards described the process. He spent three years in Italy, not knowing a word of the language, or indeed of any language but his own. This proved no hindrance. He said to Hazlitt, speaking of this journey, "there may be sin in Rome, as in all great capitals, but in Parma, and the remoter towns, they seem all one family. Their kindness to strangers is great. I travelled from Lyons to Genoa, and from Genoa to Rome, without speaking a word of the language, and in

the power of a single person, without meeting with the smallest indignity; everywhere, both in inns and on the road, every attention was paid to my feelings, and pains taken to make me comfortable." In the *Conversations* Hazlitt sums up Northcote's impressions of this period,—

"He spoke of his journey to Italy, of the beauty of the climate, of the manners of the people, of the imposing effect of the Roman Catholic religion, of its favorableness to the fine arts, of the churches full of pictures, of the manner in which he passed his time, studying and looking into all the rooms in the Vatican. He had no fault to find with Italy, and no wish to leave it. Gracious and sweet was all he saw in her. As he talked (this was when he was an old man of eighty) he looked as if he saw the different objects pass before him, and his eye glistened with familiar recollections. He said, 'Raffaello did not scorn to look out of himself, or to be beholden to others; he took whole figures from Masaccio to enrich his designs, because all he wanted was to advance the art, and to ennoble human nature.' 'Everything at Rome,' he said, 'is like a picture, it is calculated for show. I remember walking through one of the by-streets near the Vatican, where I met some procession in which the Pope was; and all at once I saw a number of the most beautiful Arabian horses curvetting and throwing out their long tails like a vision, or part of a romance. All our pageants are Bartholomew Fair exhibitions compared with what you see at Rome. And then, to see the Pope give the benediction at St. Peter's, raising himself up, and spreading out his hands in the form of a cross, with an energy and dignity as if he was giving a blessing to the whole world!'"

Raffaello, Titian, and Michael Angelo—the last named especially—were the great objects of attraction to him. He told Reynolds, on his return, "For once that I went to look at Raffaello, I went twice to look at Michael." He made good use of those studies. You must use the great masters, not imitate them: that was his conclusion. It is easy, he says, to imitate one of the old masters, but repetitions are useless.

"If you want to last, you must invent something. To do otherwise is only pouring liquor from one vessel into another; that becomes staler every time. We are tired of the antique; the world wants something new, and will have it; no matter whether it be better or worse, if there is but an infusion of new life and spirit, it will go down to posterity. There is Michael Angelo, how utterly different from the antique, and in some things how superior! There is his statue of Cosmo de Medici leaning on his hand, in the chapel of San Lorenzo, at Florence. I declare it has that look

of reality in it, that it almost terrifies one to be near it. Is it not the same with Titian, Correggio, and Raffaele? These painters did not imitate one another, but were as unlike as possible, and yet were all excellent. Originality is neither caprice nor affectation. It is an excellence that is always to be found in Nature, but has never had a place in Art before."

Northcote, as this passage shows, was a sound critic. He could also describe a fine picture so as to bring it bodily before us. Speaking of Titian, he said to Hazlitt:—

"There is that fine one which you have heard me speak of—Paul the Third, and his two natural sons, or nephews, as they are called. My God! what a look it has. The old man is sitting in his chair, and looking up to one of the sons, with his hands grasping the arm-chair with his long spider fingers, and seems to say, as plain as words can speak, 'You wretch, what do you want now?' while the young fellow is advancing with a humble, hypocritical air. It is true history, and indeed it turned out so, for the son (or nephew) was afterwards thrown out of the palace windows by the mob, and torn to pieces by them."

Here is another criticism, on Velasquez,—

"When a work seems stamped on the canvas by a blow, you are taken by surprise, and your admiration is as instantaneous and electrical as the impulse of genius which has caused it. I have seen a whole-length portrait by Velasquez, that seemed done while the colors were yet wet; everything was touched in, as it were, by a wish; there was such a power, that it thrilled through your whole frame, and you felt as if you could take up the brush and do anything."

A criticism of Titian's portraits is worth recalling. Hazlitt gives it in the *Conversations*.

"He mentioned his going with Prince Hoare and Day to take leave of some fine portraits by Titian, that hung in a dark corner of a gallery at Naples, and as Day looked at them for the last time, with tears in his eyes, he said, 'Ah! he was a fine old *mouser*.' I said I had repeated this expression (which I had heard him allude to before), somewhere in writing, and was surprised that people did not know what to make of it. Northcote said, 'Why that is exactly what I should have thought. There is the difference between writing and speaking. In writing you address the average quantity of sense or information in the world; in speaking you pick your audience, or at least know what they are prepared for, or else previously explain what you think necessary. You understand the epithet, because you have seen a great number of Titian's pictures, and know that cat-like, watchful, penetrating look he gives to all his faces, which nothing else

expresses, perhaps, so well as the phrase Day made use of; but the world in general knows nothing of this; all they know or believe is, that Titian is a great painter, like Raffaele or any other famous person."

Some painters are as little impressed as the world in general, by the glories of Italian Art. Romney and Edwards were in Italy, and went to the Sistine Chapel. Edwards, Northcote says, "turned on his heel and exclaimed, 'Egad, George, we're *bit*!'"

While Northcote gained inconceivably in Art by his Italian journey, he lost little or nothing in purse. He was very thrifty. Allan Cunningham, in his *Lives of the Painters*, sketches his way of living when abroad.

"I have heard that as necessity and Nature united in making him economical, he lived meanly; associated with none who were likely to lead him into expenses; and as he copied for dealers or travellers a number of the favorite works of the Italian masters, he improved his skill of hand, and rather increased than diminished the sum with which he started from England. Common apartments, common clothes, and common food sufficed for one who was too proud to ask aid from any source, and who had resolved to be independent."

His powers as an artist were recognised, however, by others than dealers. The Italian artists elected him a member of the academies of Florence, Cortona, and Rome. Thus fortified in mind, reputation, and purse, Northcote returned to England and settled for a time in Devonshire, but removed in 1781 to London, where he took a house in Old Bond Street, with the resolution of combining portraiture and historical painting, making the money earned by the one provide leisure for the other.

He met with discouragement at the beginning of his career. Reynolds told him, half playfully, that there was not much chance. "Ah! my dear sir, you may go back; there is a wondrous Cornishman who is carrying all before him." This was Opie, lately come to London, under the auspices of Dr. Wolcot, best known as Peter Pindar. "What is he like?" asked Northcote. "Like? why like Caravaggio and Velasquez in one." Northcote was a prudent man; he resolved to be on friendly terms with the Cornish wonder, and friends they became, though they were commonly considered rivals in painting. Mrs. Opie's

letters bear testimony to Northcote's intimacy with her husband. She quotes, with manifest satisfaction, Northcote's observation, that "while other artists painted to live, Opie lived to paint." Speaking to Hazlitt of Opie, Northcote said, "You did not know Opie. You would have admired him greatly. I do not speak of him as an artist, but as a man of sense and observation. He paid me the compliment of saying that we should have been the best friends in the world if we had not been rivals. I think he had more of this feeling than I had; perhaps because I had most vanity." Northcote, however, had the feeling of rivalry pretty strongly. In 1787 Opie and he were elected full members of the Academy. Northcote exhibited his picture—perhaps his best work—*Wat Tyler*, now in the Guildhall. Opie exhibited his chief work, the *Murder of Rizzio*, now also in the Guildhall. While the works were in progress, Northcote went to see Opie's picture. He found it better and more advanced than his own.

"When I returned to my painting-room, I took up my palette and pencils with an inveterate determination to do something that should raise me a name; but my inspiration was only a momentary dream. The ghost of that picture stood between me and my blank canvas. I could see nothing but the murderers of Rizzio. I felt I could have rejoiced if they had seized the painter and murdered him instead. Yes, I could. This dwelt upon my fancy until I laughed at the conceit, for, thought I, then there had been a meddling fiddler and rival painter dispatched at the same expense; and if all the fiddlers and painters were smothered, for aught I know they might well be spared. I dreamed of the picture whilst wide awake, and I dreamed of the picture when fast asleep. How could I help it? There was a passage in the composition wherein the torches—for the scene was represented, as 'ee may remember, by torchlight, and it was the finest trait of effect that ever proceeded from mortal hand. I still dwelt upon it in my mind's eye, in sheer despair. To attempt anything so original, so gloriously fine, I might as well have set about creating another world. I should have died, but for a fortuitous circumstance. I called again to see the hated picture. 'Well, my dear friend,' asked Hazlitt, 'and how did you feel?' 'How did I feel? Gude God! I would not have had Opie know what was passing in my mind for all the world; no, not even to have been the author of the picture. Judge, if 'ee can, what I felt. Why, some wretch, some demon had persuaded him to alter the whole structure of the piece. He had adopted the fatal advice, had destroyed the glory of the

Art, and ruined—yes, to my solace—irrecoverably ruined the piece."

Candid, this; but Northcote was candid. When Opie died, in 1807, they feared to tell Northcote, lest he should be too greatly shocked. There need have been no such alarm. "Well, well," he said, "it's a very sad event; but I must confess it takes a great stumbling-block out of my way, for I never could succeed where Opie did."

In this endeavor to sketch the character of Northcote it is needless to dwell at length upon his pictures. It is said that he painted altogether about two thousand works—portraits, historical and scriptural pieces, subjects from home life, and studies of animals, in the last of which he excelled. The best known of his larger works are the gallery pictures painted for Alderman Boydell. The engravings afford sufficient means to judge of them. They are powerful in parts, but are exaggerated in attitude, and generally too careless in composition, and, like all other works of that period, utterly defiant of propriety in costume and other accessories. He was thinking of Michael Angelo, and aiming at the grand style; but the grand style proved too large for him—it needed the hand of a great master.

The man himself, however, is a more interesting study than his works. He lived so long and his life covered so great a period—from 1746 to 1831—that he became a sort of institution, a depository of Art traditions, professional and personal, of the most varied and amusing kind. These he loved to narrate in his own dry, cynical way, for he was an admirable talker. In person he was very short, in dress very careless—his trousers were commonly too long, and his shoes too large,—and in habits penurious to miserliness. By saving, and pinching, and screwing, he accumulated more than £40,000—a large fortune in days when prices were so much lower than they are now. One of Fuseli's sarcasms points this phase in his character. Somebody said that Northcote was going to keep a dog. "Northcote keep a dog!" exclaimed Fuseli; "why, what will he feed him on? He will have to eat his own fleas!" Something had occurred at the Academy to gratify Northcote: "Now," said Fuseli, "he will go home, put more

coals on the fire, and almost draw the cork of his only pint of wine." When the exhibition of old masters was begun at the British Institution, a scurrilous publication, called "The Catalogue Raisonné," was issued; it was presumed in the interests of the Academy. Haydon writes, as a departure from Northcote's ordinary habits, that he "ordered a *long* candle, and went to bed to read it in ecstasy." Notwithstanding his niggardliness and his biting sarcasm, Northcote's studio was for many years a common resort. "About eleven o'clock" (I quote Mr. Redgrave), "unless he had a sitter, a sort of *levée* commenced. It seldom happened that he remained long alone—one succeeded another, occasionally three or four at a time; and he talked over his work till his dinner-hour, freely discussing any subject which arose, with great sagacity, acuteness, and information, and always maintaining his own opinions."

Haydon in his Autobiography mentions Northcote more than once. This is an entry in 1807:—

"On the day the exhibition opened, we all dined with Hoppner, who hated Northcote, who in his turn hated Hoppner. We talked of Art, and after dinner Hoppner said, 'I can fancy a man fond of his art who painted like Reynolds; but how a man can be fond of Art who paints like that fellow Northcote, Heaven only knows.'"

In 1821, in a sketch of the sale of Reynolds's pictures, Haydon again introduces Northcote. The former had induced Mr. (afterwards Sir George) Phillips to buy Reynolds's *Piping Shepherd* for four hundred guineas, then a very large price.

"The purchase," he says, "made a great noise in town, and Phillips was assailed by everybody as he came in. I soon found it was considered by the artists a sort of honor to be near him, and in the midst of the sale up squeezed Chantrey. I was exceedingly amused. I turned round and found on the other side, Northcote! I began to think something was in the wind. Phillips asked him how he liked the 'Shepherd Boy.' At first he did not recollect it, and then said, 'Ah! indeed! Ah! yes! it was a very poor thing. I remember it.' Poor Mr. Phillips whispered to me, 'You see people have different tastes.' I knew that Northcote's coming up was ominous of something. The attempts of this little fellow to mortify others are quite amusing: he exists upon it. The sparkling delight with which he watches a face when he knows that something is coming that will change its expression, is beyond every-

thing; and as soon as he had said what he thought would make Phillips unhappy for two hours, he slunk away."

Again, in 1825, Haydon has another fling at Northcote, now an old man of eighty, and who might well have been spared:—

"While I was at the Gallery yesterday, poor old Northcote, who has some fine pictures there, was walking about. He nodded to me. I approached. I congratulated him on his pictures. 'Ah! sir,' said he, 'they want varnishing, they say.' 'Well,' said I, 'why don't you varnish them?' He shook his head, meaning he was too feeble. 'Shall I do it?' 'Will 'ee?' said Northcote. 'I shall be so much obliged.' To the astonishment of the Academicians, I mounted the ladder and varnished away. The poor old mummy was in raptures. I felt for the impotence of his age. He told me some capital stories when I came down."

Readers of Northcote's *Conversations* know well enough that "the poor old mummy" revenged himself amply on Haydon. In Leslie's *Recollections* we have an equally graphic, but kindlier notice of Northcote:—

"It is the etiquette for a newly elected member to call immediately on all the Academicians, and I did not omit paying my respects to Northcote among the rest, although I knew he was not on good terms with the Academy. I was shown up-stairs into a large front room filled with pictures, many of the larger ones resting against each other, and all of them dim with dust. I had not waited long when a door opened which communicated with his painting room, and the old gentleman appeared, but did not advance beyond it. His diminutive figure was enveloped in a chintz dressing-gown, below which his trousers, which looked as if made for a much larger man, hung in immense folds over a loose pair of shoes, into which his legs seemed to have shrunk down. His head was covered with a blue silk night-cap, and from under that, and his projecting brows, his sharp black eyes peered at me with a whimsical expression of inquiry. There he stood, with his palette and brushes in one hand, and a mahl-stick, twice as long as himself, in the other: his attitude and look saying, for he did not speak—'What do you want?' On telling him that I had been elected an Associate of the Academy, he said, quickly, 'And who's the other?' 'Mr. Clint,' I replied. 'And so Clint's got it at last. You're an architect, I believe?' I set him right, and he continued, 'Well, sir, you owe nothing to me; I never go near them; indeed, I never go out at night anywhere.' I told him I knew that, but thought it right to pay my respects to all the Academicians, and hoped I was not interrupting him. He said 'By no means,' and asked me into his painting room, where he was at work on an equestrian picture of George IV. as large as life, which he must

have made up from busts and pictures. 'I was desirous,' he said, 'to paint the King, for there is no picture that is like him, and he is by far the best king of his family we have had. It has been remarked that this country is best governed by a woman, for then the Government is carried on by able men; and George IV. is like a woman, for he minds only his own amusements, and leaves the affairs of the country to his ministers, instead of meddling himself, as his father did. He is just what a King of England should be—something to look grand, and to hang the robes on.' I asked leave to repeat my visit, which was readily granted, and from that time we were very good friends. He talked better than he painted."

Leslie continues:—

"When I first found myself painting in the exhibition rooms of the Royal Academy, where most of its members were at work, retouching their pictures, I was a good deal puzzled at the very opposite advice I received from authorities equally high. Northcote came in, and it was the only time I ever saw him at the Academy. He had a large picture there, and not hung in the best of places, at which he was much dissatisfied. I told him of my difficulties, and that Wilkie and Lawrence had just given me extraordinary advice. 'Everybody,' he said, 'will advise you to do what he himself would do, but you are to consider and judge for yourself whether you are likely to do it as he would, and if not you may spoil your picture.'

"Northcote then complained to Phillips of the ill-usage he had received from the Academy, and said, 'I have scarcely ever had a picture well hung. I wish I had never belonged to you. Phillips said, laughing, 'We can turn you out!' Northcote answered, 'The sooner you do so the better; only think of the men you have turned out. You turned out Sir Joshua, you turned out Barry, and you turned out West; and I shall be very glad to make a fourth in such company.'

"Mr. Shee, with the adroitness which was natural to him, paid him some compliments. Northcote said, 'Very well, indeed. You are just the man to write a tragedy' (Shee was a very indifferent poet), 'you know how to make a speech.' At another time Northcote complimented Shee in his own peculiar manner, by saying, 'You should have been in Parliament, instead of the Academy.'"

Another painter—Thomas Bewicke, the pupil of Haydon—records in his journals a visit to Northcote shortly before his death. Bewicke had been sent to Rome by Sir Thomas Lawrence, to copy some of Michael Angelo's figures in the Sistine Chapel. On his return, he went to show his drawings to Northcote.

"An old servant, almost blind, who had lived with him for half a century, and who had been ordered to leave scores of times, but would not go, opened the door. I sent in my

card, and was ushered into the miser's study. I found him alone, dressed in an old dingy green dressing-gown, and cap to match. He received me very graciously, and when I told him I had just returned from Italy, he opened his eyes with amazement. I said I had brought my drawing of Jeremiah to show him. I then unrolled the drawing, and he, holding up his hands, said, 'Ah! wonderful—strange! How grand. Ah! sir, Raffaele and Michael Angelo were grand fellows—we are puny and meagre compared with them, and I fear ever shall be. The style of education in the Arts is so effeminate, if I may so speak, in this country.' Then, in a sententious manner, he added, 'No, sir, they will never be able to comprehend the grandeur of Michael Angelo; you may show Jeremiah upside down for the next century, and no one will see the difference.'"

One more quotation—from Hazlitt, the closest friend and intimate of Northcote's closing years:—

"Talking with Northcote is like conversing with the dead. You see a little old man, eighty years of age, pale and fragile, with eyes gleaming like the lights that are hung in tombs. He seems little better than a ghost, is almost as insubstantial, and hangs wavering and trembling on the very edge of life. You would think that a breath would blow him away; and yet, what fine things he says. 'Yes,' observed some one, 'and what ill-natured things: they are all malicious to the last word.' Lamb called him, 'A little bottle of aquafortis, which, you know, corrodes everything it touches.' 'Except gold,' interrupted Hazlitt; 'he never drops upon Sir Joshua or the great masters.' 'Well,' persisted the other, 'but is he not flowing over with envy, and hatred, and all uncharitableness? I am told that he is as spiteful as a woman. Then his niggardness! Did he ever give anything away?' 'Yes,' retorted Hazlitt, 'his advice; and very unpleasant it is!' At another time the conversation turned upon the living painters, when one of them (Haydon, I think) was praised as being a capital relater of an anecdote. This brought Hazlitt's thoughts to Northcote, of whom he spoke again—'He is the best teller of a story I ever knew. He will bring up an old defunct anecdote, that has not a jot of merit, and make it quite delightful by dishing it up in his own words: they are quite a *sauce piquante*.' 'All he says is very well,' said some one, 'when it touches only our neighbor; but what if he speaks of one's self?' 'You must take your chance of that,' replied Hazlitt; 'but, provided you are not a rival, and will let him alone, he will not harm you; jostle him, and he stings like a nettle.'"

This last remark is illustrated by a story told by Mr. Redgrave in his sketch of Northcote. He hated Sir Thomas Lawrence, probably because the portrait painters of the Reynolds school had gone down before him.

"An artist, then young," says Mr. Redgrave, "who afterwards became a member of the Royal Academy, relates that one day calling upon Northcote, he found him mounted on a pile of boxes, working away with the zeal of a boy at one of his equestrian portraits of George the Fourth, and that his first inquiry of the visitor was whether he had been at the exhibition, and what he thought of the year's collection. To this interrogatory the young artist replied that he thought Lawrence had in the exhibition one of the most perfect pictures in the world. 'A perfect picture, do 'ee say, and from the hands of Lawrence! A perfect picture! Why, you talk like a fule! A perfect picture! Why, I've been to Rome, and seen Raffaele, and I never saw a perfect picture by him; and to talk of Lawrence doing a perfect picture, good Lord! what nonsense! Lawrence doing anything perfect—why, there never was any perfect picture; at least I never saw one.'

Occasionally, his sharp retorts were turned to legitimate uses. Once when a pedantic coxcomb was crying up Raffaele to the skies, he could not help saying, "If there was nothing in Raffaele but what *you* can see in him, we should not now have been talking of him." Sometimes Northcote professed to be troubled, or really was troubled, by the sharpness of his tongue. Hazlitt says he blamed himself often for uttering what he thought harsh things; and on mentioning this to his friend Kemble, and saying that it sometimes kept him from sleep after he had been out in company, Kemble replied, "Oh, you need not trouble yourself much about them, others never think of them afterwards!" Northcote returned to this point seriously in one of his talks with Hazlitt, and spoke of it with much shrewdness and knowledge of human nature.

"It will never do," he said, "to take things literally that are uttered in a moment of irritation. You do not express your own opinion, but one as opposite as possible to that of the person who has provoked you. You get as far from a person you have taken a pique against as you can, just as you turn off the pavement to get out of the way of a chimney-sweeper; but it is not to be supposed that you prefer walking in the mud, for all that. I have often been ashamed myself of speeches I have made in that way, which have been repeated to me as good things, when all I meant was that I would say anything rather than agree to the nonsense and affectation I heard. You then set yourself against what you think a wrong bias in another, and are not like a wall but a buttress—as far from the right line as your antagonist, and the more absurd he is, the more so do you become."

NEW SERIES.—VOL. XXIV., No. 2

Though he had no great literary capacity, and literally no school training, Northcote was desirous of making a reputation as an author. His reading was extensive, but his faculty of composition was limited. He knew no language but English, and this imperfectly. Throughout life he spoke with a broad Devonshire accent, and spelled many words, amongst them the commonest, much as he pronounced them. For Greek literature, even in translation, he had no relish.

"There are some things," he said to Hazlitt, "with respect to which I am in the same state that a blind man is as to colors. Homer is one of these. I am utterly in the dark about it. I can make nothing of his heroes or his gods. Jack the Giant-killer is the first book I ever read, and I cannot describe the pleasure it gives me, even now." This was when he was eighty. "I cannot look into it without my eyes filling with tears. I do not know what it is (whether good or bad), but it is to me, from early impressions, the most heroic of performances. I remember once not having money to buy it, and I transcribed it all out with my own hand. This is what I was going to say about Homer. I cannot help thinking that one cause of the high admiration in which it is held, is its being the first book that is put into the hands of young people at school; it is the first spell which opens to them the enchantments of the unreal world. Had I been bred a scholar, I dare say Homer would have been my Jack the Giant-killer."

The narrow culture thus indicated scarcely fitted the painter for the business of authorship; but, with his customary perseverance, he contrived to write a good deal, and to do it fairly well. He began by contributing essays on Art, critiques, and poems, to Mr. Prince Hoare's Journal, the *Artist*, in 1807. "Mr. Prince Hoare (he says) taxed me the hardest in what I wrote for the *Artist*. He pointed out where I was wrong, and sent it back for me to correct." His *Life of Reynolds*—still, to a great extent, the best memoir of Sir Joshua—was published in 1813, when Northcote was sixty-seven. Many years afterwards he published a series of his Fables, in prose and verse, illustrated by spirited engravings of animals; and a second series was issued after his death. At eighty, he published his *Life of Titian*—none but an artist, he said, could write the life of an artist. It is, however, a feeble and tedious performance, although Hazlitt assisted in the composition, as he did also in that of the Fables. This has

been denied; but we have Hazlitt's own testimony to the fact.

A close intimacy had been struck up between Hazlitt and Northcote, and had lasted for several years. Hazlitt conceived the idea of writing down and publishing their conversations. Northcote assented. "You may, if you think it worth while; but I do assure you that you overrate them. You have not lived long enough in society to be a judge. What is new to you, you think will seem so to others." The *Conversations* were printed, under the title of "*Boswell Redivivus*," in the *New Monthly Magazine*, then under Campbell's editorship. Their personalities, their freshness, and the racy character of Northcote's sayings, attracted much notice, and provoked sharp controversy. This led to a quarrel between Northcote and Hazlitt. The Mudge family, who had befriended Northcote in youth, were somewhat coarsely assailed in the conversations. Mr. Rosdew, of Plymouth, the nephew of Mr. Zachary Mudge, expostulated with Northcote. The painter "broke out into the most violent expressions of rage and passion. He called Hazlitt a Papist, a wretch, a viper, whom he would stab if he could get at him." Then he wrote to Campbell—

"I find there are frequently papers in your publication, entitled, very modestly, '*Boswell Redivivus*,' insinuating that the hero of this trivial stuff is to be compared to the immortal Dr. Johnson. This person seems pretty clearly to be made out to be myself. Good God! do you not feel this to be dreadful? But this is not the worst of the matter. I have often, in my vain moments, said that I should be pleased to receive morning visits from the Devil, because I might be amused by his knowledge of the world, and diverted by his wit, and should be sufficiently on my guard to avoid his snares. This impious desire has indeed been granted to me, and '*Boswell Redivivus*' is the consequence."

Now that personal controversies are silenced by time, we may estimate *The Conversations of Northcote* at their true value. As republished in a volume—in the lifetime of the painter—they are softened down from the original draught; but spice enough is left to make them most attractive and amusing reading. Northcote was unquestionably proud of them. "Don't," he would say to his visitors with a chuckle, "go and print what I have said;" and, as to the Con-

versations themselves, he excused himself by saying that "he did not print them," while Hazlitt excused himself by saying that "he did not speak them." This depreciation, however, is mere affectation;—both speaker and writer were secretly delighted with their work; and not without cause, for there are few books of the same class which are more original, fuller of shrewd observation, or expressed with greater force and freedom. The reputation of Northcote may, indeed, rest more securely upon this volume than upon his more pretentious efforts in literature, or than even upon his pictures; for, as Hazlitt presents him, he was far brighter and more picturesque than he was upon canvas. To the collected and revised editions of the *Conversations*, Hazlitt prefixes a motto from Armstrong—

"The precepts here of a divine old man
I could recite."

With a liberal interpretation, this is not too much to say. The charm of the book consists in its frankness and its discursive character. Stimulated by his acute interrogator, Northcote discourses with unreserve on whatever topic may happen to come uppermost—the old masters; Sir Joshua; the brilliant group which met at Reynolds's house; contemporary men, women, and manners; politics, literature, religion, morals—all take their turn, and are all discussed with vigorous freedom, and illustrated with witty observations, or appropriate anecdote. All the while the talker himself is present to the life—his tastes, fancies, prejudices, preferences.

Cynicism was Northcote's habit of mind. He knew it, and tried to excuse the propensity. "I am sometimes thought cold and cynical myself; but I hope it is not for any overweening opinion of myself. I remember once going with Wilkie to Angerstein's, and because I stood looking and said nothing, he seemed dissatisfied, and said, 'I suppose you are too much occupied with admiring, to give me your opinion?' I answered hastily, 'No, indeed! I was saying to myself, "And this is all that the Art can do."'" But this was not I am sure, an expression of triumph, but of mortification, at the defects which I could not help observing even in the most accomplished works." The Ireland forgeries

were mentioned. "Caleb Whitefoord," said Northcote, "who ought to have known better, asked me if I did not think Sheridan a judge, and that he believed in the authenticity of the Ireland papers. I said, 'Do you bring him as a fair witness? He wants to fill his theatre, and would write a play himself and swear it was Shakespeare's. He knows better than to cry stale fish.'" Some printsellers failed. Northcote "did not wonder at it; it was a just punishment of their presumption and ignorance." Hazlitt told him that he had seen "the hair of Lucrezia Borgia, of Milton; Bonaparte, and Dr. Johnson, all folded up in the same paper. It had belonged to Lord Byron." Northcote replied, "One could not be sure of that; it was easy to get a lock of hair, and call it by any name one pleased." Of authors and painters he said, "the most wretched scribbler looks down upon the greatest painter as a mere mechanic; but who would compare Lord Byron with Titian?" Speaking of Byron, and the dispute about burying him in Poets' Corner, he said, "Byron would have resisted it violently if he could have known of it. If they had laid him there, he would have got up again. No, I'll tell you where they should have laid him: if they had buried him with the kings in Henry VII.'s chapel, he would have had no objection to that." Of royalty he had something to say.

"You violent politicians," he said to Hazlitt, "make more rout about royalty than it is worth: it is only the highest place, and somebody must fill it, no matter who; neither do the persons themselves think so much of it as you imagine: they are glad to get into privacy as much as they can. Nor is it a sinecure. The late king, I have been told, used often to have to sign his name to papers, and do nothing else for three hours together, till his fingers fairly ached, and then he would take a walk in the garden, and come back to repeat the same drudgery for three hours more. So, when they told Louis XV. that if he went on with his extravagance, he would bring about a revolution and be sent over to England with a pension, he merely asked, 'Do you think the pension would be a pretty good one?'"

On religion he was cynical also.

"I said to Godwin, when he had been trying to unsettle the opinions of a young artist whom I knew, 'Why should you wish to turn him out of one house, till you have provided another for him? Besides, what do you know of the matter more than he does? His non-

sense is as good as your nonsense, when both are equally in the dark.' As to the follies of the Catholics, I do not think the Protestants can pretend to be quite free from them. So when a chaplain of Lord Bath's was teasing a Popish clergyman, to know how he could make up his mind to admit that absurdity of transubstantiation, the other made answer, 'Why, I'll tell you: when I was young, I was taught to swallow Adam's apple; and since that, I have found no difficulty with anything else.'"

The Academy did not please him in his later years: they put his pictures into bad places, and gave preference to other painters of portrait and history. The recommendation-paper for students contained a blank for a statement of the candidate's moral character.

"This zeal for morality," said Northcote, "begins with inviting me to tell a lie. I know whether he can draw or not, because he brings me specimens of his drawings; but what am I to know of the moral character of a person I have never seen before? Or what business have the Academy to inquire into it? I suppose they are not afraid he will steal the Farnese Hercules. I told one of them, with as grave a face as I could, that as to his moral character he must go to his godfathers and godmothers for that. He answered very simply that they were a great way off, and that he had nobody to appeal to but his apothecary. This would not have happened in Sir Joshua's time," he went on, "nor even in Fuseli's; but the present men are dressed in a little brief authority, and they wish to make the most of it, without perceiving the limits."

On another occasion he said—

"When the Academy first began, one would suppose that the members were so many angels sent from Heaven to fill the different situations, and that was the reason why it began. Now, the difficulty is to find anybody fit for them; and the deficiency is supplied by interest, intrigue, and cabal. Not that I dislike the individuals, neither. As Swift says, I like Jack, Tom, and Harry, very well by themselves; but all together they are not to be endured. We see the effect of people acting in concert in animals (for men are only a more vicious sort of animals). A single dog will let you kick and cuff him as you please, and will submit to any treatment; but if you meet a pack of hounds, they will set upon you and tear you to pieces with the greatest impudence. The Academy very soon degenerated. It is the same in all human institutions. The thing is, there has been found no way yet to keep the devil out."

Space fails to quote his opinions of artists and others whom he had known—Reynolds, Johnson, Burke, Goldsmith, Garrick; and later, Wordsworth, Scott, Fuseli, Lawrence, Canova, Godwin, and

others—of all of whom he spoke with the most engaging freedom and candor. His character has disclosed itself throughout the narrative; it was cynical in a high degree, but it was marked also by the better qualities of self-reliance, perseverance, and sturdy independence. Two anecdotes bring out these qualities in prominent relief. When Master Betty, the Young Roscius, was playing to crowded houses, Northcote painted him. William the Fourth, then Duke of Clarence, took the young prodigy to the painter's house and stood watching the progress of the picture.

"The loose gown in which Northcote painted was principally composed of shreds and patches, and might, perchance, be half a century old; his white hair was sparingly bestowed on each side, and his cranium was entirely bald. The royal visitor, standing behind him while he painted, first gently lifted, or rather twitched, the collar of the gown, which Northcote resented by suddenly turning, and expressing his displeasure by a frown; on which his Royal Highness, touching the professor's grey locks, said, 'You don't devote much time to the toilette, I perceive.' Northcote instantly replied, 'Sir, I never allow any one to take personal liberties with me; you are the first who ever presumed to do so, and I beg your Royal Highness to remember that I am in my own house.' The artist then resumed his painting; the prince stood silent for a minute or so, then opened the door, and went away. The royal carriage,

however, had not arrived, and rain was falling; the prince returned, borrowed an umbrella, and departed. 'Dear Mr. Northcote,' said one of the ladies present, 'I fear you have offended his Royal Highness.' 'Madam,' said the painter, 'I am the offended party.' The next day, about noon, Mr. Northcote was alone, when a gentle tap was heard, the studio door opened, and in walked the prince. 'Mr. Northcote,' he said, 'I am come to return your sister's umbrella; I brought it myself that I might have an opportunity of saying that yesterday I thoughtlessly took an unbecoming liberty with you, which you properly resented. I really am angry with myself, and hope you will forgive me, and think no more about it.' 'And what did you say?' inquired a friend to whom the painter told the story. 'Say! Good God! what could I say? I only bowed; he might see what I felt. I could, at that moment, have sacrificed my life for him—such a prince is worthy to be a king.' The prince afterwards, in his sailor-like way, said of Northcote, 'He's a damned honest, independent, little old fellow.'

The next and last anecdote—highly characteristic of the man—carries us back to the studio of Reynolds, when Northcote was his pupil. The Prince of Wales met Northcote, and was pleased with him. "What do you know of his Royal Highness?" asked Sir Joshua. "Nothing," answered Northcote. "Nothing, sir! why, he says he knows you very well." "Pooh!" said Northcote, "that is only his brag!"—*Fortnightly Review*.

DOMESTIC SERVICE.

"How is the work of our houses to be done?" Though a homely theme, this is really one of the most pressing questions in modern social life. Many may feel that they have already heard more than enough about it. Still there seems to be room for some suggestions which may prove useful.

It is vain to sigh after the olden times, when simpler life and manners made domestic service another name for a loyal tie and happy relationship between rich and poor, who mutually helped and benefited each other. All that is changed. Modern civilization, among many other things, has largely increased our wants. Money in ever increasing amount is necessary to supply these; and additional labor is requisite as well as money. Men in thousands leave our

shores, to push their way in the world, and make fortunes if they can, while women remain the majority in our home population. In many cases these women must earn money that they may live, since there are not men to do it for them. Long ago, in like circumstances, many of them turned to domestic service as a natural sphere. But now, since remunerative work of all sorts (even what has hitherto been considered strictly masculine) is being opened up to women, a reaction has set in which threatens us with a sort of social revolution.

How, then, is the work of our houses to be done? Each member of every family in the country is affected by the reply given to this question, and all the "nameless unremembered acts" which make up life are really colored by it.

Almost every woman, who has a house to govern, knows how increasingly difficult it is to obtain efficient service; and though, if wise, she will keep her own counsel and patiently endure much, her difficulties about servants will be betrayed from time to time, by important posts in the household being left vacant, with all the discomfort which that implies.

The whole middle class, especially the poorer section of it, is at present suffering serious inconvenience and loss from this difficulty. Hence the necessity for discussing the matter in a practical spirit. An efficacious remedy for a tangible evil is required and must be found, sooner or later. Alongside of this unsatisfactory state of matters as to service, we find an outcry for work, higher education, the opening up of professions to women, and so forth. All this is natural, inevitable, commendable. But, is there no risk of its obscuring or even hiding the truth as to woman's primary duty and sphere? It may not be easy to explain or account for it, but the fact remains, that while on all hands occupation is sought for by women, the kind of work peculiarly theirs is neglected. It is a great evil that well educated and sensible women are forced to give so much time and thought to the mere finding of persons to clean their houses, cook their food, and tend their children. Instead of the mother and mistress being able to devote herself to the training of her children and the governing of her household, this worrying quest consumes her strength and time.

Two things are needed to remedy the existing evils: the one—greater competency in servants; the other—a larger number of women willing to undertake domestic work. It is surely worth while to inquire whether anything can be done to meet both of these.

Oddly enough, women seem to be supposed capable of doing house service without special training for it, or at least with just such as they can pick up anyhow, and anywhere; just as they were once supposed competent to keep school without training. No baker, mason, or groom expects to be hired till he has learned his trade; but women appear to take for granted that they can sweep, dust, clean silver, steel, glass, and boots,

can wash, iron, and even cook by a sort of intuition. And unfortunate mistresses, forced to hire the best they can meet with, too often find that they have taken persons into their houses whom they pay and feed well, and lodge in comfort, and yet have to teach how to do the very things which they confidently undertook to perform, and for the very purpose of doing which they were hired. In some few cases, the teaching process may be brief, when, for example, the servant is clever and anxious to learn, and the mistress has few demands on her time, and some strength to spare. But in a home where there are young children, indifferent health, and limited income, the lady who is obliged to teach her own servants leads a life which is simply one not worth having.

Ought there not then to be a training-school for domestic service?—an institution where women could be taught how to clean a house and all its various implements, to light a fire, to wash and dress linen, also simple cookery, and methodical, punctual and tidy habits; or at least shown the practical utility of such habits? It is true that cooking is now taught in many places, and, from the general attention given to the subject, it may probably be taken for granted that before long some knowledge about the preparation of food will be a recognised branch of a girl's education. But in other departments of housework, no less than in this one, training is requisite. Some such institution as is suggested in the following sketch would afford this training.

1. As heads of the school, Two Ladies. One the head-mistress, with absolute authority; the other, subordinate to her, but also an educated lady, who might keep the accounts, and give practical instruction.

2. Under these, one experienced woman from the working class, with good ability and thorough knowledge of housework in all its details. The ladies must also possess this knowledge.

3. Entrance fee for every pupil to be 1*l*.

4. Time of residence, six weeks, and if a longer time is required, the entrance fee to be paid again, at the commencement of the second six weeks. The pupil to be free to leave at any time. No holidays granted, and the entrance

fee never to be returned in any case, whether the entire six weeks' term be made out or not. Insubordination to be followed by dismissal.

5. Board to be paid by each pupil weekly in advance, at the rate of, say, 10s. per week.

6. The apartments of the mistress to be furnished in such a way as to give the pupils the same work as they would have to do in service in a family, with plenty of plated silver and crystal to keep. Their table to be as elaborate as circumstances permit.

7. The pupils' rooms, beds, and fare to be rigidly what they might expect to find in service, in the families of the poorer middle class.

8. The pupils to do the work of the establishment, and to be trained in the doing of it.

9. If this did not provide sufficient employment, the head mistress might be at liberty to take in work to whatever extent she deemed necessary,—such as washing to rough dry, laundry work, neglected steel grates, or silver to put in order, &c. &c. In every case payments to go to the school funds, and not to the individual workers.

10. After pupils had attained a certain proficiency, the mistress might arrange that they went out to work in families by the day or hour, returning to the school at night, and (when practicable) to meals. The fees in this case also to go to the school funds. It would be understood that in this matter of working out (as well as everything else), the head-mistress had absolute authority, and would decide according to what in her judgment was the sort of practice each pupil required.

11. If it were found that young ladies wished to become pupils, a wing or flat of the house might be set apart, with superior bedrooms for them. They would take their meals with the mistresses and pay proportionate board, say 1*l.* 10s. per week. Their entrance fee would be 1*l.*, as in the case of the other pupils.

12. If any Lady wished to learn how to conduct a similar "school," she would also be received as a boarder, her entrance fee being 5*l.*

Pupils of these two classes would be an advantage, because they would in-

crease and give variety to the work of the house.

In starting such a school, it may be taken for granted that the rent, taxes, and furniture must be supplied either by subscriptions, donations, or private enterprise. The rate of board would require to be fixed at the lowest possible point, and yet high enough to cover the cost. The entrance fees should meet the salaries of the mistresses and head servant; and the payments for outside work might be calculated upon to cover the outlay in brushes and cleaning implements. With salaries at say 100*l.*, 75*l.*, and 25*l.*, and an average of twenty-five pupils all the year round, there could be no serious financial loss, and probably the number of pupils would soon be greatly above that average number.

It may be objected that the women for whom this kind of instruction is specially intended will not avail themselves of it, that they will argue, not unnaturally, "since without such training we can get situations and the wages we wish, there is no need for going to school, in any sense of the word." This difficulty might be met, so far, by a system of certificates of merit, and by mistresses giving a steady preference to all possessing such certificates. Still it is to be feared, that so long as the number of females available for service continues less than the number required, the standard of competency will not materially rise.

This introduces the question, Can nothing be done to increase the number of women willing to undertake domestic work?

The first thing that suggests itself is, that all unnecessary servants, all kept entirely or mainly for show, ought to be dispensed with. And if in addition to the merely useless servants every family were to reduce the numbers it employed as much as possible, many would be at once set free for service in those households which at present cannot find any. But might not a further step be taken, and the ladies of the family (where there are several of them) perform regularly a *certain share* of the work? Girls seem content to know nothing whatever of domestic work or of the management of children—expend their superfluous ener-

gy either in croquet and dancing, sewing for fancy fairs, or distributing tracts and teaching Sunday classes, and believe that they work hard. They marry, and take upon themselves the responsibilities of that state while totally ignorant of the duties it involves. Is it surprising that much evil and unhappiness result? Every young woman in the middle classes ought to know, not only how to spend and keep account of money, but each detail of household work. This knowledge she can only attain by some practice in her father's house; nor should she feel this work, though sometimes called "menial," in any sense degrading. As habitually used, the term "menial" is utterly vague, and frequently means just what we wish it to mean. It is a degradation to be idle, whether rich or poor, and it is a degradation to do badly any work which one has undertaken; but no household duty that a lady chooses to do can degrade her, *if she does it well*. If every girl, after school-life ended, undertook a certain portion of the daily work in her home, a number of servants might at once be dispensed with.*

Several objections may be raised to this. Some may think that by doing such work young girls might become vulgar. This need never follow. It is not at all meant that they should work along with women of a lower class; and it is not what we do with our hands, but the spirit in which we do it, that vulgarises or refines. If girls could only be made to see that they have definite duties to perform, and that their time is of value to others, much would be accomplished towards the cure of that frivolity of which we hear so many com-

plaints. With a suitable dress, a covering for the hair, and housemaid's gloves, a lady may make beds and clean rooms without the slightest injury, and probably with gain in some directions.

Another objection may be that young ladies are deficient in the physical strength necessary for this sort of work. In some instances this is true. But when we recall how much fatigue most girls undergo in dancing, riding, skating, rinking, archery, &c., it is difficult to believe that there is much weight in this objection. If even a share of the force required for these fatiguing amusements was reserved for housework, a great deal might be accomplished.

It may be objected further, that for educated girls to engage in housework is a waste of time, and will prevent their mental improvement and culture generally. There is even less force in this than in the former objection. Every one knows how easy those things become which we are obliged to do daily in the same order, and to an educated girl housework would soon become so nearly mechanical as to make a very small demand on her brain power. But even if it should make *more* than a small demand, every woman ought to know how to do it, and is therefore bound to acquire such knowledge in the first place. It is not fixing a lower but a higher and broader standard for women's education and culture to maintain that it should begin at the foundation. Speaking, not of the gifted or talented, but of the average woman, it may be safely affirmed, that to make herself in the first place thoroughly acquainted with her natural work—viz., the care of the home and the young—will prove an aid and not a hindrance to her "higher education." Only a small percentage of women have the brain-power, time, health, and money requisite to follow purely intellectual pursuits, but every one can learn her special work and duty *as a woman*.

A second way to increase the number of women available for service would be, a much more extensive employment of them as time-workers. In many parts of Scotland it is common to have all washing and rough cleaning done by a woman hired for the day or half-day. And if this same system could be introduced into other departments of work,

* A supposed case may explain this more fully. A family of five persons, two of them daughters, have a cook, waitress, and housemaid. The daughters (A B) undertake part of the work. Immediately after breakfast (say at nine o'clock or half-past nine) A removes the breakfast dishes and dusts the breakfast-rooms; B in the meantime doing the drawing-room. A and B then make the beds and dust the bed-rooms. All this will require an hour. In addition, A daily covers the table for luncheon, and B takes charge of looking over the clothes and prepares the lists for the laundress. With such assistance regularly given, and a re-arrangement of the work of the house, two servants would be sufficient for this family.

and women of the humbler classes, who could not become servants and yet have spare time, induced to do some sort of housework in families at so much per hour, a good many resident servants might be dispensed with. There are cases where a lady is forced to hire an additional servant, for whom, however, she cannot provide full work. If, in such circumstances, she could find a woman willing to come to her house and do some definite thing for two or three

hours a day, this additional servant would be unnecessary.

There may be better remedies for our domestic difficulties than those now indicated; but these are at least natural ones, and to whatever extent they are adopted, they will undoubtedly lessen the pressure of the great household problems, How to obtain good servants, and a sufficient number of them?—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

TO A YOUNG LADY ON THE APPROACH OF THE SEASON.

BY H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

I.

At ten o'clock your maid awakes you;
 You breakfast when she's done your hair;
 At twelve the groom arrives and takes you
 In Rotten Row to breathe the air.
 From twelve to one you ride with vigor;
 Your horse how gracefully you sit;
 Your habit, too, shows off your figure,
 As all your cavaliers admit.
 One other habit I could mention—
 I hope your feelings won't be hurt,
 But you receive so much attention,
 I sometimes fancy you're a flirt.
 Of course you're not annoyed, I merely would indite
 Your life as you lead it by day and night.

II.

At two you've lunch; at three it's over,
 And visitors in shoals arrive;
 Admirers many, perhaps a lover—
 Your next event is tea at five.
 At six o'clock you go out driving
 From Grosvenor to Albert Gate,
 To occupy yourself contriving
 Till dinner time comes round at eight.
 Each hour as now the night advances
 Some fresh attraction with it brings;
 A concert followed by some dances—
 The opera, if Patti sings.

III.

At twelve you waltz; at one you've leisure
 To try some chicken and champagne;
 At two you do yourself the pleasure
 Of starting off to waltz again.



Engraved for the Liberator by J. T. Cade, New York.

A. R. SPOFFORD

LIBRARIAN OF THE LIBRARIAN

At three your partners hate each other—
 You scarcely know which loves you best;
 Emotion you have none to smother,
 But lightly with them all you jest.
 At four your chaperon gives warning
 That it is really time to go;
 You wish good night, and say next morning
 At twelve you'll meet them in the Row.

IV.

My darling, you're so very pretty,
 I've often thought, upon my life,
 That it would be a downright pity
 To look upon you as a wife.
 I don't think your ideas of marriage
 With those of many would accord,
 The opera, horses, and a carriage,
 Are things so few men can afford.
 And then you need so much devotion—
 To furnish it who would not try?
 But each would find it, I've a notion,
 Too much for one man to supply.
 Of course you're not annoyed, I merely would indite
 Your life as you lead it by day and night.

Macmillan's Magazine.

A. R. SPOFFORD, LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS.

BY THE EDITOR.

AINSWORTH R. SPOFFORD, a portrait of whom accompanies this number of the magazine, is a native of New Hampshire, having been born at Gilmanton, in that State, September 12th, 1825. His father was a clergyman, and his ancestry (like that of all the Spoffords in America) runs back to John Spofford, a Yorkshire man, who settled at Rowley (now Georgetown), Mass., in 1638. The juvenile years of the subject of our sketch were passed in domestic study, and he early developed that passion for books and learning which gave the bent to his after career. Deprived by ill-health of the advantages of a college course, he removed from Massachusetts to Cincinnati at the age of sixteen, where he became clerk in a bookstore, learning French and German in the winter evenings, and becoming in 1850 one of the founders of the Literary Club of Cincinnati, an organization still in vigorous existence.

In 1859, the book-publishing firm of which he was a member having failed, Mr. Spofford became associate editor of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, and in 1861 re-

moved to Washington, being appointed Assistant Librarian in the Library of Congress. In January, 1865, he became Librarian-in-Chief, a position which he still holds.

In this office, Mr. Spofford's services are indissolubly associated with the rapid growth and development of the library of the Government, which has become, from an insignificant collection, a great library of over 300,000 volumes, rich in every department of science and literature, as well as in law, history, and politics, which are its great specialties. It was under his personal influence that the laws making the National Library the office for all records of copyright and the permanent depository for all copyright publications were passed, and, as one result, the American people will, ere long, be able to rely with confidence upon finding in one great library, belonging to the nation, every book which their country has produced.

The subject of this sketch has at different periods of his life contributed liberally to the periodical press, though he has produced no distinct work in book form.

The long, arduous, and unobtrusive labors of the librarian who builds up with assiduous care a monumental library are apt to be overlooked by the crowd, and the prizes of ambition can not be his. His best reward may be found in the apprecia-

tion of all lovers of systematic learning, and in the hope that he may be found, when gone, to have usefully served his generation and, in some degree, the generations of the future.

LITERARY NOTICES.

TRANSCENDENTALISM IN NEW ENGLAND. A History. By Octavius Brooks Frothingham. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

As Mr. Frothingham observes in his preface, it is fitting that, while we are exhibiting to other nations the results of a century of American progress in the material arts of civilization, "some report should be made of the influences that have shaped the national mind, and determined in any important degree or respect its intellectual and moral character;" and the present work is offered as "a modest contribution" to the knowledge of those influences. For, though it has now become, in common parlance, a term of derision or contempt, Transcendentalism was once an important factor in American life. "Though local in activity, limited in scope, brief in duration, engaging but a comparatively small number of individuals, and passing over the upper regions of the mind, it left a broad and deep trace on ideas and institutions. It affected thinkers, swayed politicians, guided moralists, inspired philanthropists, created reformers. The moral enthusiasm of the last generation, which broke out with such prodigious power in the holy war against slavery; which uttered such earnest protests against capital punishment and the wrongs inflicted on women; which made such passionate pleading in behalf of the weak, the injured, the disfranchised of every race and condition; which exalted humanity above institutions, and proclaimed the inherent worth of man—owed, in a larger measure than is suspected, its glow and force to the transcendentalists." Even now, strongly as the current of opinion sets in the direction of the "experience school" of philosophy, transcendentalism exercises a deep influence upon practical affairs as well as upon speculative theories, and is perhaps the most powerful as it is certainly the most original force in our literature.

It can not be denied, however, that for the present at least the movement has spent its force, and is in a position to be surveyed from an historical standpoint. Such a survey, if at all adequately performed, would have been interesting at any time, but in a

very short while it would have been impossible to produce such a history as that with which Mr. Frothingham has now provided us. "For the disciples, one by one, are falling asleep; the literary remains are becoming few and scarce; the materials are disappearing beneath the rapid accumulations of thought; the new order is thrusting the old into the background; and in the course of a few years, even they who can tell the story feelingly will have passed away." Every philosophical system is best understood when studied sympathetically, and this is especially true of Transcendentalism, which was not a mere body of opinion, but indissolubly linked with religious faith on the one hand, and with conceptions of social duty on the other. It is an advantage, therefore, that Mr. Frothingham was once, as he says, "a pure transcendentalist, a warm sympathizer with transcendental aspirations, and an ardent admirer of transcendental teachers;" for what his book loses in impartiality, it more than gains in the luminousness and adequacy of its exposition.

The point, however, in which his book gains most by the fact of his having been a "confessor of the faith," is that his discipleship brought him into close relations with the great leaders and exponents of the movement, thus enabling him to include the personal element in his delineation or history of the creed. Competent knowledge of the mutations of metaphysical speculation, from John Locke to Mill and Spencer, would suffice for the preparation of the preliminary chapters on transcendentalism in Germany, France, and England; but only Mr. Frothingham, or one who had stood in his peculiar relations with the New England phase of the movement, could have written the semi-biographical, semi-analytical studies of "The Seer—Emerson," "The Mystic—Alcott," "The Critic—Margaret Fuller," "The Preacher—Theodore Parker," "The Man of Letters—George Ripley," and the "Minor Prophets"—William Henry Channing, C. A. Bartol, James Freeman Clarke, Samuel Johnson, Samuel Longfellow, D. A. Wasson, T. W. Higginson, and John Weiss. These sketches constitute the charm of the volume for the general reader; though the concise lucidity of Mr. Frothingham's ex-

positions renders it easy even for one little versed in metaphysics to trace the sources of a philosophy which seemed to promise at one time to gain a national ascendancy over American thought.

Before closing, we would call the publisher's attention to a misprint on page 249, where 1779 instead of 1799 is given as the date of Alcott's birth.

A NILE JOURNAL. By T. G. Appleton. Illustrated by Eugene Benson. Boston: *Roberts Bros.*

The most accurately descriptive passage in Mr. Appleton's "Nile Journal" is that in which he describes his book as "full of trivial details, and without learning or eloquence." This may fairly be commended as sound and discriminating criticism, and if the clause were not so brief as to preclude the possibility of a grammatical blunder, it would so exactly characterize the journal as to leave nothing for us to do but to copy and indorse it. We must not be understood, however, as intimating that a sentence of nine words could, under no circumstances, afford sufficient scope for Mr. Appleton's ability in setting Lindley Murray at defiance. His dexterity in placing the parts of speech in strange, unprecedented, and unlawful combinations is limited by no considerations of space or number, and we may enter upon his most *staccato* sentences or his three-page paragraphs with a well-grounded confidence that in neither of them will he fail to display his accomplishments in this respect. Even restriction to a single word would not of necessity paralyze the author's resources, for he shows that if he were cut off from the inexhaustible possibilities of blundering which lurk in the intricacies of grammatical construction, he could still assault the accepted orthography of his mother tongue with such words as "Coran" for Koran, "Gothama" for Gautama (Buddha), "Kartoom" for Khartoum, "Winapissigge" for Winnipisseoge, and "Gen. Maclellan" for Gen. McClellan.

It speaks well for Mr. Appleton's general sprightliness of mind, that, in spite of these defects, his "Journal" is neither unreadable nor unamusing. It takes us off the beaten track of Egyptian sight-seeing, not by introducing us to novelties, if any such there be, but by reproducing the subjective impression made by objects upon the mind of the sight-seer, instead of giving detailed descriptions of the objects themselves. The traveller would find it a very unsatisfactory substitute for "Murray," and yet it gives one a vivid and, we have no doubt, accurate idea of what the Nile journey really is. Mr. Appleton's chief

fault as a writer, aside from those already touched upon, is that he attempts to produce "effects" with the dull rigidity of types which can only be accomplished with the brush. He looks at Nature like a painter before his canvas, not like a man with whom ink is the chosen medium of expression. For this reason, among others, we are disposed to regret that, in making his book, Mr. Appleton did not exchange *roles* with his illustrator. Had he done so, the letter-press would certainly have been better, and the pictures could hardly have been worse.

LIFE OF ISRAEL PUTNAM ("OLD PUT"), MAJOR-GENERAL IN THE CONTINENTAL ARMY. By Increase N. Tarbox. With Map and Illustrations. Boston: *Lockwood, Brooks & Co.*

Mr. Tarbox explains that "it is not the aim of this volume to report any new historical discoveries, but simply to bring back to its old anchorage-ground an important piece of American History, which, for a quarter of a century, by a subtle undertow, has been drifting from its place;" which, being interpreted, means that his object has not been primarily to write a new and more satisfactory biography of General Putnam, but to refute the arguments by which Mr. Frothingham, Mr. Bancroft, and other recent writers have attempted to prove that Colonel Prescott and not General Putnam was commander-in-chief at the battle of Bunker Hill. In pursuance of this purpose, he devotes about one half of his goodly-sized volume to an extremely minute, not to say tedious, discussion of all the circumstances that preceded, accompanied, and followed that battle. We are bound to say that Mr. Tarbox establishes a very strong presumption that Putnam and not Prescott was responsible commander of the expedition; but the truculent and aggressive spirit with which he conducts the controversy is peculiarly unfortunate at this time, and will do much in the minds of many to weaken the force of his arguments. Moreover, the disproportionate attention bestowed upon this single episode in a remarkably varied and adventurous career has effectually prevented him from giving us such a complete and satisfactory life of Putnam as the materials at his command and his mastery of them ought to render an easy and congenial task.

The book, in short, is essentially a contribution to the Bunker Hill controversy, and would have to be recast and remodelled before it could be made to meet the requirements of the general reader, to whom that controversy probably seems superfluous and unimportant.

WORDS; THEIR USE AND ABUSE. By William Mathews, LL.D. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.

Dr. Mathews has not attempted in this book to produce a systematic treatise on words. He simply uses them as the text for a series of essays dealing in a sketchy way with the more salient aspects of oral and written speech, and overflowing with anecdotes, stories, illustrative extracts, and *apropos* quotations. The author's reading covers many departments of literature, and he possesses the rare art of giving to the materials with which his memory or note-book supplies him all the charm and freshness of original inspirations. Philological discussions and verbal criticisms do not usually belong to a type of literature which can be recommended for mental recreation, but the reader of Dr. Mathew's essays will find it difficult to say whether he has been most instructed or amused. Even the list of words in the chapter on "Common Improprieties of Speech" is relieved by the appositeness of its examples from the tediousness of a mere catalogue.

Several of the essays were originally prepared as lectures, and the entire book has the air of being adapted to the wants of those "intelligent mixed audiences" which prefer having knowledge administered to them in sugar-coated capsules, and which are yet not content with empty collocations of words.

A CENTENNIAL COMMISSIONER IN EUROPE. By John W. Forney. Philadelphia: J. B. Lipincott & Co.

This is a collection of the letters which Mr. John W. Forney, editor of the *Philadelphia Press*, sent home to his paper during the two years of his absence in Europe on behalf of the Centennial Exposition. They are sketchy, bright, and gossipy—dealing now with persons, again with places, and still again with current events, and always in a sprightly and interesting way; but we are inclined to think that their mission was fulfilled when they appeared in the journal to which they were contributed. Letters of this kind must possess literary merits of a very high order to bear perusal long after the events and circumstances which suggested them have become stale, and Mr. Forney has not so much as aimed at literary effect. He wrote *currente calamo*, feeling evidently that the product would be read in the same cursory and off-hand way, and he has undoubtedly made a mistake in attempting to secure permanence for literature which is essentially transient in type.

MESSRS. OSGOOD & Co. (Boston) have performed a genuine act of benevolence toward the great mass of non-moneyed readers in is-

suing cheap "Centennial Editions" of Longfellow, Whittier, and Tennyson. The complete poetical works of each of these popular favorites are issued in a single large paper-bound volume, well printed on good paper, and tastefully illustrated, the price being only one dollar. Thus, for three dollars, one may possess himself of a considerable portion of what is best, most enjoyable, and most characteristic in the poetry of our time. The same publishers are issuing a new edition of Ralph Waldo Emerson's works, in the chaste and elegant "Little Classic" style.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

MR. A. H. HUTH, one of two fellow-travelers of the late Mr. Buckle, who accompanied him from the beginning of his tour, and was with him when he died, is writing a life of the historian.

MICHELET's posthumous works, which are to be edited by his widow very shortly, are understood to be in some part reviews of Comtist philosophy.

NEWSPAPERS continue to multiply even in the most outlandish localities. We hear that "Corea has started a newspaper." It is styled "pious and official, and which all ought to read."

WE are promised books from two Royal authors. One, the Sultan of Zanzibar, who is to publish the diary of his journey to Europe, and Prince Leopold, who is to issue a volume of travels in Italy and the South of France.

THE oldest of all newspapers is the *Pekin Gazette*, which is over 1000 years old. It is a ten-page paper, with a yellow cover; has no stories, no "advts.," no marriage or death notices, no editorials, no subscribers. It simply contains the official notices of the Government.

IN Professor Lassen, whose death is announced in the German papers, Germany has lost her most distinguished Sanskrit scholar. Lassen was by birth a Norwegian, born at Bergen in 1800, but he was never looked upon as a foreigner in Germany. He spent all his life at Bonn, as Professor of Sanskrit, and was really the true founder of the critical and historical school of Sanskrit Philology in Germany.

THE General Literature Committee of the London Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge have in course of preparation a series of volumes illustrative of life in the great heathen centres visited by St. Paul. Dean Merivale is engaged on St. Paul at

Rome; Prof. Plumptre has in hand Antioch, Ephesus, and Tarsus; and the Rev. G. S. Davies, of the Charterhouse, is preparing a volume on Athens and Corinth in the time of the Apostle.

We are sorry to have to announce the death at his residence, the Palazzo Orsini, Florence, of Mr. Lorimer Graham, the United States Consul-General for Italy, well known and gratefully remembered by most literary and artistic visitants to Italy. Mr. Graham was a man of great talent and taste; and as a collector of scarce editions of poetry and of MSS. he had some celebrity. Perhaps no man of his time enjoyed a wider intercourse with the foremost men of England and America.—*Athenæum*.

ANOTHER attempt is being made to translate the Talmud. Dr. Sampter, a well-known Rabbi and Talmudist, has in the press a German translation of 'Baba Mezia,' with a commentary in the same language. It is to be published by Benzian, of Berlin, in ten to twelve parts, large folio. The original text accompanies the translation. The volume, which has hitherto been published both in France and Germany, is the first ('Berachoth'), and no more has been issued till now.

COL. C. CHAILLE LONG, of the Egyptian Staff, has in the press an account of expeditions made by him into Central Africa when under the command of Col. C. E. Gordon. The chief expedition, already mentioned in our "Geographical Notes," was to the Lake Victoria Nyanza, and a residence of some time with King Mtesa a few months prior to Mr. H. M. Stanley's arrival there. He returned northward by the Victoria River to Mnooli, thus connecting and identifying it with the White Nile. On this journey, which had never before been performed by a white man, he discovered Lake Ibrahim. Col. Long also made some important expeditions west of the Bahrel Abiad (White Nile), in the countries of Makraka and Mam-Niam.

THE fame of the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ' has declined greatly of late years. So much of the book is occupied with topics which had only a personal or local and, therefore, transient interest, that Timothy Tickler and the Etrick Shepherd, and even Christopher North himself, are mere names to this generation. Mr. Skelton is about to make an attempt to rescue the most valuable portions of the Ambrosial Nights:

"My design," he says, "has been to compress into a single manageable volume whatever is permanent and whatever is universal in the Comedy of the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ.' The 'Noctes' are conceived in the true spirit

of Comedy, using the word in its widest sense, and their presentation of human life is as keen, as broad, and as mellow as that of any of our dramatists."

And again:

"I have tried, as far as practicable, by preventing any dialogue from being broken into mere fragments, to preserve the current and continuity of the narrative. The *lacunæ*, I suspect, are sometimes visible to the naked eye; but on the whole I do not feel that they are likely to affect the reader's enjoyment, or that they mar the general effect—the *tout-en-sammal*, as the Shepherd would say—of an almost unique piece of dramatic humor."

The volume will be entitled "The Comedy of the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ,' by Christopher North."

SCIENCE AND ART.

DISCOVERY OF HUMAN BONES.—While some workmen were excavating, some time ago, in a quarry of Jurassic limestone near Belfort, in France, they discovered an opening in the hill, which it was found led to a cave of larger dimensions. On entering the cavern, its floor was discovered covered with human bones, and so disposed as to lead to the belief that the cavern had once been used as a place of sepulture. Polished flint weapons, ornaments, and other articles were found, including several beautiful vases, and a mat of rushes. The authorities of Belfort at once took possession of the cavern in the interest of science, and delegated M. Felix Voulot, an archæologist of renown, to examine the cavern and its contents. There is no doubt that these are remains of the polished stone age, and some are sanguine that further research will bring to light relics of a much older period. One writer in the *Revue Scientifique* hopes to find remains belonging not only to the Tertiary, but even to the Cretaceous period. This cavern is situated in a bed of one of the lower strata of the Jurassic period, "on the exact limit of the shore of the ancient Jurassic sea."

A MUSICAL INVENTION.—A rather numerous company met recently at the house of M. Frédéric Kastner, in the Rue de Clichy (says the Paris correspondent of the *London Times*) to witness his experiments with a strange invention of his which he calls the "Pyrophone." The pyrophone, as its name indicates, is an instrument which produces sounds by means of gas-jets. It had long been known that flames emit sounds, and M. Kastner himself had tried experiments in London; but yesterday the special public found themselves in the presence of an almost complete instrument composed of a series of glass tubes similar to organ-pipes, of different lengths and dimensions, in which gas-jets were burning, and which played some very powerful and very moving *morceaux*. The difficulty of the invention con-

sisted, of course, in regularising the jets. The theory is this: When an isolated gas-jet produces a sound, you have only to bring another similar jet near it to make the sound cease. M. Kastner, then, has invented a contrivance which opens and shuts like the fingers of a hand of which each one should allow a jet to escape. When the fingers are extended the sound is produced; when they are closed or approached to each other the sound ceases. He next regulated the force of the sound by the dimensions of the tubes, and by the height at which the jets were placed in the tubes. The contrivance corresponds to the keyboard of a piano, and you are deeply moved at hearing those jets sing with extraordinary power, purity, and correctness. The audience was still more astounded at suddenly hearing the gaseliers placed in the centre of the room, and set in motion by invisible electric wires, execute "God save the Queen" in sonorous and penetrating tones. The invention is still in a rudimentary state.

NEW DISCOVERY IN AGRICULTURE.—The curious discovery is announced by Professor P. B. Wilson, of Washington University, Baltimore, that minutely pulverized silica is taken up in a free state by plants from the soil, and that such silica is assimilated without chemical or other change. The experiment consisted in fertilising a field of wheat with the infusorial earth found near Richmond, Virginia. This earth, it is well known, consists of the shells of microscopic marine insects, known as diatoms, which under strong magnifying powers reveal many beautiful forms that have been resolved, classified, and named. After the wheat was grown, Professor Wilson treated the straw with nitric acid, subjected the remains to microscopic test, and found therein the same kinds of shells, or diatoms, that are present in the Richmond earth, except that the larger-sized shells were absent; showing that only silica particles below a certain degree of fineness can ascend the sap pores of the plant. This discovery opens up a new line of research in agricultural investigation from which important results and much additional knowledge may accrue.

RETURN OF THE "CHALLENGER" EXPEDITION.—The Challenger has returned from her three years' voyage round the world, laden with specimens of plants and animals, with samples of the sea bottom from many latitudes, and with observations and theories, all of which, when sifted and classified, will be taken into the service of physical science and of natural history. Two hundred cases of specimens, in addition to the prodigious heap

previously sent home and stored in the cellars of the University of Edinburgh, imply an amount of work yet to be done in description and classification which seems overwhelming. It may be that Professor Wyville Thomson will find this harder work than the work of collection was amid vicissitudes of wind and weather. But not until it has been done can the results of the voyage be satisfactorily known. A popular account of the memorable cruise will in all probability be published before the end of the present year; and some years hence the scientific account of the voyage, with its discoveries, its facts, and conclusions, will appear in a goodly series of quarto volumes with appropriate illustrations.

A CURIOUS PHENOMENON.—An account of another curious fact is published in a recent number of the *American Journal of Science*. "Several years ago," remarks the writer, "after spending a portion of the day in experimenting with phosphuretted hydrogen, prepared from phosphorus and solution of potash, on retiring to bed I found my body quite luminous, with a glow like that of phosphorus when exposed to the air. Either some of the gas having escaped combustion, or the product of its burning, must have been absorbed into the system, and the phosphorus afterwards separated at the surface have there undergone slow combustion. I was conscious of no feeling that could be attributed to it, nor was my health apparently in any way affected by it."

DISCOVERIES AT ROME.—*Galvani* states that the works undertaken for the prolongation of the Strada Nazionale at Rome have brought to light some interesting discoveries. An edifice of the second century, partly destroyed for the construction of the Baths of Constantine, has been brought to light. It consists of the half of a habitation, containing bath-rooms and the *viridarium*, or grove. The ruins comprise two basins or baths, of elegant build, lined with marble and ornamented with niches, an *ambularium*, or avenue bordered with trees, as well as a portico, the sides of which are also disposed in nymphée. The upper part of the walls is adorned with pilasters in colored mosaic, and carved stone foliage in the panels between them. In the midst of the ruins was found a sort of spout, having on it the name of "Avidus Quietus," of whom some relics were found near the Church of San Antonio. The city has taken measures to preserve these precious remains *in situ*.

ALCOHOLIC AND NON-ALCOHOLIC STIMULANTS.—At the present time, scientific opinion is divided as to whether stimulants are to be

properly classed as foods or not. In this regard the much larger series of stimulants denominated alcoholic is that alone which is generally alluded to. As yet, the food value of alcoholic fluids is by no means exhaustively determined, and although we incline to the opinion that the important part played by alcoholic fluids in the process of nutrition must be sooner or later generally admitted, still the food value attributed to the so-called non-alcoholic stimulants, tea, coffee, and cocoa, has been frequently overrated. Without attributing to each of these articles the power of injury which the ignorant and excessive use of the first two indubitably entails, if from no other point of view than that a larger attention has been devoted to the subject of cocoa in these chapters, it must be recorded in favor of that article, that no evidence at present exists of its having caused nervous irritability, and deterioration of tissue consequent upon that state, which have followed as certainly upon the misuse of tea as upon that of opium or ardent spirits.—*Notes on Food and its Effects*, by G. Overend Drewry, M.D.

FLOWER COLORS.—The *London and Provincial Illustrated Newspaper* says: One would hardly think that the fragrant violet and the bright-colored iris would ever be utilised in commerce, but it seems that an Italian chemist has just found out that they may be put to some other purpose than that of gladdening the eye and refreshing the nose. They yield, it appears, a very fine blue color, and this is so sensitive to exterior influences, as to render it of considerable value to the analytical chemist. Most people know that one of the best and most delicate tests employed by chemists to ascertain whether a solution is acid or not is to dip into it a piece of blue litmus paper, which at once reddens if the least trace of acidity exists. In like manner the reddened litmus paper may be employed in searching for alkalies, for the paper returns to a blue tint on coming in contact with these. The coloring principle of the violet and iris is found to be more delicate still than litmus, and for this reason we may expect soon to see phyllocyanin—for so the new color is called—introduced into all our laboratories.

RADIOMETERS.—Mr. Crookes and his radiometers with their remarkable movements continue to engage the attention of scientific men throughout Europe. Professor Wartmann of Geneva, in a series of experiments, has discovered that the motion of the vanes of the little mill can be made to spin direct or inverse at pleasure, or can be entirely neutralised. In the latter case, the rays of two lamps

at unequal distances are concentrated on the vanes, and it is by the difference of distance that the effect is produced. From the general result of his experiments, Professor Wartmann is led to agree with Professor Osborne Reynolds of Owens College, Manchester, that the movement of the whirligig is occasioned by the dilatation of gas (or air) under very low pressure, and that radiation has nothing to do with it. It is impossible to produce a perfect vacuum. There is always a small quantity of air left in the glass apparatus in which the whirligig spins; and the warmth from the light placed near the glass affects this residual air, and occasions the rotation. Professor Challis of Cambridge, in accounting for the phenomenon, says there is "a decrement of *etheral density* from the dark towards the bright surface (of the vane), and the atoms, being immersed in this variation of density, will be urged as if the vane were pushed on the black surface." With these explanations in mind, Mr. Crookes and other experimentalists will now be able to proceed on new lines of discovery.

CINCHONA CULTIVATION.—The progress of the cinchona plantations in India has been such that, as we learn from a paper read to the Society of Arts by Mr. Markham, they now yield one hundred and forty thousand pounds of bark a year, with a tendency to increase. The advantage of cultivation over the crop of wild bark formerly collected on the slopes of the Andes, is therefore most strikingly demonstrated; and Mr. Markham now advocates a similar experiment with the caoutchouc or india-rubber tree. The demand for india-rubber increases every year, and the supply—a wild one—diminishes. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the measures already taken to establish plantations of caoutchouc in the hot and moist hill-districts of India, will be persevered with until a sufficient quantity shall be grown, and the quality improved. The best kind of caoutchouc grows in South-America.

VARIETIES.

BLACKWOOD ON MACAULAY.—*Blackwood*, contrary to our expectation, reviews Macaulay's life with a feeling thoroughly appreciative and generous. The review concludes thus:—He liked the pretty house he was at last persuaded to bestow upon himself, and he liked his title, and he was happy in the family love which had been his highest object through all his life. His latter years, however, were full of suffering, and his last days were clouded by unnecessary alarms about losing his sister, to whom it had become necessary to join her

husband in India. "The fear of ill exceeds the ill we fear," had Macaulay but known it, he might have been spared that last heaviness. It was he who left her, not she who left him, after all. He died in his library characteristically, with a book before him, in the favorite attitude most familiar to him all his life, having won almost everything a man could wish to win in this world. The end is sad, as almost all ends are. What it would be to have the power of cutting off that last chapter, and setting somehow, as the sun does, in full light, without the appendix of those waning days and this period of death in life! Macaulay's life, however, had been mildly happy during these almost sixty years of his—and wonderfully prosperous, as it was laborious, and honest, and straightforward. We should not feel ourselves justified in giving to his extraordinary talents the rare title of genius. But few have equalled those brilliant and splendid gifts of nature; and none ever cultivated them more assiduously, or used them with more effect. He was not great as a man, though his character has gained, by all the revelations of family affection contained in this book, a new and deeper interest for the million of his readers who knew nothing of this best part of him; but he was a great writer, justly deserving of the highest place in that literature which comes next after the inspired rank. At variance with almost all his opinions, disliking where he adored, opposing where he supported, his political adversary, out of reach of all those special influences which form friendship, Maga is not beyond the reach of a generous pleasure in dropping such flowers as are to be gathered on her northern heights, upon Macaulay's grave.

A LADY ON LADIES.—Women have their own place both in nature and society; a place beautiful, important, ennobling, and delightful, if they would but think so, if they would but care to make it so. But with the curse of discontent resting on them from the beginning, they prefer to spoil the work of men rather than to try and perfect their own. Say, of their own special work, what is perfected to such a high degree of excellence as warrants their leaving it to take care of itself while they go to manipulate something else? The servant question in all its branches annoys and harasses every one; but this, essentially a woman's question, a circumstance of that part of life which is organized, administered, and for the larger proportion fulfilled by women, is confessedly in a state of chaos and disorder, paralleled by none other of our social arrangements. The extravagance of living, of dress, of appointments, which is one part of the servant disorder—because maids,

being women, will trick themselves out in finery to attract as much admiration as their mistresses; and men, being animals, will gorge where their masters feast—whence do these come save from women, rulers of society, regulators of modes and fashions as they are? Do the husbands order the dinners or decide on the length of the train, and the fashion of the dress? If the ladies of England chose that the rule of life should be one of noble simplicity, beautiful, artistic, full of meaning and delight, the false ornament and meretricious excess with which we are overweighted now would fall from us, and the servant question among others would get itself put straight. It is a matter of fashion, not necessity, and the *mot d'ordre* comes from above. But where is the spirit of organization, the resolution to meet difficulties, the courage of self-control, through which alone great movements are made and great reforms led? The women who want to influence the councils of the empire, to have a voice in the making of laws which are to touch and reconcile contending interests, to help in the elucidation of difficult points, the administration of doubtful cases, see the servants standing in a disorganized mob at the gates of the social temple, and are unable to suggest anything whereby they may be reduced to order and content. But at the same time the women who complain of their own stunted lives, and who demand leave to share the lives and privileges of men, deny the right of their maids to live up to a higher standard so far as they themselves are concerned, and hold the faith that service should mean practically servitude.—*Mrs. Lynn Linton in the Belgravia Magazine.*

WORDSWORTH AND COLERIDGE—WE ARE SEVEN.—When Wordsworth and Coleridge were at work on the "Lyrical Ballads," Wordsworth one day, being at Nether Stowey, produced the poem known as "We are Seven," all but the first stanza, in a little wood near by. It was based on actual talk with a child met when he had visited Goodrich Castle some years before, the dialogue yielding fit matter for a poem, since it involved suggestion of the natural instinct of immortality. When Wordsworth repeated what he had murmured out to himself in the open air (the manner of producing nine tenths of his poems), and it was written down, he said that it wanted an opening verse, and he should sit down to tea more comfortably if that were supplied. "I'll give it you," said Coleridge, and gave at once the first stanza, which—as addressed to a friend, James Tobin, with whom they were on terms of playful friendship—he began "A little child, dear brother Jim."—*Cassell's Library of English Literature.*

LITERATURE OF THE WORLD.

BOUND VOLUMES

OF THE

ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

New Series, 1865 to 1875 Inclusive.

TWENTY-TWO INSTRUCTIVE AND ENTERTAINING VOLUMES.

THE Publisher of the ECLECTIC has a limited number of the bound volumes of the NEW SERIES, embracing the years since the close of 1864, to which he would invite the attention of public and private libraries, and of those who already possess the First Series of the work. These volumes are of the same general character as those which, for a quarter of a century, have rendered the ECLECTIC the *American Cyclopædia of foreign contemporary thought*; and, with the unparalleled recent development of English periodical literature and the consequent widening of the field of selection, it is confidently believed that the volumes of this NEW SERIES are broader, more comprehensive, and more thoroughly representative of the many aspects of modern thought than any which have preceded them. There is no subject in

Science, Art, Politics, Belles-Lettres, or General Literature,

related to the period which they cover, of which a record more or less complete will not be found in these volumes. In addition to these cyclopædic features, each number of the ECLECTIC is embellished with a fine steel engraving, generally a portrait of some distinguished individual.

Each year contains 12 or more of these Fine Steel Engravings.

These volumes will be sent by express, prepaid, on receipt of price, where the distance does not exceed 1,000 miles; or they will be sent in exchange for numbers on receipt of price of binding, but expressage must be paid to this office.

TERMS:

Library style, \$7 per year, or \$66 per set; Cloth, \$6 per year, or \$55 per set.

BINDING.

Each year of ECLECTIC is bound in two volumes of six numbers each, either in half calf, library style, or in green cloth, stamped and lettered. The price of *binding* is \$2.50 per year in the former, and \$1.50 per year in the latter style.

COVERS.—Cloth covers sent by mail on receipt of 50 cents per volume, or \$1 per year

Address

E. R. PELTON, Publisher,

25 Bond Street, New-York.



25th Semi-Annual Statement

OF THE

Travelers Insurance Company,

Hartford, Conn., July 1, 1876.

ASSETS.

Real estate owned by the Company, . . .	\$90,099 21
Cash on hand and in bank, . . .	184,797 45
Cash in hands of Agents, or in transmission, . . .	75,421 08
Loans on first mortgages real estate, . . .	2,194,077 50
Deferred Premiums, . . .	59,329 37
Accrued interest, . . .	93,899 82
United States Government Bonds, . . .	374,570 00
State and Municipal Bonds, . . .	187,014 00
Railroad Stocks and Bonds, . . .	215,190 00
Bank and Insurance Stocks, . . .	560,784 00
Loans on personal and collateral security, . . .	10,000 00
Total Assets, . . .	\$3,924,991 38

LIABILITIES.

Reserve, four per cent, Life Department, \$2,412,367 46	
Reserve for reinsurance, Accident Dep't, 187,238 47	
Claims unadjusted and not due, and all other liabilities, . . .	165,242 00
Total Liabilities, . . .	\$2,785,837 93
Surplus as regards policy-holders, . . .	\$1,139,153 45
Surplus as above, on 4% per cent reserve, New-York standard, . . .	\$1,389,390 19
Increase of Assets in fiscal year, . . .	\$454,671 52
" " Surplus " " . . .	100,890 46
Accident Policies written, . . .	415,000
Accident Claims paid . . .	34,500
Life Policies issued, . . .	23,000
Accident Losses paid, . . .	\$2,400,000 00
Total Losses paid, . . .	8,275,000 00
Amount Life Insurance in force, . . .	19,230,000 00

JAMES G. BATTERSON, PRESIDENT.

RODNEY DENNIS, SECRETARY.

JOHN E. MORRIS, Ass't. SECRETARY

Agents in principal cities and towns of United States and Canada.

BOOKS.

We can furnish, either by mail or express, prepaid, on receipt of lowest publishers' price,

ANY BOOK PUBLISHED IN THIS COUNTRY OR ABROAD.

Orders for American or Foreign Books of every description will be promptly and carefully filled at the *lowest publishers' rates*, and any works not published in this country will be imported from abroad.

Any information as to the price of books, styles of binding, number of volumes in sets, etc., will be promptly given to our correspondents.

Particular attention paid to procuring old and rare books, and those which are out of print. Catalogues of the leading publishers furnished to our customers on application.

ORDERS FOR SINGLE BOOKS

OR

WHOLE LIBRARIES

will receive prompt attention, and be forwarded without delay. We also furnish all American and Foreign Magazines and Periodicals.

Copies of new books can be sent immediately on publication.

All orders should be accompanied by the money, or they can be sent by Express, C. O. D.

Cash remittances should be made either by drafts on New-York, or by Post-Office money-orders. Address,

E. R. PELTON, Publisher,

25 Bond Street, New-York.